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November 1919

THE GREEN BOOK MAGAZINE

FACT STORIES

of the girl who made a business success in her own home town.
of the girl who started her commercial career on a cherry pie.
of the girl who made a fortune in selling hollow building tile.
of the girl who found wealth in manufacturing farm silos.

FICTION BY GEORGE GIBBS, CLIFFORD RAYMOND, BEATRICE GRIMSHAW AND OTHERS

The startling truth about school fires—

"Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy" shows why schools and hospitals are burning up so rapidly. It shows with pictures the very places where school fires start and what starts them. When you have read this book you will understand this startling fact:

Seven Schoolhouses in the United States will catch fire today.

It exposes all the false ideas about safeguarding schools, asylums, hospitals, against fire—ideas that the Business World long ago found to be unsound.

It tells why the public is indifferent; why only one person in a thousand will even take the trouble to ask for a free book about schoolhouse fire-traps!

And it tells the remedy.

Now for the first time the causes of school fires have been investigated and photographed, so you can learn in fifteen minutes what to look out for.

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When you see the children starting off to school mornings, do you ever ask yourself, "*I wonder if our school will burn today?*"

Probably not, but an average of 50 school fires start each week, and that means 7 every day!

Many of these fires are small, but every now and then one of those awful disasters happens. Little children are burned or trampled to death. A whole city is terror stricken. And it generally happens because, in the confusion, some life-and-death precaution *that depends on human action* goes wrong. A sprinkler system does *not* depend on human action—it is automatic—mechanical.

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When the fire starts the water starts

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Please send me, free of all cost, a copy of your startling new book, *"Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy"*.

Name.....
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THE GREEN BOOK MAGAZINE

Volume XXII, No. 5 PUBLISHED MONTHLY *NOVEMBER, 1919*

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Lovely complexions don't just "happen." The right daily care will make yours lovely, too.

Every day the right treatment for your skin

See how it will help to make it clear, lovely in color

YOUR complexion, too, can be lovely! If you would have that most potent of all charms — a clear, fresh complexion, lovely in color —look to the daily care of your skin!

Look to its tissues! Their texture can make your complexion coarse or fine, rough or smooth. Look to its millions of pores! They can breathe and give your skin freshness and life. Look to its little blood vessels! They can cause the delicate color to come and go.

You cannot have a clear, smooth skin—you cannot have fresh, natural beauty—unless you are giving your skin *every day* the treatment that will stimulate the small muscular fibres, bring the blood to the surface of the skin, keep its millions of pores fine, its tissues soft and smooth as a baby's.

Every day, as old skin dies, new skin is forming to take its place. The right daily care will keep this new skin fine in texture, lovely in color.

Begin tonight the following famous Woodbury treatment:

Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse first with warm water, then with cold —the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Always be careful to dry the skin thoroughly.

The very first time you use it, you will feel the glow this treatment leaves on your skin. Use it day after day. Notice the steady improvement it makes in your skin. See how soft and lovely just the right daily care keeps your skin!

You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. Get a cake today and begin tonight this treatment. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream, sent to you for 15c.

For 6c. we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love To Touch." Or for 15c we will send you the booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address the Andrew Jergens Co., 5511 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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"A SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH"

The booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, contains successful treatments for:

Skin Blemishes
Conspicuous Nose Pores
Blackheads
Oily Skin and Shiny Nose
Coarsened Skin
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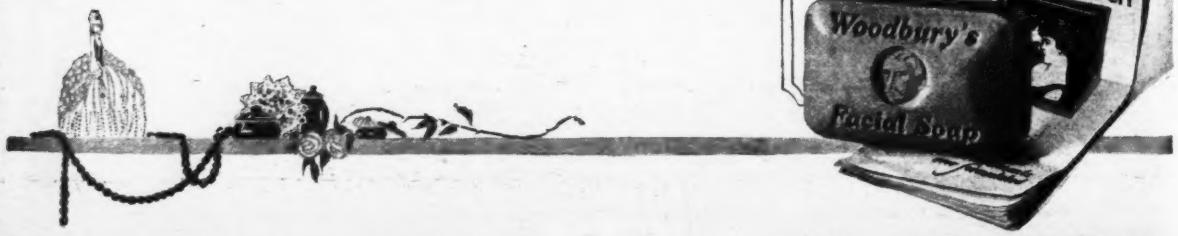
Pale, Sallow Skin, etc.



The Green Book

Magazine

NOVEMBER, 1919

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, *Editor* DONALD KENNICOTT, *Associate*

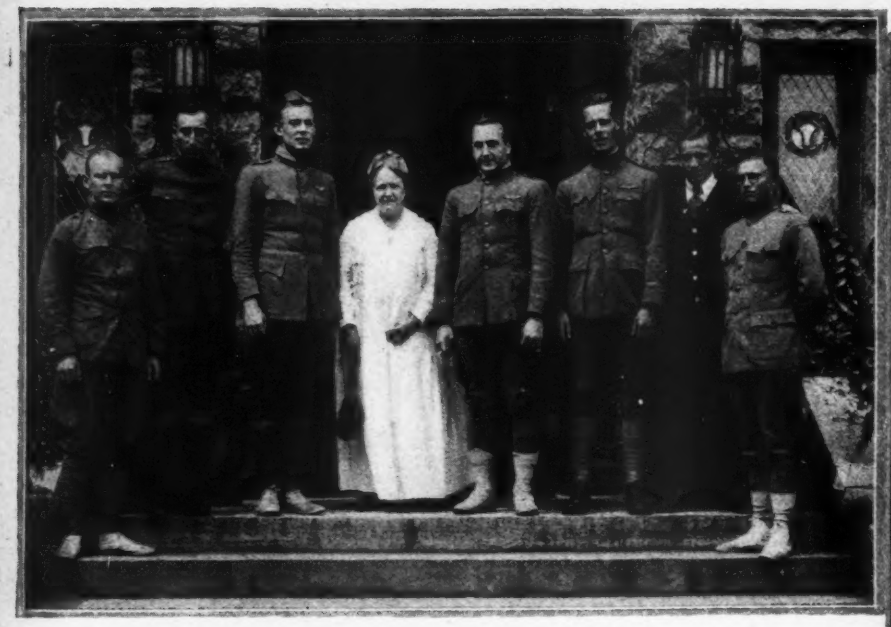
From War Winning to Citizen Making

WHEN the United States went to war, the women of a certain Connecticut town organized themselves in an original and very effective fashion. Every group from the Red Cross auxiliary to the Thrift Stamp saleswomen operated under one general directing committee. As a result, cross-purpose, parallel and opposing effort and all other confusion and inefficiency were avoided. Moreover, on each separate special committee—all of which functioned under the "master committee"—were women representative of every social stratum in the town—which, by the way, was a mill town with all the problems peculiar to such a town.

The result was that the wives and daughters of mill directors met the wives and daughters of mill laborers on a common ground of humane effort; and each learned from the other, to the end that all the folks in that town to-day see a lot straighter and think a lot straighter than they did five years ago.

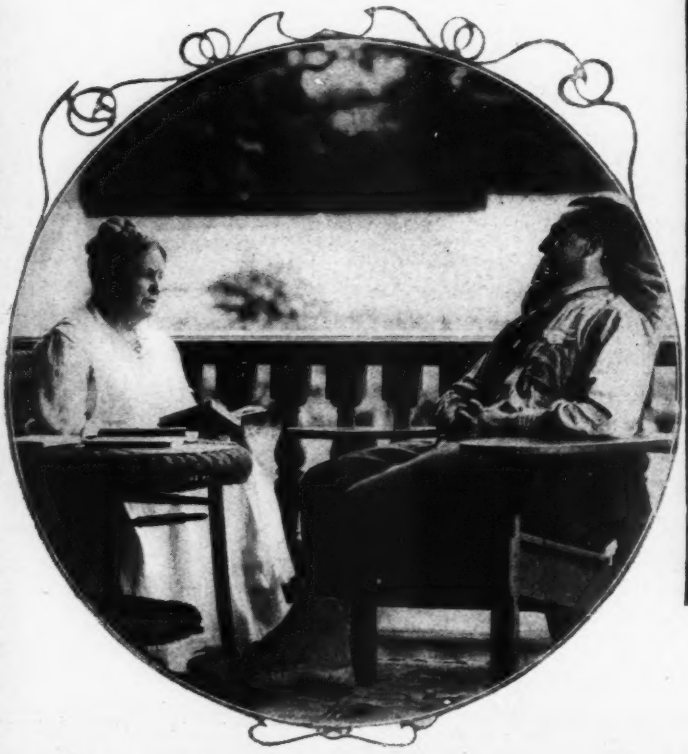
When the armistice was declared, it looked as if that splendid women's organization with its various committees and ramifications would disintegrate. Then one day some six months ago a woman of wisdom outlined a plan for perpetuation that was clamorously adopted. The purpose defined was to see to it that everyone in the town should be brought to a sharper and clearer consciousness of what real Americanism is. As many new committees with their separate chairmen and secretaries were formed as there are departments of government at Washington. Those governmental departments are corresponded with by the various committee secretaries of that little town, with the purpose of securing every particle of material that, in its distribution, might tend to make of the one receiving it a better American.

Any woman in that town to-day who wants the latest information concerning canning or sorting the late vegetables, seeks that information—and gets it—from the secretary of the agricultural committee in constant touch with the Agricultural Department. And so on down the line. A simple, effective and worthy plan with a purpose that is to-day perhaps the most vital in our national life, all conceived and put into operation by a woman! May her work be duplicated in every community in the land, to the end that the principles of our nationhood may be planted the more deeply in the hearts and minds of all of us.



It's Never Too Late to Mend

MRS. CHARLES HEWITT has found her longed-for chance to serve her country only after the war is over—by turning her beautiful estate at Lake George, New York, into a home for convalescent officers. There were obstacles in her path at first—Government red tape which forbade wounded men's leaving the hospital; and the unwillingness of the men themselves to accept anything that savored of charity. But Mrs. Hewitt managed to circumvent the first difficulty; and when the officers realized that Mrs. Hewitt felt the debt was hers rather than theirs, they clamored to come. "Could I give a home to them all, still would I owe them a lot," she declares.



Photographs by Paul Thompson, New York

These photographs will give you an idea of the splendid work being done by Mrs. Charles Hewitt in caring for wounded officers at her home on Lake George, New York.

The Woman in Politics

I—WHY I AM A DEMOCRAT

II—WHY I AM A REPUBLICAN III—WHY I AM AN INDEPENDENT

DURING the year that lies before us more American women than ever before will become factors in the election of our next President. Here follows the first of a group of articles that will tend perhaps in some measure to clear the air. Mrs. Bass' personal article will be followed by another in which a woman nationally famous tells why she is a Republican, and in due time a third will be published in which still another famous woman will tell why she is "Independent."

I—Why I Am a Democrat

By MRS. GEORGE BASS

Chairman of the Woman's Bureau of the Democratic National Committee

"NAME your party, Elizabeth! Name your party, Mrs. Bass!" The demand came from every side of the large room.

It was in June, 1913, and the women of Illinois had gathered together at the Chicago Woman's Club to celebrate the passing of a bill in the State legislature allowing them all the privileges of the elective franchise which the State had the power to give.

For two years we had not for one instant ceased to work for this franchise, and although at times the cause seemed well-nigh hopeless, we never gave up; and that day we were celebrating our well-earned victory.

Now that we have the franchise, what shall we do with it? That seemed to be the unspoken question of everyone at that luncheon-table. Flushed

with our great success, it seemed to some of those present that we should continue to work as women, holding ourselves aloof from any political party started and fostered by men. Indeed, many of the speakers voiced the idea that woman should hold herself as woman, separate and alone—that her influence should be exerted at the polls as a sex rather than as a citizen.

Up to that moment I had thought only of securing the franchise. Party allegiance had been a secondary consideration for me, as I think it had been to most of those present. But as I heard those women speak, all my previous theories, all my past experiences, rose up in combat. Something within me revolted.

Immediately I was on my feet, but without much thought as to how I should present my ideas and convictions. At this time I do not remember very distinctly the words I uttered, but I do know that I must have expressed myself in somewhat the following fashion:

"Don't talk to me of a sex party! There should be no such thing! It isn't natural. It can't be done! There is no sex in brains—there should be none in politics.

"Women cannot bind themselves together and expect to be not only always different, but always right—it isn't life. We must remember that we are all just human beings, and the best work of the world has been done only when men and women have worked together for a definite object.

"Every woman here knows how we have worked and struggled to get this ballot. Do not, I beg of you, relinquish, on an impulse, the very thing we have worked so hard to obtain—the right to legislate with men—by binding ourselves about with the limitations of a woman's party.

"We must work with one of the established parties. In the first place it will be better for the women, and in the second it will be better for the party. To assume that a large group of people can have any great influence upon a party by the simple expedient of staying out of that party and flocking by themselves, is to accept as a fact something which has yet to be proven.

"While it is perfectly true that both of the big parties do pay increasing heed to the independent vote, it is equally true that the independent vote which wishes to exercise real power tends in a comparatively short time to ally itself with the national party which comes nearest to standing for its policies.

"The independent voter who stays outside of all party lines is compelled to adopt candidates and platforms provided for him by the regular parties, when he might better have a determining voice in the selection of the candidate and the construction of the platform of an already established party. Far from compelling the parties to make better nominations and more advanced platforms by not joining one of them, the reverse often happens; and I, as a sincerely patriotic citizen, cannot be content to follow behind the procession.

"The women of Illinois have struggled all these years for the right to work with the men of Illinois on national and State problems, and I for one am not going to give up this right, now that I have it! I expect to go within a short time to the primaries and vote. By the laws of my country, before I cast my vote at these primaries I must proclaim my allegiance to a party—"

I got no further. From all parts of the room could be heard the demand: "Name your party! Name your party!"

Above the hubbub I shouted:

"I am a Democrat!"

The silence which for a moment ensued was painful.

At that time the Democratic party was not the popular one, and of all the women at that luncheon I was the only one who acknowledged allegiance to it. I could not help realizing the difference that had come over the thoughts and aims of the women in 1916, when after the presidential election I had the great pleasure of telegraphing to the President: "We are handing you ten of the twelve woman suffrage States."

Primarily, I am a Democrat because I am a woman.

The Democratic party is a party of practical idealism; women ever since the beginning of time have had ideals about everything in life; and their efforts to realize these ideals in accomplishment have meant the uplift of the world. Women follow no precedent. To go where a vision leads means more to them than keeping sacred a worn-out tradition.

I believe that Democrats are not born, but made. One's political faith, like one's religious tenets, is a thing of evolution. No political party is perfect, and I do not for a moment contend that the party to which I belong is a perfect instrument of government. Even our own form of government as we find it in actual operation is not perfect; but while it is not without faults, it is the best government in the world, because it is a form of national self-education, becoming better and better as our people become wiser, and more familiar with the problems that affect our population.

To elucidate, I must go back to my childhood days, when I haunted the small library of a little Wisconsin town and read the biographies of men and women and the history of the times which meant the making of our great democracy. Although I had no knowledge of the future work of which I was then laying the foundation, I know now that this living among the great pioneers of American history had a wide influence on my later convictions. I am satisfied that it was then that the ideas of citizenship and civic responsibility were finding a place in my childish brain.

When I was quite young, Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton were touring the country trying to influence the people in what at that time was called "woman's rights." Their program seemed even to my youthful logic to be more theoretical than practical; and I, in common with many others, was inclined to listen to these great women with the same questioning with which the prosaic world generally receives dreams that have not yet come true.

I distinctly remember, however, the sense of injustice which I suffered when my mother—who, being Scotch and knowing no limitations of sex in citizenship—explained to me that it was a Republican Congress that had given the elective franchise to a million ignorant negroes in order to swell its power. Most of these new voters could neither read nor write, and all of them had shortly before been slaves, without any sense of political responsibility. The cultured and educated white woman of the North and South was evidently considered unfit to participate in the civic reconstruction of that time, as the franchise for women was violently opposed all over the country.

I am quite sure that right then was born in me a feeling that the Republican party, which of course was the party then in power, might ruthlessly do a great injustice to the people for the sake of the party. Naturally, I did not then stop to analyze this feeling, but in the light of recent speeches made by reactionary and recalcitrant Republican Senators, I cannot but believe that this has been one of the fundamental errors upon which the Republican party is built. Later, when I moved to Chicago, I became much interested in the advancement of women socially and politically, and I found that our State and national laws were sadly deficient in those measures which pertain to the welfare of women and children. As a member of the Chicago Woman's Club, then as now one of the most influential and progressive woman's clubs in the world, I had the inestimable privilege as chairman of the committee on reform, to be one of the women through whose efforts the Illinois State legislature passed the first juvenile court law in the world, and who instituted and maintained the first juvenile court in Chicago. It is upon the operation of this court that all others of like kind have been modeled.

After the installation of the famous juvenile court, we found that our child-labor laws were painfully inadequate; and in our efforts to adjust and improve them, and to institute a court of domestic relations, we discovered that we were greatly handicapped by not being voters. We started in to remedy this in Illinois. That we were successful is ancient history, and the celebration of our victory and the attendant declaration of my faith, I have recounted at the beginning of this article.

Even as long ago as 1912 the Democratic party had seemed to

MRS. BASS SAYS:

"THERE is no sex in brains—there should be none in politics. . . . . We must work with one of the established parties. In the first place it will be better for the women, and in the second it will be better for the party."

me the best vehicle of carrying forward the highest types of social and political development. There had never seemed to me to be any spiritual leaven behind the opposition policies then in force, and I believe that every thinking woman believes that politics without sentiment, heart and social instincts is sadly lacking.

The woman who takes her citizenship seriously, who believes she owes a debt to her country and is anxious to pay it, will find she cannot be content with anything but the highest type of political service, and she will want to give a reason for her political faith that will inspire others to join the party which she has chosen.

If she believes that the rights of human beings are to be considered above and before the rights of property and party, she cannot look upon the record of the laws enacted by the present administration and not deem it a party worthy of her support. I am a Democrat for the same reason that I believe the preponderance of my sex are Democrats—because I cannot believe in destructively critical and reactionary policies.

Women always have been creative. This is why they are interested in policies and programs, and only that party which has a program for the settlement of post-war problems and offers candidates who will carry out this program can capture their interest. No criticism, unless through it something better than the program criticized is evolved and suggested, will interest them.

I contend there is no difference between the Republican platform and leadership of 1919 and the Republican platform and leadership of 1912. On the other hand, under the splendid leadership of President Wilson, the Democratic platform of 1912 has grown into a world-wide vision of practical idealism in 1919.

It must be remembered that until 1912 the Democratic party had no opportunity to show what it could do in the management of public affairs, and one cannot properly criticize a person for incapacity in management unless he has had at least an opportunity to manage.

Photograph by Chambers

Mrs. George Bass

The Democratic party has been the father of the Child Labor law, the Eight-Hour Day law, of the forcing of publicity of corporate transactions which are of public interest, of the Income and Excess Profit Tax and of the Federal Reserve System.

While the Republican party had gone up and down the country for years pointing out the iniquities of the currency system, the Democratic party made another panic like those of 1873, 1884, 1893 and 1907 impossible by the passing of the Federal Reserve law, against the open antagonism of Senator Lodge, who proclaimed that the measure was foredoomed to failure, and of Senator Root, who said it would ruin the financial structure of America.

It should be remembered that as the mouthpieces of their party these same gentlemen opposed the income tax, the farm loan system and the agricultural and labor bills, and these are the same men who, hoping that the people have forgotten their advice, are now, as this article is being written, using the same destructive criticism of another great world-measure, the League of Nations.

The Republican party, at the time it was criticizing and bewailing the facts that we did not have ships enough to carry our soldiers, and the munitions, provisions and paraphernalia of our army to France, is the same party which opposed and defeated the merchant marine bill introduced by Secretary McAdoo in 1914.

Three years afterward, the men who had defeated this bill were making great criticism of the administration for the very conditions they themselves had created.

The Republican organization always reverts to type. Unable to agree on any constructive program of its own, it stands reunited in unfaltering opposition to anything and everything proposed by President Wilson or the Democratic administration.

I am a Democrat because, like most women, I am much interested in the relief of conditions which should not exist in any country, more particularly in a democracy such as ours pretends to be. The Democratic party has a program looking toward the relief of such conditions.

I am a Democrat because the Democratic party has shown itself ready to respect the opinion of women and to advance them politically. Not only have I served upon the National Democratic Committee, but upon its Executive Committee for the past three years, and during that time the National Democratic Committee has added an associate national committee-woman from each State in the Union.

In the last week of May, 1919, a joint meeting of men and women representing their States was held in Chicago; this is the most notable political gathering that has ever convened in this country, for it represented *all* the people without regard to sex. Men and women together discussed policies, party finance and party programs in equal partnership.

I am a Democrat because I consider the Democratic party is the only one competent to carry on the business of our great nation. One of the most persistent political slanders to which the Democratic party has been subjected is that it has no business men in its administration—that no one is competent to deal with the great problems of reconstruction, because no one in the party understands the business needs of America.

In answer to this I assert that the Democratic party in dealing with social and business questions, since it came into power in 1913, has excelled in its achievements all political parties in any like period of our history. It has shown the only constructive ability to deal with the extraordinary economic and industrial conditions which the war has brought into existence.

I am a Democrat because that party has enacted all the laws which have been made for the protection of women engaged in different industries. It has concerned itself greatly with the legislation which has to do with social welfare. The Democratic party by direct legislation makes its ideals practicable. Just one instance in illustration—the legislation of the Child Labor law: one must remember that even Theodore Roosevelt, elected on a platform that declared for a child labor law, did not find the time during his administration to see this measure put into a law. Woodrow Wilson put it there.

I am a Democrat because I believe the party has just carried through to success the greatest business the world has ever known. In 1917 America was called upon to inaugurate a business of which practically no man in this country knew anything. It suddenly found itself a great corporation, comprising over a hundred million stockholders, pledged to do a business of at least twenty-five billion dollars a year. In less than two years this stupendous business was not only put upon a working basis but carried through to a successful consummation.

America is now ready to build, upon the ruins wrought by autocracy, the greatest democratic edifice that can be conceived by the mind of man—namely, the League of Nations.

Through President Wilson's incitation, an agreement has been drawn up calculated ultimately to include all the nations of the earth, each one of which may have a voice in arranging international affairs in harmony with ethical rights and the principles of human justice.

To-day the Democratic party stands squarely and proudly upon its splendid record of past achievements, and I ask the women of the United States to examine that record.

Knowing my sex as I do, I am quite sure that the members of it will say, as do I:

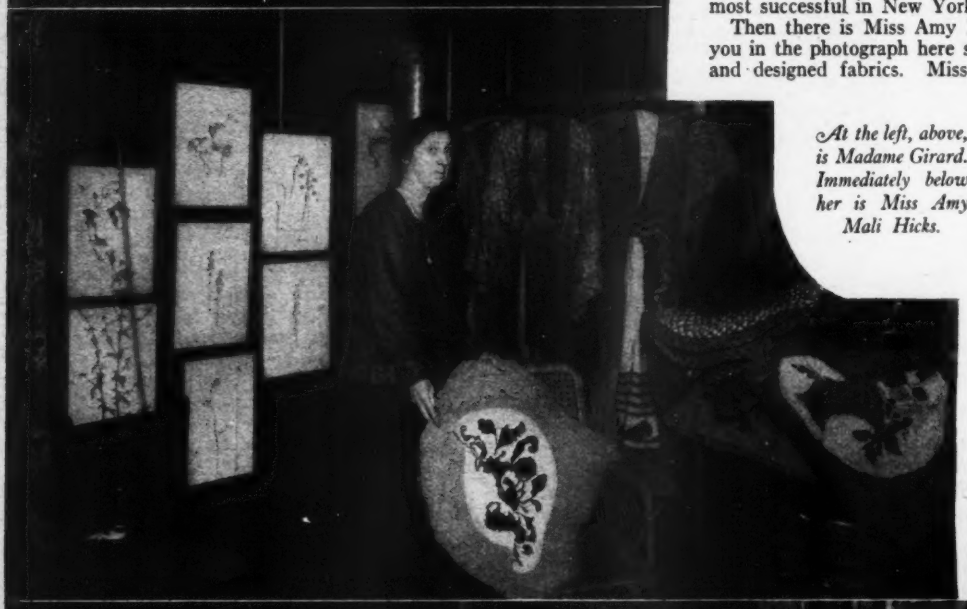
This is why I am a Democrat!

Femininity

SHE is a wise woman who knows her own aptitudes—who realizes the ease and skill with which she accomplishes the tasks of her everyday domestic life. For, when such a woman becomes, by force of circumstances or personal desire, an earner of money outside the home, she, being wise, perceives that the world outside the four walls of her domicile has much use for and an inclination to pay liberally for those talents of domesticity of which she has demonstrated the possession.

For instance, there is "Madame," who smiles at you here from in front of her downtown New York restaurant. She is really Madame Girard, but the celebrities who make her restaurant a rendezvous know her always and only as Madame. Indeed, it is said that General Joffre addressed her a letter from Paris simply as "Madame, New York," and that it came straight through. Her own travels and her graciousness as mistress in her own home were the capital that "Madame" took into her restaurant, which is to-day one of the best known and most successful in New York.

Then there is Miss Amy Mali Hicks, who is showing you in the photograph here some of her personally dyed and designed fabrics. Miss Hicks first of all used to dye old fabrics for her own use, and their originality was commented upon so extensively by her friends that it was only a step from dyeing for herself to dyeing for others. Miss Hicks quickly discovered that there was a market for her fabrics and thus, in her case, a domestic, essentially feminine talent found a ready market in the commercial world.



At the left, above, is Madame Girard. Immediately below her is Miss Amy Mali Hicks.

Below is Miss Lynn in her shop.

For Sale

Photographs by Jessie Tarbox Beals

Virginia Pope, with one of her patients.

Pretty much the same sort of thing happened in the case of Miss Lynn, who, liking little art objects about her, and not having the money to purchase them, decided that the only alternative was to make them herself. And she did, in pottery and in wood, to the end that she built up a retail business for her wares that has made her "independent." Again, you see it was a distinctly feminine and domestic talent that she found possessed a high market value.

Nor is there anything much more feminine and homy than canary birds and parrots. Virginia Pope always liked them and they always liked her. When her own birds fell sick, she cared for them and brought them through, and then one day a friend sought her advice in the case of *her* sick bird. Virginia Pope's very profitable career as a bird-doctor, and her own bird-hospital, was the result. Femininity and a distinctly feminine talent marketed again!

And then there's the "toy lady," Helen Spear. What more natural than that one who loved children should also be interested in their toys? The "toy lady" was, and from the making and selection of toys for the tots closest to her, it was but a step to opening a toy shop for perplexed mothers, where toys are sold and selected to "fit the kids." Nothing much more feminine than that—or much more desirable either.

Here is a view of Miss Helen Spear in her toy shop.

"Captain" Anna Knoxon used to like to entertain folks just for her own sake and liked the water, too; so when later she needed to make money, what more natural than to get a sizable boat and as hostess take out sea-parties?

All of which indicates that it's not only "men's work" that pays.

Below is shown Captain Anna Knoxon at home on her yacht.

"Why, Carol!" Louise exclaimed. "Where have you been? When did you come out here?" "Just now," lied Carol coolly.

Carol Macklin

By ALEXANDER HULL

Illustrated by
NANA F. BICKFORD

THE other day a man told me that his daughter wanted to go into business. "But," he added, "I don't much approve of it. I've forbidden her. It's no life for a girl."

That sort of talk always provokes me.

"Good heavens, man!" I said. "Let her do it. It wont hurt her. I don't know your girl, of course, but speaking from experience and from general principles, you take *any* girl: She'll have to learn to keep regular hours, to be systematic, neat—ambitious, maybe. She'll have to be honest in a new and different way.

"If she has the right stuff in her, it can't possibly hurt her. And if she hasn't, how could it do her any damage, anyway? Wouldn't the risk all be to the business, and not to the girl?

"I've seen it make girls over. You can't work eight or ten hours a day at anything without its having some effect upon you. And if the business is on the square, as most of them have to be these days, why need you worry about its hurting her?"

"You think so?" he said, half convinced—though more, I'm afraid, by my importance in the business world than by my argument.

"I know it."

I'd had reason to know it, over and over again. Carol Macklin was a good instance.

I don't mind saying that the first time I saw her I considered her a very objectionable girl. But to be fair, I thought the whole stratum of society in which she was moving rather objectionable—especially as to being fit soil for bringing up young people. It was showy, expensive and false. If I had been a doctor, no doubt I would have said its temperature was too high. Its mottoes—I heard them flung out on every side—were such catch-phrases of cheap morality as "What will it matter a thousand years from now?" and "I should worry!" or "What do *you* care?" It drank a good deal, danced night after night till dawn, intrigued, gossiped—in fact, resorted to anything to kill Dull Care. I suppose it was natural that most of the boys turned out to be rather worthless bounders, and many of the girls seemed to prefer a new gown or a car of the latest model to a clean conscience. But I know you couldn't make business material out of the boys. Off and on there were a good many of them thrown into our hopper at the Works and sifted out again as waste. And the girls—Carol Macklin was typical.

To begin with, she was a glib little liar. Let me tell you: It was at the Driscolls'—some rather elaborate affair. There was dancing, and a good deal of very enchanting gayety. Louise Driscoll was at the heart of it all. I was fairly new to the place then, but Driscoll had an interest in the plant, recently acquired. Putting two and two together, however, I saw that Louise, a dark, vivacious young creature, was to all appearances desperately enamored of Tod Newman, a brainless, good-looking young cub. She was playing up to him in a most fascinating manner. Horribly marked, I thought it, but it was evident that it passed there.

Driscoll and I slipped out presently to talk over some business affairs in the garden. In a few minutes Driscoll went in, for he had his duties as host on his mind. I assured him I'd rather stay out awhile. I was sitting there wondering whether to hire another man for our experimental laboratory, when I heard Carol's laugh.

"What'd you do it for?" demanded Tod Newman's lowered, insinuating voice.

"Oh-h," she drawled. "'Cause I saw you were somebody else's property. I just can't keep my hands off of somebody else's property!"

"You little devil, you!" murmured Tod, highly gratified.

And they sat down on a bench not fifteen feet from me. About listening—it's a very good card to play. I like to know the truth about things, and people. I'm pretty much of a mind with the misanthropic Schopenhauer, too, about people's masking their real thoughts and meanings. You must surprise them really to know. And I listen shamelessly anywhere, and to anything, because I've no intention of using things against anyone, and it's interesting.

I had noticed Carol before as one of the least animated girls in the house. She'd a big mop of yellowish hair, and gray-green, level eyes, and a good complexion, though it was rather too pale for most people's taste. She was probably little more than eighteen, but she had the assurance of twenty-eight. Her features were as finely cut as a cameo, and usually as expressionless. She was not very tall—altogether, not the sort of girl one would notice especially. But then, the obvious never had any "pull" for me. She had a cool, expressionless voice, too. I hadn't met her, but I'd heard her talking.

Now that I heard her here with Tod Newman, that cool voice was vibrant with some subtle, warming current, her face was transfigured (I know now it must have been) with an alert, fascinating interest, and I knew it had been a mask, that pale and blasé little manner of hers. She was taking it off to charm Tod Newman.

So I sat perfectly still and listened. I'll spare you. It was nothing so very bad, perhaps, but it was enough. I saw that Louise's chances with Tod were ruined, and I saw that the little Carol was past mistress of all the subtle intricacies of feminine finesse.

Presently there were footsteps upon the piazza, and Louise Driscoll appeared on the steps.

A flood of light showed us Carol, crouching pale and terrified in one corner.

Tod Newman rose guiltily and stayed not upon the order of his going. A moment later I saw him nonchalantly enter the house by a side door.

I must say that Louise made a thorough search of the garden. She advanced steadily down the main path, making little expeditions from side to side; and in the end, it being her own garden and quite well mapped in her mind, she found Carol. In another moment she'd have found me.

"Why, Carol!" Louise exclaimed. "Where *have* you been? I haven't seen you for an hour, and I've been looking all over for you. I was beginning to feel worried. When did you come out here?"

"Just now," lied Carol coolly. "I tore my skirt and went upstairs to fix it. I had a little headache, too, so I laid down to rest a few minutes. Then I came out here. I feel a little better now."

"You'd better come in, then, and dance."

"Not just yet, dear."

Then Louise bungled wretchedly. "Have you seen Tod Newman?"

"Why, no!" said Carol. "Not since I went upstairs. He was dancing with Laney Morse then."

"I thought he might have come out here to smoke," said Louise suspiciously.

"I don't think so," said Carol. "Anyway, not since I came down. Before that, of course, I couldn't say. Probably you'll find him inside. Did you try the conservatory?"

There might have been spite in that. Conservatories are so proverbially hotbeds of—of unfaithfulness. Plainly Louise didn't like the tone of it. I think she was suspicious still. She played her hand very badly.

"Where were you upstairs, anyway?" she demanded. "I sent a maid to look for you; she couldn't find you anywhere."

"Did she look in your mother's room?"

"N-no," admitted Louise.

"Well, that's where I was," said Carol calmly. "Everywhere else the lights were on, so I slipped in there in the dark where I wouldn't be bothered."

"And you feel better now?"

"Lots—thanks. I'll be in pretty soon. If Tod turns up, I'll send him scootin' to you."

"Oh, don't bother," said Louise carelessly. And she went off.

Presently Carol began to giggle.

Something furry and damp crawled off a leaf onto my hand. A little shiver of disgust swept over me. I flipped the thing off violently. The next instant Carol Macklin had me by the arm and was dragging me out into the light from the piazza.

Her little fingers tightened on my arm. "I don't know who you are, Mr. Man!" she exclaimed, half angrily, half coaxingly. "But it was nasty of you to sit there and listen, and don't you *dare* give me away!"

My face reassured her.

She began to laugh. "What did you think?" she asked.

"I thought you were a devilish good liar, Miss Macklin!"

She laughed again, plainly delighted with my retort. "I aim to be," she said candidly.

All the same, I thought it was reprehensible. The Driscoll-Newman affair never came off. Personally, I thought that a good thing, though I never held any brief for Louise. But the Driscolls, I know, felt differently about it. For a while Tod openly attached himself to Carol, but that too came to nothing. Carol found bigger game—some next-to-the-title Englishman, I believe. Barleigh was the name, and rumor said that she was utterly wrapped up in him. But stealing men (even from a fellow-burglar, which I'm sure Louise had been) is not exactly the thing. I don't myself care for what smacks of dishonesty—ordinarily. I say that because I liked Carol, rather, in spite of it—in spite of considerably more that I learned, much later.

There was the Carnay incident, for example. Louis Philippe Carnay, he called himself, and they said he was an Alsatian. At any rate he was very much the gentleman of leisure. Impeccable, maddening manners he had. He was forever tipping his hat, and bowing and apologizing. Yet he was quite a man, too, in his way—perhaps by force of contrast. At any rate, beside Tod Newman, Barleigh and the rest, he shone. He always had plenty of money—but he was no fit companion for a girl under twenty.

It was at Bonner's that I saw them together. Not to be too fine about it, Bonner's is nothing more nor less than a polite gambling-hell. Oh, it was very select, you know. You had to be vouched for. It had the proper furnishings; the pictures were good, the neighborhood irreproachable. I don't suppose a poor man ever got inside, except in the line of doing his job as a plumber or an electric-fixture repairer. It was very fashionable to go to Bonner's just then. Bridge was in for the ladies. From early afternoon until an hour I can only speculate upon the place was filled with fashionable women and girls and idling men. A good many of these people were habitual gamblers, but there were not a few of them, like Carol Macklin, who went simply because it was the "smart" thing to lose a thousand or so at Bonner's.

I didn't patronize the place. I'll take my excitement some other way, please. I went there one evening to see a man that I'd been hunting two days on an important matter. He had been there most of that forty-eight hours (they gave you good food and wine if you wanted it), and he was nearly a wreck for sleep. But he'd won several thousand. I had to put him through a Turkish bath before I could do business with him.

That day I saw Carol. The mask was off again. I think that was because she had had too much to drink. Her eyes were pale, sparkling emeralds, her cheeks incarnadined, and her hands not too steady. And she was losing.

Beside her sat Carnay, perfect as usual, not a hair misplaced on his sleek head, cool and apparently not thirsty. They tell me he never was. This I will say for him, though. I saw him blandly take a glass, which an attendant had brought Carol, from its place before her, and put it back on the tray with a word to the man that had brought it.

Carol flashed her eyes angrily at him.

"I think you will finish this game better without it, mademoiselle," he said quietly. "Really, I do."

My opinion of him rose at once. Carol yielded. I got my man then, and steered him out, filled with disgust, and I saw no more of Bonner's. But this is what happened.

Carol had, of course, an allowance, but it wasn't sufficient. She ran behind at Bonner's, a little at a time, until her debts reached the fairly respectable sum of twenty-three hundred dollars. They weren't too strict at Bonner's, especially with people who, like the Macklins, had the name of being able to pay. But just then there were rumors, only too well founded, that Macklin had been hard hit on the Street. At the first hint of that sort of thing (and Bonner's always knew!) Bonner's tightened the leash quite without scruple, suddenly becoming as strict and businesslike as they had before been lax.

They presented a bill. You know how those things grow. Carol had known she was falling behind, of course, but she'd had no idea it was anything like twenty-three hundred. Ordinarily it wouldn't have frightened her, but just now her father was terribly hard to approach. At the mere mention of debts—and Carol had to mention them, the milliners and costumers and department-stores having heard the rumor too—he was apt to fly into fits of insane rage. The unfortunate man realized that everything was slipping through his fingers, saw what an infernal expense a girl could be, but he had paid, up to now. This bill she did not dare present. She thought him capable even of physical violence. Perhaps he was.

But there was the ubiquitous Carnay. Perhaps he surprised her crying in a corner and got it out of her by sympathetic persuasion. Perhaps there was a leak in Bonner's system. At any rate, he offered her a check for the amount.

At first she didn't know what to make of that. He didn't want to marry her—or anyone, for that matter; and he never even hinted at anything dishonorable to her, and yet she was too worldly-wise to believe that he was disinterested. She refused him.

Bonner's had given her ten days. She knew what that meant. In the meantime her father had told her that even her allowance must stop. At last she went back to Carnay and asked him point-blank what it was that he wanted.

The suave Carnay reassured her. He wanted precisely nothing at all. If she chanced to be in funds, she might repay him sometime. If not, it didn't matter. The sum was a bagatelle. And if one had a good friend, she ought to be able to call upon him, *n'est-ce pas?* Without his being too materialistic about it? And he smiled charmingly.

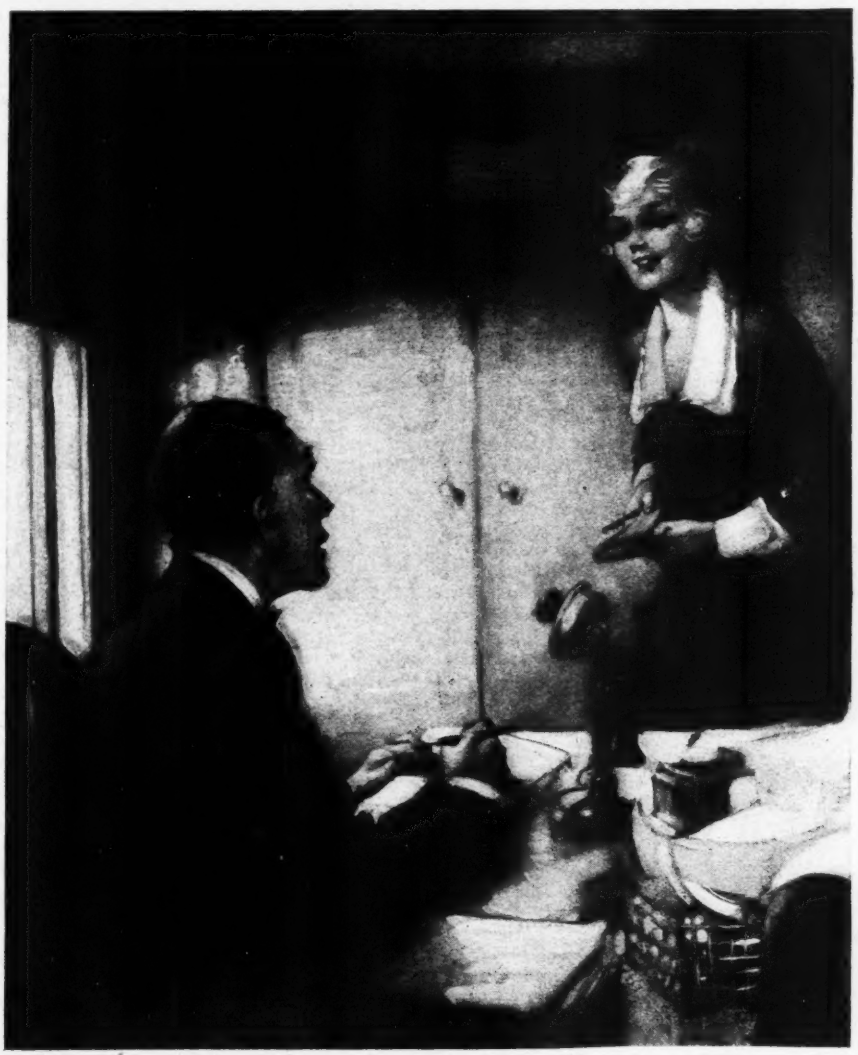
"And you want *nothing?*" she persisted.

"Nothing at all," said Carnay, still smiling pleasantly. "Some day, it may be, you will be in a position to return the—ah—favor—not in kind, maybe, but in some other way. One never knows when he may need a friend, mademoiselle. Is that not so? But it shall be noblesse oblige. There shall be no obligation about it. You are agreed?"

And this absurd little mixture of worldly wisdom and innocence took his check and signed her fairly good name to it and openly cashed it at a downtown bank—which, of course, returned it canceled to Louis Philippe Carnay! If he *had* wanted to use it against her!

Then she took the cash to Bonner's and paid her debts. It was as she was coming from the door that a newsboy screamed in her ears: "Big Failure on the Street! Berry Macklin Suicide!"

It was quite a sensation to the newsboy to see the handsomely dressed girl faint dead away on the sidewalk. He realized that he was seeing life in the raw making, and he enjoyed it morbidly. He rang up Bonner's, and they called a taxi and sent her home.



And when she came in, it was Carol Macklin. "Well!" she returned with a sudden flash of defiance. "I got here, you see—just as I said I would."

This, of course, was the time for the Right Honorable Cecil Usqubaugh and-Something - Else Barleigh to show the blue blood that was in him; and he did. Instead of coming handsomely forward, he moved on west without leaving his address.

Carol's mother developed acute hysteria and presently became quite insane, dying within a few months in an asylum. Carol was left without a cent.

That was the sort of material Carol was. It was ridiculous to suppose that business could do much with it. Absurd as it seems, however, she came to me and asked me for a job.

Poor thing! I told her I hadn't anything for her—the truth. Her equipment was nil. Her ideas upon business and business customs were, to

(Continued on page 96)

From Stamps to Silos

"Stick to it, and you'll win," is the advice of this woman who runs a concrete-construction business.

By MARY LUGER KELLY

Miss Belle Springer, who manufactures concrete buildings.

WHEN Father Time dips into comedy, a real joke is bound to ensue. Did you ever hear about the sweet soprano voice that he poured into cement—of the woman whose ambition to emulate the illustrious Patti was diverted to the building of silos?

Miss L. Belle Springer was born on a farm in Iowa not far from the capital. As all kiddies like to play in sand and bake mud-pies, there seems to have been nothing in her childhood to forecast a mature interest in the mixing of concrete, but there were opportunities for her to develop initiative very early in life. Her father, being one of the most influential farmers thereabout, was often called upon to take part in the debating societies which were then in vogue, and little Belle was sometimes permitted to accompany him. She possessed a clear voice and the rare gift of personal magnetism; so, when her father had ceased to propound his hard-shelled philosophy, he would lift her upon the platform and proudly listen to her sweetly lisped songs.

When she was fifteen years of age the family moved to a suburb of Des Moines, where her father engaged in general merchandising. School was completed in leaps and bounds and while still in her teens she was graduated with honors from Drake University. During these years there were many demands upon her voice, for she studied with the best instructors in the city and her naturally beautiful talent had become a valuable asset to society. But—

"When I tried to settle down at home afterward, the dullness was unendurable," said Miss Springer, with a reminiscent sparkle in her keen gray eyes. "I wanted to do something worth while. Although we were not wealthy, there was no necessity for me to work, but I did not care to waste my time in a butterfly existence. Neither was I ready to be married. I possessed a creative mind, had initiative and felt that I had as much right as a man to develop myself and take a hand in the world's work.

"About this time one of my friends, a prominent young lawyer, was elected to the State legislature. Dad was always something of a politician, and I had often heard his friends comment upon the fact that he never demanded any of the plums which might have been his; so I went immediately to my newly elected friend and announced that I wanted to be postmistress at the Capitol.

"As Des Moines had been granted its quota of political favors, I found that my application would have to come from another county; so I went back to the old farm in Iowa County and wrote a letter to every member of the House. Then I returned to Des Moines and waited for that exciting week which precedes the convening of legislature. There were four other applicants, but I was elected by a large majority, and the triumph gave me additional confidence in myself. My father had done nothing to help me. I had managed my entire campaign."

To a young woman of Miss Springer's temperament the winter which followed must have been most enchanting. The gayety and excitement of life at the Capitol, with its receptions and various social functions—what girl of twenty would fail to find pleasure in such routine?

There was but one discordant note: the chant of the old-time prophets pursued her. She was wasting her precious talent upon stamps; she was stifling a glorious voice behind the pigeonholes of an office. So when spring came and she turned over the governmental keys, she was impelled to prepare for the inevitable career.

Going to Chicago she studied under one of the foremost vocal instructors of the day, and golden were the promises of an operatic career held out to her. And then—she was called home by the death of her father.

"After settling up the estate I had some money but little heart for the continuance of operatic work," said Miss Springer.

"Through the advice of a man supposed to be shrewd in business, I invested some money and became interested in a railroad construction company. I knew nothing about the business; probably it would have made no difference if I had, for the money would have been lost anyway. But a short time afterward, when I had a chance to become a member of the Monolithic Hollow Wall Construction Company, I decided to invest some money in the business and try to retrieve what I had lost in my first venture. We were manufacturing a mold for the construction of hollow-wall cement, but we soon learned that it was not practical—the machine we were using was a toy affair. I had faith in the proposition, and so I supplied money for some experimental work. The inventor in our company got busy and developed the practical labor-saving steel mold which we are now manufacturing for the construction of cement houses, barns, silos, grain-bins, elevators, and tanks of all kinds.

"Although I filled the offices of secretary and treasurer, I was not well informed about the business. I soon realized that because I was a woman in an absolutely new sphere, I was being slowly frozen out of the firm. This fact aroused my fighting spirit, and I decided to stick. When I endeavored to do a little investigating on my own account, however, differences arose, and there soon came a time when, to protect my own interests, I had to take over the business and run it alone. *(Continued on page 102)*

From Pies to Packing-House

Most women are exponents of domestic science; this is the story of a girl who capitalized her knowledge into a big-business job.

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

Photograph by Koehne, Chicago

Eleanor Lee Wright, a Departmental Head of a Great Packing House.

WHAT has a woman to do with a packing-house? Except as unskilled laborers, women had very little to do with packing-houses until a few years ago. Then the packers, following the lead of other industries, set about securing trade through service and education in the use of their wares. Men and women were tried out as heads of departments which would instruct the public in the use of meats, and which would advertise meat and other products and extend their use. I should judge that the women won, for in the greatest packing-houses women now head what are called the Domestic Science departments—hardly a correct term, since the end of the department is not domestic science but selling. The most-gifted cook and best-trained dietitian in the world would fail as the head of a Domestic Science department in a packing-house unless she had also knowledge of advertising, selling ability and keen business sense.

All of these qualities are stored in the attractive personality of Eleanor Lee Wright, a girl not yet out of her twenties, head of the Domestic Science department of Wilson and Company. To her hundreds of thousands of housewives all over the country appeal for help in their cooking and house problems. Teachers of domestic science and dietitians from all over the earth write in and consult her,—quite unaware of her age,—and what she does not know she digs up and furnishes to them. Under her is a staff of women demonstrators. In her care are what are known as the "educational" films and slides used by the packing-house. From her office go all kinds of advertising directed straight to the person upon whom the packer depends, the housewife who buys his meat.

Now, this job at first sight has a purely domestic aspect, but on closer acquaintance you will see how very far from domestic it is, and how far from simple cooking are the complex and varied tasks which come as a part of it every day.

Miss Wright says she started her food-education and studies in food-production at the tender age of three, when she interfered with the pickers in her grandfather's strawberry patch and lessened their chance of quick work. Certain it is that she early became familiar with certain aspects of the packing-house. Her grandfather raised short-horn cattle and butchered at the farm. Many times Eleanor helped. She learned the parts of the animals, what they were sold for, how they were cared for and stored.

She also knew how to cook and keep house. Her mother, the business man of the family, after the death of the child's father, went to work, and left the housekeeping to Eleanor. Miss Wright's first pie was made when she was eight years old. It was a cherry pie, and this eight-year-old child climbed up the tree and picked the cherries and then stood on a box so that she was tall enough to roll out the crust on the kitchen table. She got through grammar school and high school, keeping house out of school hours.

Then Miss Wright worked her way through an institute of domestic science. While she was in this school, she became possessed of a desire to write food-leaflets. There were many of these at the school, and as far as she was able to discover, they seemed to be all prepared by men. When she left the school and entered hospital work as a dietitian, this desire to write on food and an equally strong desire to talk on food beset her. She remembered the food-demonstrations held at the chautauquas of her childhood, and her ambition began to crystallize. She had an idea she could write. When she was eleven, she had sold several articles describing the Ozark Mountain region in which she lived

Analyzing her gifts and her ambitions, Miss Wright set her eyes toward advertising. For some time she worked on, studying the field, spending a certain number of her few spare hours each day in reading books on the matter, studying advertising campaigns and advertisements, and finally she left her work and its secure salary and went into the advertising business as a free lance, specializing as best she could on foods. In a little while she worked with her eyes toward the packing-houses. She knew the opportunity presented there, and she believed herself competent to meet it. When she went for the job, it took her a year and a half to get it. To-day she stands out as one of the examples of successful young business women of the country.

"Decide on the goal," she says with the happy smile of one whose theory has borne fruit, "whether early or late, and never let anything discourage or divert you from it. How far you will go depends on the impression you can make of ability or utiiity." Just analyze that sentence, and you will see without further comment how good a business woman Miss Wright is.

"And when you get discouraged—even if you should not, you will," she adds naïvely, "—turn to Proverbs 18:16: 'A man's gift maketh room for him and bringeth him before great men.'"

And then because happiness is so evidently hers that a question is obvious, she added:

"Of course I am happy. There are two reasons why: the things I can do for my company and the things that I may do for the good of humanity."

Humanity's good via a packing-house—well, this is one of the things that might be expected when one mixes packing-houses and women!

"Take Me Back"

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Illustrated by
ARTHUR D. FULLER

THERE are places in the Pacific almost as far away as another star. From where, you ask me? I answer, from anywhere in the world, except islands like themselves. You must take a globe of the world in your hand, and see the true extent of that immense section of earth's surface known as the South Seas, before you can understand how long the journeys are, how far and far away the small green islands set in limitless plains of blue.

For us who live in the South Seas the rest of the world is something like a colored map-picture, bright and small, and curiously unreal. Sometimes, at intervals of months or weeks, a bit of picture escapes and comes sailing in to our shores in the form of a steamer or tall-masted brigantine; then strange airs from alien places blow down the palmy street, and the night when it comes—brilliantly unfamiliar, lit with unwonted lights and laced with rattling and roaring cargo noise—is filled with talk of terror and of war. War!

But when the ship has gone leaning and skating away through the passage, and shows hull down on the horizon like a bead on a wide blue floor, when the steamer is a streak of gray across the sunset and the fleet of small cutters and launches has dispersed with its cargo of food, the peace of the Pacific comes down once more like a mother dove that has been hovering afar off during the visit of some strange formidable bird, and wings of silence brood upon the island town. . . . .

They came to us in the days of the great war, those whom the war had spared—women and old men and broken creatures from the fight; and we, the stay-behinds (for our fighters were all gone), took them in and made them forget.

It is so easy to forget anything, even the great war, under the shade of the coconut beside the warm blue seas. Balboa named our great ocean better than he knew when he called it, from its calm aspect on one memorable day, the Pacific. Those who have sailed it know how little the name may be depended on, from the sailor's point of view. But there are others.

I had come in from my plantation to Naula town in the cutter, that afternoon. The steamer was gone, but there were stores for me, and there might have been letters. It is true that I am a very old man; still, I do not tread the "banquet-hall deserted" of utter friendlessness, and the mail had yet its interest for me.

An old chum, once a miner with me in the adventure of the West Australia gold-fields, had written. I took his letter to the quiet end of the town, where there was a pleasant tangle of boat-slips, and small schooners with their masts pricking up among the red-flowered branches of coral-trees, and great nests of rusting anchor-chain, and dinghies pulled up to dry. I've always loved the edges and scraps of sea-life, though I was a civil engineer myself when I was anything. There was a good, tarry, rope-flavored smell there, and the half-caste islanders repairing a boat or two were so leisurely and calm in their movements that they rather added to than took away from the calm of the place.

I sat on a balk of timber retrieved from some old wharf, holding the letter in my hand unopened; and for a moment, with the scent of sea-things about me and the small clear wind that breathes from far away talking in my ear as it used to talk on Devon and Cornwall beaches in 1859, I forgot that I was old. For you see, in spite of many wanderings over earth and sea, and the years and years that had gone by, this wind and these odors still promised vague, wonderful, uncertain things—more behind the doors through which I had sailed, more and more. . . . .

And I woke from the dream to the thought that I was seventy-one and that there could be little indeed of any "more" left in life for me. And I thought of the time when life was limitless, and said to myself with Tennyson:

> I remember, when I think,
> That my youth was half divine.

All this, you must understand, before I had opened the letter. So one must allow that I was a trifle clairvoyant (if there is such a thing as clairvoyance), on that blue Pacific morning, with the stranded boats lying beneath the coral-trees, and the little clear far-away wind talking—talking.

JIM ARNITT had written to tell me that Paradyne was in the Pacific.

"You must have heard odd things about him lately," he wrote. "They say that the time he had in the war has half crazed him, and that he has gone in for some queer forms of occultism. It may be true, or may not. People seem to keep dark about it. I fancy he has taken up some kind of mediumistic business, with a bit of cash in it—you might always look for that with Paradyne. Anyhow, they say he has bought an island to live in like a kind

I saw the passengers land, and then went off for a walk at the other side of the island. It was Paradyne's business to shepherd them, not mine.

of hermit, and as it's in your group, I thought you would be interested to know about it. Tiki-Ai is the name of the place; the New Zealand government sold it to him. What do you people in Naulas think of having a sort of white sorcerer planted down among you? I believe he has some racket about restoring your youth—the trick of every charlatan who wants to squeeze the public. You wont think so much of Paradyne as you used to after this. . . . . Have you heard that Jack Andrews married the widow after all?"

I laid the letter on my knee, and it was not the wind now that I heard, or the hushing of the small waves on the sand, measured as the tick of Eternity's clock. It was the words that had been in my mind a little while before:

> I remember, when I think,
> That my youth was half divine.

What Arnitt wrote was nonsense, of course. But if only it had been true!

"Why," I said to myself, "if the smallest grain of truth were in it, Paradyne might be a millionaire half a dozen times over. People would give all they had."

And I fell to musing. And when I looked up, there stood Paradyne. He had come by the boat, after all.

Paradyne was the "original," the human mystery who comes into every man's life, the fellow with a something different from the rest. You know. One admires and despises him, and denies his charm, his abilities, even while experiencing their force. He has always a streak of charlatan; he is always a handsome fellow; women make themselves fools over him, and men like him reluctantly, with spurts of hate. I had known Paradyne about half my life, off and on; but I never felt that I really did know him, all the same.

I had seen him last up the Congo, prospecting after some impossible mineral that he didn't get, although with the crosswise sort of luck that always seemed to follow him, he did run across a deposit of valuable china-clay. I believe he went to Vienna after, and had a good time there, until the outbreak of war, when he promptly went to London, bought the best bottle of hair-dye to be had, got a course of figure-drill and one of face-massage, and triumphantly—at fifty-four—passed into the forces, official birthdate 1875. Then he got smashed up internally, and acquired a limp, and then no one heard any more about him till Arnitt's letter. And here he was on the beach of Naula town, with the old smile, and the old curly hair just turning gray, very well dressed in a new tussore suit, with excellent boots, and (as ever) a look of one who owns the world—by which I judged that Paradyne was hard up. For in old times he always dressed the better and looked the smarter and more prosperous, the worse things happened to be going with him.

"You can't afford to shab and sneak about unless you have whips of money," he would say.

It appeared my diagnosis was right.

"Lend me eighty pounds, Griffin, will you?" was his greeting.

"No, I will not," was my reply.

"Oh, yes, you will, too, when you hear what it's about."

"I've heard. Seems you are going to make old people young again, like Mephistopheles. You don't expect anyone to swallow that, do you?"

"Yes. Wait till you hear, though it's not exactly what you—But I want that eighty pounds; I spent almost my last bean buying the island, and—"

"Well, why did you buy an island? No one in his senses does—at least, not places like Tiki-Ai, which wouldn't grow two hundred coconuts, apart from being seventy miles from the nearest steamer-call; and that's only once a month anyhow."

"I bought it because I had have it. If there'd been a more out-of-the way island for sale, I'd have got it instead. You don't begin to realize— Why, man, there's millions in it; you ought to go down on your knees and thank me for allowing you a chance at it."

"You never were a crook, Paradyne," I said, looking at him thoughtfully. "Otherwise I should think you were framing up a swindle of some kind. As it is, I can only suppose you haven't got over that shell-shock."

Instead of answering, Paradyne began to laugh.

"You're right, I haven't," he said, wiping his eyes. "You old fellows who couldn't get out to the war" (this came well, I thought, from one who had been a growing lad in the days of the siege of Paris), "you old fellows haven't the beginning of an idea of all we've found out, about wounds and all sorts of other things."

"Be that as it may," I said, "I haven't eighty pounds to spare."

"Nobody has," said Paradyne acutely. "But you have eighty you could squeeze out, and you will squeeze it, old boy, if only for the sake of having a treat you never dreamed you could have. However, what it's wanted for at present is to take me to Tiki-Ai, and help to put up a cheap house or two. Man alive, my clients are coming up, next boat."

I was curious; I was unbelieving, but— Anyhow, Arthur Paradyne exercised the old untellable influence; and I wanted to know—especially, I wanted to know. So the eighty, and some more, changed hands. And two days later we—Paradyne and I and a native crew—made the peak of Tiki-Ai, a lost little speck in the vast Pacific wastes, seventy miles from the Naulas, which are four hundred miles from Paumotus, which are six or seven hundred from anywhere.

Tiki-Ai is a low island some few acres in extent. It has a white beach of beaten coral, and a few dozen coconut palms standing close to the water, and—I really don't know what else. I remember a few painty-green bushes in the middle, and about six uncanny screw-pines standing on high wooden stilts, and some sort of a creeper like red and green hair, that ran all over the ground and was beaded with pale berries. A balk or two of sun-whitened timber from a wreck; birds, of course, planing and screaming; sun that struck you like a blow; and loneliness, and sea, and sea, and sea: that is Tiki-Ai.

The native crew, seeing it, raised a howl.

"No good place this one, master," they cried. "No full-up along plenty devil-devil. We altogether go finish" (die) "along this place."

Paradyne examined the islet through his glasses.

"Couldn't be better," he said, and laughed. Something about the spot seemed to please him.

We landed, camped, and next day set the boys to work that was hard enough to drive devil-devils out of their heads. Paradyne had brought house-building material with him, doors and windows, rolls of patent roofing, and that stuff you build with in panels, and some sawn timber for frames. It took only a couple of weeks to put up two plain but sufficient houses, two rooms in each, and to set the tanks in position. Luckily it was near the rainy season, and we got water enough to fill them.

Of course I wanted to know all about the scheme, from the very start. Paradyne was willing to gratify me, up to a certain point.

"The place is a retreat," he said. "What do you think of it as a spot for perfect concentration of thought?"

"Good enough," I answered, "though as to the necessity of such an inconvenient distance—"

"Man," he cried, "that's the kernel of the whole thing. How can I, or others, carry out mental processes as delicate as the manufacture of radium, with other people's thoughts buzzing and butting in all the time? Like the way those German wirelesses used to come barging in and drowning ours. You've lived so long out of the world that you aren't up to the new developments in psychology. I can tell you, there's a fine healthy lot of them."

"Yes, but what's all this about?" I persisted. "What are you—we—going to do exactly?"

Paradyne didn't answer for a minute. I do not know if you have observed that the Paradyne type, the fluent, enthusiastic notion-mongering sort, almost always shies when it comes to exact details—partly, one supposes, because this business of de-

THE JOB BABY

"YOU wouldn't recognize my son, aged two, as a Fundamental Social Experiment," writes Adeline Sington in her remarkable story "The Job Baby," which will appear in our next issue. But—son is distinctly a Fundamental Social Experiment, for Mrs. Sington is undertaking to produce a family and hold down a business job at the same time. How she does it is most interestingly narrated in her story—which will appear, remember, in the next, the December, issue of THE GREEN BOOK MAGAZINE.

tailing clips the wings of rainbow fancy, partly because the notion-mongerer is usually suspicious, underneath his surface fluency, and thinks the business man will somehow or other "get at him" if he lets him know too much.

But I had asked a direct question, and I was a partner. Paradyne looked at me sideways, in that cockatoo fashion he has, which makes you almost expect to see a biscuit in his claw, and slowly, not too willingly explained. At least, he tried to explain; but I am bound to say I did not understand very well in the end.

"There are a lot of people," he said, "who think it's a pretty bad sort of world to live in nowadays, when the war has made everyone miserable and turned everything upside down. Of course you can get accustomed, in a sort of way, to almost anything, but when you look back. . . . . Lord, Baker, it was a good world to live in, long ago, before this war. One can hardly believe it. People could do what they liked—only think of it! And they'd private affairs; no one has any now. And their money was all their own. And there was art and music in the world, and there were beautiful things. Don't go telling me they exist now; they don't, to matter. Nothing matters now but 'steel and fire and stone.' And I tell you, Baker, hundreds and millions of people hate it and hate it and hate it, and wish they were dead. And it seems to them as if they'd lived in paradise long ago, but didn't know it, then. Show them any way back."

"Oh, I agree to all that," I said, "but it doesn't affect the island world so very much, you know. We get along peaceably enough. We have done what we could, and let it go at that."

I know that he felt, suddenly, superior and contemptuous—he who had seen the red harvest of Aisne and Somme, who had done, and suffered, things unspeakable—in the presence of the old man who couldn't go. But he took breath and went on:

"Well, take yourself, then," he said. "You're old. You were young once. In the seventies and eighties it was another world."

"It was," I said, and a sigh came heaving up from the bottom of my heart, as dead drowned things float up from the depth of the sea. I didn't hear the age-long humming of the reef in that moment, or see the topaz fire of full sun upon the palms. I heard the hushing of spring winds through feathered, budding larches, far away and long ago; I saw, as you see in the flash of the lightning through the dark, a swift, sharp picture of a landscape—

Ah, who cares what it was, or what the figure I saw there? "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

Paradyne watched me as a cat watches a mouse.

"I know what you're feeling like," he said. "Now tell me, what would you give to find the back door, right into all that again?"

"Give?" I said. "My immortal soul!"

"And yet," said Paradyne, looking at me triumphantly, "you kicked at lending me eighty pounds!"

"Your hints weren't convincing—and aren't, for the matter of that. My wanting a thing, and your being able to give it, are two matters that don't hang together. I look on that eighty as lost if your windy nonsense is all that's behind it. Where did you get the rest of the money?"

"I got it," he said, with still more triumph, "from people who believe more than you do—people who'll be coming up next boat to get the worth of their money. That's what we're putting up the houses for."

"Well," I said, "perhaps you told them more than you told me. I don't believe there is anything in it—there can't be; but I'd like to hear—"

"You remember about my shell-shock?" asked Paradyne, interrupting. "Well, that gave me the whole idea—that, and getting drowned. I never was near drowning myself, but lots of people who have been say that in the last moment you go through the whole of your life from beginning to end, missing nothing."

"I never believed it," I said.

"I did. Don't know why. I just had what the Americans call a hunch that it was true. . . . . Well, that time I got the shell-shock, and was outed for the best part of three days, it happened to me. I tell you, I went through the whole of my life from beginning to end, not an item missed out. And—understand me—it wasn't like their drowning business; didn't go by all in a flash. It must have taken pretty well the whole of the three days. Like a hundred two-hundred-reel picture-films being unrolled and unrolled without a break, and you right in it yourself. And not a thing missed out—not a thing. Hal! Henry Baker! I tell you the brain forgets nothing, *nothing!*" He leaned forward and yelled the word at me. "It's the most marvelous instrument! Make a man religious if he wasn't, to think of the power that designed such a—Why, you Henry Baker, just think, I even went through the times when my nurse left my little pram standing on the edge of the footpath while she talked to a long-legged soldier, and I was scared for fear it would—"

When I looked up, there stood Paradyne. He had come by the boat, after all.

He suddenly broke off, looking at me with a slightly cunning glance, and changed the subject.

"So you see," he said, "it's the greatest marvel in psychology the world has ever known. And you can retard the time, if you manage right. You can make the whole thing take longer. In fact, it's only limited by the length of time the human body can go without food—because of course you are lying in a kind of waking trance all the time. And it isn't fancy; you don't even know you are going over it again. You think it's the first time. You just live your life as you lived it."

He seemed to break off here, as if he had swallowed something. "Wonderful thing, wonderful!" he went on hurriedly, with the sly cockatoo expression flitting momentarily across his face—I wondered about what? "The brain gets its orders, and it reproduces every impression ever made on the sort-of-jelly stuff it's constructed of—you know, everything that ever happened to you registers an actual physical mark. You've only to set the nerve-force flowing through all those old channels again."

"How do you do it?" I asked. Conviction was creeping over

The native crew raised a howl. "No good place this one, master," they cried. "We altogether go finish along this place." Paradyne examined the islet through his glasses.

me, but I was still skeptical in part. "Do you give your clients a shell-shock, or half-drown them in the lagoon?"

"Nothing of the kind. How I do it is my secret, of course, but I don't mind telling you part of it. I apply a certain strong but perfectly controllable stimulus to the brain, and then keep it for a few hours in a condition of absolute isolation from all outside influence—especially the influence of other minds. Modern psychology—"

"You can consider that said. I don't see, by the way, how you are to avoid the influence of the other minds on the island."

"Of course not," he said earnestly, "because it is undoubtedly there; but I don't expect it to prove a serious obstacle. You must remember that in any other part of the world there would be millions of mental radios buzzing and butting in all the time, and smearing the surface of the brain so that it couldn't recollect itself—whereas here there will be perhaps fifty."

"Fifty!"

"Yes. I could have got five hundred, but—"

"Now you're lying." I pronounced. I always did know, in the old days, just when Paradyne was straying from the truth, though other people used to start by believing everything he said and end by believing nothing—both positions being wrong.

"Well, I've got thirty-seven," he exulted, "and they've all cashed up half."

"What did you charge them?" I asked him. Paradyne gave me one of his cockatoo glances, head on one side, and answered merely:

"Not enough."

"How long did you stay in Sydney, having a good time?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything—considering it's you."

Paradyne pretended not to hear, but lighted a cigarette, and cocked it smartly under his curly mustache.

"The principal thing to consider," he said, puffing delicately, "is that the whole thirty-seven were coming up last boat, and might arrive in a few days, if the schooner brings them straight along."

"That's why you sent her back!"

"Yes. They might be here any time—to-morrow." And as it happened, they were. . . . .

If they had not turned up quite so quickly, there were many things I meant to have asked Paradyne. Somehow or other, though I was convinced that he had really made the great discovery he claimed, I was equally sure there was something behind it all of which he had not spoken. What was it, and why did he conceal it? It would not have been Paradyne if there had not been something—not fishy, but perhaps, as one might put it, faintly marine in odor—about any project with which he was connected. And yet the fellow was so dashed clever; everything he had ever been mixed up in had had the germs of greatness somewhere in it.

A brilliant thought struck me. I paid more than my share. I had a right to test the discovery, if anyone had. Even should there turn out to be anything dangerous about it, my life was nearly done, as it was. I should lose little, in any disaster. But quite possibly there was no risk at all. Paradyne, in his talk—much of which I have omitted—swore there was not. Then why not try the thing at once!

I decided that I would. But it was easier to decide than carry out. Paradyne, that evening, was simply un-get-at-able. He was walking around the island; he was swimming in the lagoon; he was fighting out on the roof by starlight. Later on, when he came in to go to bed, and I was preparing for the long-deferred talk, I was disgusted to find that he had been drinking heavily out in the storehouse, and was so far intoxicated that he could scarcely stagger to his room. I thought he cocked his eye at me in the light of the incandescent lamp, with a triumph that was too clearly marked to go with the degree of drunkenness he displayed. But drunk or pretending to be, I knew he was unassailable for the night.

And next morning, just as day was beginning to dawn, the *pipple-popple, pipple-popple* of the schooner's auxiliary engine

working her way in through the passage waked me out of a sound sleep. When you live in the far-out island groups, the sound of an engine at sea, any engine-sound, from the steady, fateful chant of the great liner to the blither of some little ancient launch, wakes you more surely than the crack of tropical thunder right over your head.

Paradyne heard it too, and was out in his pajamas on the beach, turning his glass onto the ship.

"See the sheep—the dear little sheep!" he said, chuckling. "The little sheep for you and me to shear! See 'em squatting all over the deck, except where they're lying because they're sick. I bet you they've had a lively trip from port."

"What are you going to do?" I asked him, taking my turn with the glass, and looking at the group of passengers, male and female, crowded about the schooner deck. She had not been built to carry so many; I thought they must have been indeed in earnest to face the passage from port in her.

"Let them settle down first, and then deliver a lecture," he said. "Then get to work collecting the balance of the cash, and then— Do you realize, you fish, you mummy, what a grand occasion this is, what an event in the history of the world? The doors of the past unlock life to live over again! How much space do you think they'll give me in the twelfth edition of 'The Encyclopedia Britannica'?"

"There seem to be a lot of women on board," I observed. "We had better go and dress."

"Women," said Paradyne with an indescribable twinkle, "have always been the believers, in any religion. In the religion of love, for instance—"

I stopped him, with his hand halfway to his curly mustache, and a brood of reminiscences slain dead at the moment of taking flight from his lips.

"If you knew what a pirate you look when you haven't shaved for three days," I said, "you'd hurry up and improve yourself a bit before the ship makes the passage."

He bolted to his room. I followed more slowly. I wear a beard; it helps to make life longer.

The schooner came slowly in, and landed her passengers by installments. They had quite a bit to row across the lagoon. Paradyne and I were dressed and ready to meet them before the first boatful had set foot upon the sand. Paradyne was resplendent. He had put on a drill suit that shone white as the feathers of a wheeling gull, white boots, deep violet silken cummerbund, deep violet tie, new panama with a violet band. His hair curled under the brim of the hat, graying but full of crispness and vitality; his odd, compelling, blue-green eyes, younger by twenty years than the rest of him, looked out keenly from under the shading brim. If I had been a woman—but I wasn't, and so I saw him clear-eyed. And somehow I felt distrust.

I saw the passengers land, and then went off for a walk at the other side of the island. It was Paradyne's business to shepherd them, not mine. I didn't envy him, for all his glib tongue and persuasive abilities. I knew that it was going to be just such a job as the thrice cursed conductors of Cook used to tackle in prewar days—the sort of job that killed them off young. You never saw an old Cook conductor.

It was pleasant enough on that far side. In common with many men who live in the islands, I like empty, desolate, Robinson-Crusoe-looking spots—I don't know why. This powdery-white beach dotted with weird, mop-headed pandamus, and scattered with the sort of shells that people put in cabinets at home, pleased me because it looked what it was—a place where no one ever came. Indeed, the whole island was written all over with the same signature of loneliness, and not even Paradyne's buildings had quite effaced it.

"I don't know how much there may be in his talk about mental radios," I thought, smoking with slow enjoyment, "but if there is anything in the effect of surroundings upon the nervous system—"

Paradyne's feet were crunching on the coral.

"Through so soon?" I asked.

"Through be hanged!" he said, taking off his hat to wipe a perspiring forehead. "They're all fighting like cats and dogs over their rooms at present. They blame me for everything they don't like. This is going to be the devil of a job."

A prophetic spirit descended upon me at that moment—or perhaps it was merely that I saw just that which I had not seen, up to the present. Anyhow, I felt moved to reply:

"Perhaps more so than you think." And it turned out that I was right.

The lecture was delivered next day. I had kept out of the way, camping with my net and blanket on the far side of the island, since I was not minded to shoulder any of Paradyne's hotelkeeper difficulties for him. But I came back for the lecture. The more I thought of Paradyne's alleged discovery, the more I was inclined to try it. There was a catch somewhere or other, I thought—knowing Paradyne; but nevertheless I did believe that he had discovered what he said he had, and could do what he promised to do. And that being so,—the doors of the past being indeed opened once more, or possible to be opened by the keys he held,—what did anything else matter?

Oh, but my head was full of visions and of hopes as I tucked my blanket under my arm and set off to walk back to the settlement on that blue island morning! It was a day of hope, a day to make an old man young. Much has been said about the cruel climate of the tropic world, about its hurricanes, its rains, its searing, life-sucking sun; but one hears little of the rare gemlike days that come now and then between the parallels of Capricorn and Cancer, paying over and over again by their nameless beauty, and by the breath of life, sheer life they carry, for months of black heat and storm. Just one hollow sapphire was the round of sea and sky that day, and the wind from the lagoon was warm gold. I began to walk fast over the clinking coral; I held up my head, and forgot I was seventy-one. Seventy-one! Thirty, no more—thirty, the best time of a man's life! Not a day—

I didn't know what had happened for a moment. Then I got up on my hands and knees, and then, slowly to my feet, looking at my scratched palms and damaged trousers as I did so. It isn't a good thing to skip like a two-year-old on an irregular coral beach, when you are just sixty-nine years more than two.

Somehow the incident decided me. I had been perhaps a bit doubtful before. Now I was mad, clean mad, for the sorcery of Paradyne. To live again—be young again!

When I got to the "hall" (it was only an iron shed with rough benches and a white sand floor), I knew, by the measured sound of speech within, that the lecture had begun. I scuffled in, all breathless as I was, and found a place on one of the back benches. There was a lady next me; she moved up to let me in. I threw a side-glance at her. She was neither young nor old; she wore mourning; her eyes had a faded look, and her mouth was ashake with the nervous smile that is only worn by the unhappy; since 1914 broke to curse the world, we know the type only too well. Beyond her there was a younger woman in widow's dress. In front of me I could see half-glimpses of a face that assuredly had been lovely once, that was a pitiful wreck of beauty now.

Easy to see why these three had risen to Paradyne's bait. Not quite so simple to understand why the plump, clerical-looking man a little farther on had come to Tiki-Ai; nor the great, gaunt old fellow with the finely set head; as for the fat, idle-looking woman to the right, one saw at once that she was simply out for some new sensation; and the queer little man near her—obviously a military reject, almost certainly the type who attends religious revivals and throws itself fanatically upon new fads—was probably seeking some mystic revelation. The rest were much the same, women in the majority. Paradyne was speaking. He spoke well; I remembered that he had *(Continued on page 103)*

"THE SHADOW OF THE PALM"

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW always has an idea in her story — and she always writes a story that is colorful, picturesque and dramatic. "The Shadow of the Palm," which will appear in the next, the December GREEN BOOK, is one of her best—and that, you will agree, is very good indeed.

What Would

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PROBABLY she'd say, "I'm not surprised"—that is, if she were a very modern and up-to-date grandma. If she were the old-fashioned kind, who as a girl herself was wont to "swoon" at the drop of the hat, or burst into tears at a frown, she'd probably shake her head and wonder what the world was coming to. Fact is, it seems to be coming into a girl era, for you find 'em everywhere and doing the most extraordinary things. For instance, this girl right here alongside, Miss Katherine M. Spruce, she's doing a new thing, for she's the finger-print expert of the Navy Department. There's not a gob in the outfit whose finger-print she hasn't studied and indexed.

The girl below her and to the left, Miss Flora Voorhees, runs a hotel, and if you ask her guests, they'll tell you there's no better-run hotel in the country. Time was, and that a very short time ago, when Miss Voorhees thought that "society" was about all a girl needed to care for. When she went into business, she applied to the job all the graces of her other life, and of course success attended her.

The girl stooping over the car found her own job. Miss Peggy Engleman looks at your car as it stands at the curb, and her keen eyes perceive that before long one or more of the tires will "go out." She makes note of the license-number, writes to the capital of the State and obtains your name and address. Then she calls on you, selling tires. She sells them, too, retaining her commission and proving again that where there's a modern American girl there's a way.

And consider Miss Mabel Weinant as she sits

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Gran'ma Say?

writing beside the phone. Can you imagine that she's president of a great moving-van association in New York? Well, she is. She invented the "return-load" idea as applied to household moving, and it works so splendidly that her men associates in the business would frankly tell you they couldn't get along without her. And who should know more about "moving" than a woman? It's been her job since the idea of "rent" was invented, and whoever heard of a married man that, on moving day, didn't have something especially important to do at the office for the boss?

And these two girls down below; what are they doing? Designing tidies for the morris chairs of the world? They are *not*. They are Miss Rose Stokes and Miss Louise Larned, and they are drafting the working plans of our new submarines for the construction bureau of the United States Navy. It doesn't require a very elastic imagination to foresee the day when the commander of one of those same submarines will be a young woman. Skirts will forbid, you say? Not necessarily, for the skirts of this moment are narrower around both a girl's feet than the leg of a sailor's breeches is around one of his.

When Shakespeare wrote "The Merchant of Venice," he revealed, for all the world to see, the legal possibilities of women. Indeed, it is not at all unlikely that through the ages since the creation of *Portia,* women have subconsciously been aware that for them the way was pointed by the Bard. Here, then, down in the lower corner of this page, is an American *Portia* of this day and moment, Miss Helen M. McCormick, who has recently been appointed an assistant district attorney in New York city. What *would* Grandma say to that?

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Photograph Your Thoughts!

By
HEREWARD
CARRINGTON, Ph. D.

THE author of this remarkable article is America's most eminent authority on psychic matters. You may accept his statements as the conclusions of a man distinguished for his knowledge and impartial attitude.

PHOTOGRAPHS of thoughts! Photographs of radiations issuing from the human body, and of emotions which set up "swirls" or commotions in the ether—these are some of the startling experiments which have been made of late by students of the occult, delving into these mysteries, in various parts of the world!

Incredible as it may seem, such photographs have actually been taken, under stringent test-conditions, in the absence of a professional medium, and in circumstances which seem to preclude all possibility of fraud. The experimenters were, in many cases, men of eminence in the scientific world, and the photographs were often taken in the presence of a number of impartial witnesses.

These newer researches have not been confined to the field of so-called "spirit photography," but run along different channels. In cases of "spirit photography," the sitter poses for his photograph in the usual manner, and upon the plate's being developed, a number of faces and forms—resembling "spirits"—often recognized as deceased friends or relatives of the sitter—are seen upon it. An interesting example of one of these is given herewith. The sitter, in this case, is a well-known Washington physician, interested in the occult; the "forms" appearing upon the plate (many of them resembling biblical characters in feature and dress) cannot be accounted for by any normal means.

Unfortunately the majority of these "spirit photographs" are subject to the fatal objection that they can easily be "faked;" and if any professional "spirit photographer" has a hand in their taking or development, we may justly doubt the results. Practically every professional photographer who has claimed to produce photographs in this manner has been caught, in the past, in fraud; and the methods and devices for tampering with the plates are so numerous and so ingenious that it is practically impossible for the amateur to prevent trickery from being practiced upon him. For this reason the majority of serious psychic students have practically given up trying to obtain photographs from professional mediums, and have devoted their energies to experimenting along other lines—with striking and interesting results.

Among the newer methods of experimentation I may mention "thought photography"—in which attempts are made, by individuals, to obtain photographs of their own *thoughts*. This is a very simple and a very interesting method, which every reader of this article can try for himself. (I earnestly hope that a number of my readers will try these experiments, and communicate the results to me. I should be glad to offer any suggestions or furnish any advice to experimenters along these lines.)

The method of obtaining psychic or thought-photographs is entirely different from that employed in obtaining so-called "spirit-photographs." In the latter case, as I have explained, a camera is focused upon the sitter, who "sits" as usual, and the forms appear upon the plate when developed. In obtaining thought-photographs, *no camera at all is used;* the plates (or films) are carefully wrapped in opaque black paper and sealed up, so as to prevent the slightest ray of light from reaching the plates. These plates (or films) are then placed against the forehead, where they are held for from five minutes to half an hour, or longer, according to the patience of the experimenter and the degree of his psychic power. An intense effort is made to impress upon the plate, by an act of will, a mental picture or image held in the mind. Anything will do—the head of an eagle, the sun, the face of a friend. The plate is then taken into the dark-room, unwrapped and carefully developed. In those cases which have been successful, an image, more or less clear, of the picture held in mind will be found upon the plate.

This will, I have no doubt, appear incredible to the average reader. The facts, nevertheless, remain! Such photographs *have* been obtained—in America, France, Poland, Japan and other parts of the world. A series of careful, simultaneous experiments have proved to us conclusively that such photographs *can* be taken, under precisely the conditions I have described.

Commandant Darget, of the French army, has obtained a number of very striking photographs in this manner. A number of these are to be found in Joire's book "Psychical and Supernormal Phenomena," where we find thought-photographs of bottles, a walking-stick, the head of an eagle and other subjects obtained in this manner. Writing of the impression of the eagle's head, M. Darget says:

"With regard to the eagle, it was produced in this way: Mme. Darget was in my office, lying on my sofa, about ten o'clock in the evening. I said to her: 'I am about to put out the lamp and to try (as I have already done sometimes) to take a fluidic print over my forehead. I will hand you a plate for you to do it as well.'

"I therefore handed her a plate, which she held with both her hands about an inch in front of her forehead. A short time after-

wards—it might be about ten minutes—she said to me: 'I think I am going asleep; I am very tired: I am going to lie down.' And feeling her way in the darkness, she handed me the plate.

"I then went to develop it, and was surprised to see this astonishing figure of an eagle. I have called it a 'dream-photograph,' although my wife does not remember having dreamed of a bird or anything else while she held the plate."

It was this incident, I may add, which gave me the idea of detecting a crime (murder) which had been committed! Mr. Goddard and myself utilized this idea in our psychic photoplay serial "The Mysteries of Myra," some years ago. In the eighth episode, after showing the audience how thought-photographs were made, we showed how the detective, *Dr. Alden*, crept up to the guilty man's room in the middle of the night, and by holding a plate against his forehead obtained an impression, upon the plate, of his *dream*—that is, the scene of the murder! While this was utilized by us at the time for dramatic purposes only, it is quite possible to conceive that, once thought-photographs, or photographs of dreams, gain acceptance in the scientific world, they may well revolutionize our methods of the detection of crime—may in fact affect the whole science of criminology, for the thoughts of the guilty man could then actually be photographed in this manner!

A psychic photograph from the famous Crewe circle, in England.

This is a suggestion which will doubtless be seriously considered some day—when psychical science gains wider recognition—in the same way that the influence of clairvoyance upon crime has already been considered by Dr. J. Maxwell, judge of the Supreme Court in Paris.

Thus we see how psychic phenomena might affect our daily lives. Let us return, however, to the experiments in psychic photography.

Two small photographs, one showing a face, the other a series of small starlike markings, were sent to me by a member of the Society for the Study of Psychic Photography, of England. Writing of these prints, my correspondent says:

"A week or so ago we distributed one hundred and ten strips of sensitive film, in light-tight packages, for friends of the members to 'wear.' This was done with the idea of ascertaining approximately what percentage of individuals possessed this gift. We agreed that the films should be carried about for a week, and where possible worn round the forehead at night. The experiment proved more successful than we had anticipated, since *six* out of the one hundred and ten films were more or less affected. The two best results are those shown on the prints enclosed herewith."

The results are quite in keeping with some which have recently been obtained in California. In a recent communication which I have received from a gentleman in San Francisco, he says:

"Then we tried thought-photography. I bought some ordinary plates, which were opened in the dark-room of an X-ray laboratory. The plate was inclosed within an envelope of opaque black paper and this in another envelope. It was then suspended about twelve inches in front of the eyes of the sitting experimenter. . . . .

"This experimenter first wrote down on a slip of paper the thing he was going to concentrate on, folded it and handed it to a committee. Then he sat and concentrated for ten minutes. The plate was then developed, and contained the image, clear and strong and unmistakable, of a *cross*. This proved to be the subject handed to the committee."

As might be expected, many of these "psychic photographs" take on the characteristics of "spirit-photographs," in that they show definitely recognizable *forms*. This is especially true of a number of psychic photographs which were recently taken at Crewe, England, in the presence of two nonprofessional mediums, who have, nevertheless, obtained hundreds of successful photographs in this manner. Regarding their experiments, a correspondent writes me:

"They are not professionals and charge no fee. A nominal charge is made for prints. . . . . I do not know of anyone who has sat with the Crewe circle who has not been satisfied that fraud, at any rate, will not explain these things. Those who have *not* been and who know nothing of the subject, say just the opposite. . . . . Many of the results in themselves rule out faking. I have had many sittings with these mediums and have not the slightest doubt whatever regarding their absolute genuineness. In fact, in some of the tests I have carried out with them, faking would have been quite impossible, even had they been desirous of tricking. I speak as an amateur photographer of many years' standing, in touch with photography every working day of his life."

Two sample photographs obtained at this now famous Crewe circle are reproduced herewith. Certainly it is true that such photographs might be obtained by means of double exposure,

A spirit photograph of a well-known Washington physician.

Mrs. LeFlohic is seen pulling the string which operates the flash-light. Note the glow where a shadow would normally appear.

double printing and other devices; but the point is that we have the word of an expert photographer that they were *not* produced in this manner; and when once their genuine character is admitted, they assume very great interest, no matter what view we may care to take as to the results.

Miss Estelle Stead, daughter of the late W. T. Stead, writing of her experiences with this same group of psychics, says:

"I have several times, since he passed on, obtained photos of my father on the same plate I took with me, *under the most rigid test-conditions*—on plates which I have never let out of my sight, save for the few moments they were in the camera for my photo to be taken.

"I also obtained a splendid photo of my brother, who passed over in 1907. He promised that before I went for the sitting he would be photographed instead of Father, if he could manage it. I said nothing of this to the lady who sat with me for the photograph to be taken, or to the photographer. I put my own marked plate in the slide myself, and stood by while it was developed. My brother's face appeared quite as plainly as mine, and has been recognized by many who knew him in life. He was seldom photographed while here, and certainly *never* with his head in exactly the position it is in this photograph, received nine years after his death.

"It is only natural that those who have passed over in the war should, when conditions allow, use this means of establishing their identity, and many have done so successfully! One case of particular interest is that of a boy who was blown to pieces in France last year. His mother wrote in great distress to a friend in Edinburgh stating that the boy had been killed. This friend had not seen the boy since his school-days, but being interested in spiritualism, and able to get in touch with those on the 'other side,' she asked her father, who had passed over, if it would be possible for the boy to be photographed. He said it was doubtful, but they would do their best. She therefore made arrangements to have a sitting with the Crewe mediums, who possess this power which enables those on the other side to manifest sufficiently to be photographed.

"Two plates were exposed, and on one side, beside the photo of the lady herself, there is an unmistakable photo of the boy. I have seen it, and a photo of the boy taken before he went to France, and there is no mistaking the likeness. She sent the pictures to his parents, who before this had not been believers in the possibility of communication with those who have passed on—with the result that they are now convinced of it, and have received several comforting and assuring messages from their boy."

We see how imperceptibly ordinary psychic photographs shade off into those more definitely spiritistic in character. This is true in nearly all phenomena in this realm. It is hard to draw any hard-and-fast line, and say: "*This* is due to powers within our own being, and *this* is due to external spiritual beings!" They merge one into the other so gradually that it is extremely difficult to draw any line of demarcation between the two.

Certainly *some* of these photographs are due to the thoughts or other psychic activities of the sitter. Thus we can hardly suppose that the "spirits" of bottles, walking-sticks and eagles (as in Darget's experiments) were actually present, and that they impressed themselves upon the photographic plate! Again, the picture on page 29 shows us a definite *face*, which we can hardly attribute to any outside influence. The experimenter merely thought of the face, and it appeared upon the plate. This being so, how can we *ever* obtain proof that the forms and faces which appear upon photographic plates are those of discarnate spirits,—even though they appear and are recognized,—since we know that mental images or memories of faces have been photographed in just this manner?

That is indeed a difficult problem: it is very like that which confronts us in the case of any good trance-medium. Inasmuch as telepathy is a fact, and the medium almost certainly derives *some* of the facts from my mind, or from the minds of other living people, how can we ever prove "survival"—the actual communication of our spirit friends?

We can only apply the same sort of tests in the one case as in the other. We must discount all those facts which might possibly have been obtained normally, or by telepathy, and pin our faith on those which could not possibly, or conceivably, have been obtained in this way. Similarly, we must assume that all psychic photographs represent normal markings upon the plates, or the emotions or thoughts of the sitter, or the vital radiations issuing from his body, until indisputable proof to the contrary be forthcoming. (It may be added that some very striking evidence of identity has been obtained in this manner, from time to time in the past, and is now being obtained in various circles both in this country and abroad.)

Mr. and Mrs. LeFlohic, in an inexplicably marked photograph.

Regarding these "vital radiations" issuing from the body, a number of interesting experiments were undertaken in this connection in Poland, Paris and elsewhere. M. Durville obtained imprints of hands, from which emanated streaks of light, as though the hand were radio-active; indeed in no other way can we account

for these results. Dr. Ochorowicz, of Warsaw, a very cautious scientific inquirer, also obtained some very striking results in this field of experimentation. The subject, in this case, was hypnotized, and an effort made to obtain photographic evidence of the existence of the "double" or "astral body." Writing of his experiments in this connection, Dr. Ochorowicz says:

"I hold a plate at a distance of about one meter from her right hand, which is held in front of her (the medium). The red light is turned slightly low; the somnambule sees a shadowy hand detach itself from hers, which is at the same time also attached to a very long, thin arm, which approaches the plate. The hand is very large, she says, and is a right hand. It places itself over the plate, which I thereupon remove and develop. A large hand is distinctly visible upon it. Finally I hold a plate two and a half meters away (about eight feet) from the medium's hand. The somnambule shivers and feels cold in her lower limbs, despite the fact that my laboratory is very warm. She again holds out her right hand, and a *left* hand, attached to a long, thin arm, is seen by her to detach itself and place itself over the plate held in my hand. Upon being developed, the impression of a *very large left hand* was found upon the plate—so large that only a portion of the hand could be seen (the whole of the medium's hand could easily be placed upon the plate). These are very similar to the enormous hands frequently seen at the Palladino séances, and said to be those of 'John King.'"

A psychic photograph taken at the Crewe circle.

Shortly before the war, Professor Fukurai, of the University of Tokyo, published a large book, giving the results of his experiments in psychic photography. This is in Japanese, and as yet has not been translated. The majority of these photographs were taken in the presence of several witnesses—from five to seven usually—and no professional medium was employed. No camera was used in any of these experiments, but the plates, wrapped in opaque paper, were held between the hands of the psychic—several plates, as a rule, being piled upon one another. *After* the pile had been arranged, the plate upon which the impression was to be made was selected. For example, on one occasion Professor Fukurai, after handing a plate to the entranced psychic, said: "I want you to impress upon that plate, by an effort of your will, the words *myo ho*," meaning *marvelous processes*. The subject then stated that she saw the words before her—in the air, as it were—and that she was trying to impress the outlines of these words upon the plates in Japanese characters. A few moments later she said, "They are taken," and handed the plate to the Professor. Immediately upon the plate's being developed in the dark-room, it was examined, and the words *myo ho* were found upon it.

More difficult tests were then undertaken. A pile of a dozen wrapped plates was placed upon the lap of the psychic. She was asked to impress a plate "several down" in the pile—that is, not the top or the bottom plate. She made an effort of will, and in a few minutes exclaimed: "I have impressed the word *ten*" (meaning *heaven*) "on the third plate. I will now try to impress three fingers of the left hand upon this plate. I will impress the word *kin*" (*gold*) "upon the sixth plate in the pile!" Soon she exclaimed that this had been done, and the pile of plates was taken from her. Upon development, it was found that the word *ten* and the faint outline of three fingers were impressed upon the third plate, and the word *kin* upon the sixth plate. All the rest were blank.

Nor is it necessary for us to go thus far afield, to obtain striking evidence of this kind. Here in America much the same sort of evidence has been obtained—and from an unusually good source. The psychic in this case is none other than Mrs. Du Pont Lee,—late Miss Du Pont of the Du Pont powder family,—a lady well-known in social circles, and independently situated financially. She asserts that during the past few years she has obtained not less than *ten thousand psychic photographs* on her own plates—often no other person being present! The majority of these were obtained without any camera, in the manner I have previously described. Some of these photographs are very curious and striking.

One of them shows us the head of a man, to the left of the plate, while, across the remainder of the plate, is to be seen a number of "fairies" or "sylphs," corresponding precisely to our conception of what these beings should look like!

Another shows us a group of beings of the most varied sizes—some of them four or five times as tall as others—prominent among them being a certain gentleman whom Mrs. Du Pont Lee had known well in life.

The last series of psychic photographs I present is quite different from any so far mentioned, and was obtained under entirely different conditions—showing us the great range of possibilities and the enormous variety of facts in things psychic. These photographs were obtained and sent to me by Mr. E. P. LeFlohic, of Duluth, Minn. As the result of a series of sittings which they obtained with a local medium, Mr. and Mrs. LeFlohic became interested in psychic phenomena, and determined to experiment for themselves. Their method of procedure was as follows: One, two or three cameras were focused upon themselves, seated on two chairs at the far end of the room. The room was then made completely dark; the caps were removed from the lenses, and Mr. LeFlohic would find his way back to his chair in the darkness. A period of waiting—varying from fifteen to thirty minutes—then intervened, during which various semiluminous phenomena presented themselves. When "impressed" to do so, a string was then pulled, which released the flash; the cameras recorded what was taking place in the room, and then Mr. LeFlohic would grope his way back to the cameras, replace the caps over the lenses, remove the plates, develop them and note the results. When developed, these plates (many of them) showed curious markings, as the accompanying illustration will show.

The first of these shows us Mr. and Mrs. LeFlohic seated in their chairs, the former pulling the string which released the flashlight, and upon the plate are a number of twisted lines of light, largely centered about the body of Mrs. LeFlohic and seeming, perhaps, to emanate from her.

The second is perhaps the most striking and curious of all. Here, Mrs. LeFlohic is seen pulling the string which releases the flashlight, but about her body, and also that of Mr. LeFlohic, is a brilliant *halo, aura* or *glow* which entirely encircles their bodies. Where there should be shadow, there is brilliant light—for example, behind their heads. This is not due, as might be thought, to reverse printing—since the collar is still white, the tie black, etc. Several expert professional photographers have examined these plates and films, and admitted themselves completely baffled, and unable to offer any solution of the mystery. I should perhaps add that I have examined the *negatives* of all these prints, and find them free from marks or scratches, and in every way devoid of the slightest signs of trickery. These marks are not *upon* the negatives—but *in* them. The phenomenal lights—whatever they were—were certainly taken at the time the plates were exposed, and existed *in the room* at the time. Yet they were *flashlights*, and nothing unusual was seen by the sitters!

Such are a few of the many striking results which have been achieved of late in the realm of psychic photography. From them the reader will at least begin to see the vast possibilities which are thus opened before us, and the fascination of the experiments themselves. Individual experimenters, working with their own plates and in their own homes, have obtained these results, and there is no reason why many readers of this article should not obtain very similar, or even more striking, results themselves.

A few words, by way of conclusion, as to the theoretical import of all this. What do these photographs signify, and how are we to account for them? How can a thought actually impress a photographic plate? What is the con- *(Continued on page 88)*

Shantung

A woman's point of view on a world-problem of importance

By MARJORIE B. GREENBIE

"IT might almost be Michigan," I thought, opening my eyes one fine June morning in the province of Shantung. All night I had been traveling northward by express. I had left behind the languors of the South China spring, and was coming now into a climate and landscape that seemed like home.

Outside I saw wide fields of young wheat sparkling in the dew of morning. In the distance was a conical blue mountain. I watched it idly, as we sped along, wondering just where we were. It might be the Sacred Mountain, where the First Emperor worshiped Heaven. It might be the place where Confucius lies buried. It might be—but the heroes and holy places of this region are as numerous as the sultans of the "Arabian Nights." Here my reveries were interrupted.

We had drawn up before a railroad-station. It was a neat little station—I am afraid the Japanese or the Germans built it. All the population, on its way to the fields in the dew of the morning, had stopped to watch the train come in; and the little yellow kiddies were swarming like squirrels from the doors of mud cottages.

"Jolly fine fellows, aren't they?" said an Englishman, stopping to look out of the window of my compartment as he strolled down the corridor to breakfast. "About half of them are over six feet, I should say. No wonder they picked out the Shantungese to go to the front."

I looked at the tall, muscular, lithe fellows, and their beaming, kindly faces, with new interest. I had forgotten that the Shantungese were our allies. In those days the war still made the whole world kin—omitting, of course, the Turks and the Germans. China had been able to do very little, since the day that the United States persuaded her to declare Germany her enemy. But what she did do was largely the work of Shantung.

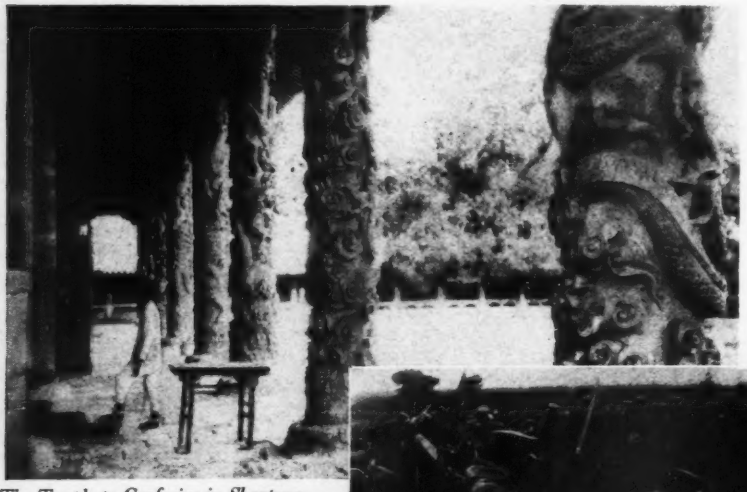
"Three hundred thousand of them at the front now," continued the Englishman, "doing all the dirty work of the war too—poor devils."

"Well, anyway," said I hopefully, "they'll probably get Tsingtau back for their trouble, and those fine avenues the Germans built."

"May have some trouble extracting it from the Japanese," said he.

"Oh, no," said I in the lordly fashion with which an American always refers to his country in the presence of an Englishman, "the United States will see to that!"

Indeed, it seemed impossible that Shantung, of all the provinces of China, could possibly belong to anyone but the Chinese. I am sure that if the members of the Peace Conference could have

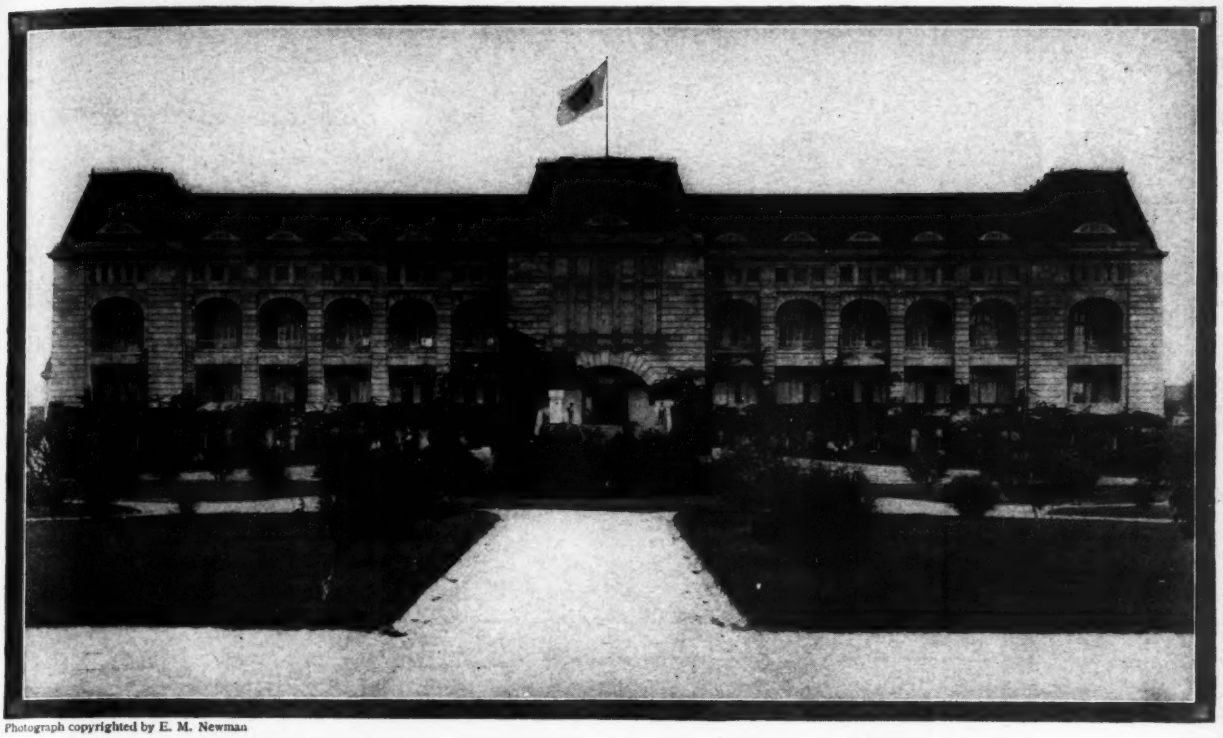


The Temple to Confucius in Shantung—the sage's birthplace.

Japanese soldiers in Shantung.

Photograph by Interchurch World Movement

Shantung children.



Photograph copyrighted by E. M. Newman

Administration building erected in Shantung by the Germans — and now occupied by the Japanese.

gone, *en masse,* on an excursion through this beautiful land, it would have altered certain of its decisions. It is only in China that one realizes what Shantung really means. It is not merely a little slice of a very large realm. It *is* China. It always was China. China began with Shantung, long before any history was written.

It is one of the very few spots on the surface of the earth which cannot be proved to have been taken by its present inhabitants from any other owners. The Saxons swept the Celts out of Great Britain, and the Normans attached the property of the Saxons. In America we still feel a little uneasy about our title to our own land. There is always the red man to trouble our consciences. But no one ever heard of Shantung belonging to anyone but the Chinese. So far as we know, the first grandson of Adam whose skin turned a little yellow and whose eyes began to slant, inhabited Shantung, and his descendants have been there ever since.

Some conception of what it means to the Chinese to lose Shantung may be gathered, if we suppose that off the New England coast lay a powerful island empire—which had been one of our allies in the war. Suppose most of our men overseas happened to be New Englanders. And suppose, when peace was declared, we should find our island neighbors firmly established in Boston, laying claim for a time to all of New England, and insisting, in any event, upon retaining the "economic rights." These economic rights would mean control of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad leading to New York, the big manufacturing plants and water-power of these States, the right to exploit the granite hills and timber and game-lands—and whatsoever else in New England might look a little profitable—not omitting, of course, the fisheries, and the benefits of Boston Harbor. How would we feel about that?

What New England means in our history, that in a far greater degree is what Shantung means to China. Shantung is economically a rich country. It contains the fertile delta plain of the Yellow River, and in its southern and eastern portion, mountains which are rich in minerals—in coal and even in gold. It contains a fine stretch of coast-line—not unlike the New England coast-line in its wildness and rockiness; and in Tsingtau, one of the best harbors in China. Control of Tsingtau and the Shantung railway gives access into northern China and opens the way to Peking.

But just as we have not accounted for the full value of New England when we have mentioned its great economic value, so we have not accounted for the true meaning of Shantung when we have mentioned all these material advantages upon which the Germans and the Japanese have fastened their eyes. Every land contains some special portion of it that is in a peculiar sense sacred—the source of its finest men, the birthplace of its heroes, the place where the nation began, the scene of its greatest triumphs. But no Westerner can understand the intensity, the powerful centralization, the vast antiquity of this feeling in China. Shantung is not merely the cradle of the race. It is its holy land. There is the Sacred Mountain where, fifteen hundred years before Moses received the Ten Commandments, the First Emperor learned from the Dragon all that Jehovah ever taught Adam, and more.

For Adam learned to dig in the garden with a hoe, but the Dragon showed how to irrigate the land with the muddy waters of the Yellow River and turn deserts into wheatfields. Adam learned to name the birds and the beasts, but the First Emperor, right there in Shantung, learned how to take full possession of them, and made the mighty water-buffalo his slave, and the slave of his people forever afterward.

But the greatest of the inventions that originated in Shantung was the art of making silk. While Adam was glad of an apron of fig-leaves, the First Emperor acquired a yellow silk coat, all embroidered in dragons. Beautiful ladies who like to go resplendent in silks and fine satins should take a tender interest in Shantung. To this day it exports more silk than any other Chinese province. One may still see the silk being made as it was probably made a thousand years ago. In some dark little mud cottage a girl will sit over a charcoal fire beside a huge bubbling kettle full of cocoons, spinning off the gossamer thread that looks like a bit of a spider's web. Out of doors some old person, with huge magnifying glasses, will be watching great hanks of it, tightly stretched from a peg on an old pine tree to a projecting beam from the house roof, while it dries.

Meanwhile, in every dingy cottage, one may hear the *thwack, thwack, thwack* of the wooden looms, and see the dirtiest dim room illumined by great shining sheets of almost fairylike substance, brocaded in lotus-flowers and dragons and all fabulous things—suggesting balls and weddings without end. By some miracle the silk never seems to attach to itself any of the filth with which it is surrounded.

The industrial arts are not the only kind of wisdom that originated in Shantung. Shantung gave to China her greatest sage, Confucius, who has been the fountain-head of Chinese literature and philosophy ever since, and the source of most that is fine, honorable and peaceable in Chinese character. It was in Shantung that Confucius was born, and lived and worked and died, and he lies buried there now, at the *(Continued on page 105)*

Photograph from Western Newspaper Union

Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, who comes to America as the nation's guest.

Elizabeth

The Little Girl Who Became a Queen

By PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

Illustrated by P. DE LESLIE

IT was a lovely summer evening, and all the hills and woods which surround the shores of the Lake of Tegernsee, in southern Bavaria, were ablaze with light—that of the numerous fires kindled in honor of St. John, the patron saint of the Tyrol, where his anniversary is celebrated with great popular rejoicings. School-children assemble on the eve of that day and make wreaths of flowers with which they decorate the numerous churches and shrines. They sing soft little ballads one hears nowhere else, and sometimes dance to their sound; and the whole week in which the festival occurs is kept like a national holiday by these simple mountaineers. For existence was still such a primitive one in this peaceful part of the world, and forty years ago no one dreamed that a day would come when all this monotonous happiness would come to an end, and the horrors of war transform the lives of these people—who looked with impatience toward the vigil of St. John, as the one great occasion in the whole summer when they could enjoy themselves to their heart's content in dancing, eating the marvelous cakes which were a specialty in Bavaria, drinking copious draughts of pale and transparent beer, and making love to all the pretty girls in their villages.

On the very shores of the lake stood a beautiful white villa, simple and unostentatious in appearance, but surrounded by most lovely grounds, and almost buried beneath rose-bushes and other shrubs. It was a spot toward which many a weary man and woman had proceeded in the hope of finding there an alleviation to their physical sufferings, for its owner, Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, was a doctor of no mean skill, and spent his time in attending the poor inhabitants of the whole region, whom he treated gratuitously, and whom he was always ready to help not only with good advice but also with money—as far as lay within his power, for he was by no means rich. People loved him, as well as his family, his dark-eyed Portuguese wife, and their four lovely little girls, who were allowed to mix so freely with all the children of the village—where they regularly attended school just as if they had been ordinary mortals and not royal princesses of the sort whose youth was at that time generally spent in strict seclusion, under the vigilant eyes of their governesses and ladies-in-waiting. Duke Charles Theodore did not admit ladies-in-waiting

for his daughters; he did not care for them to be brought up in ignorance of the sorrow, sin, and suffering of the world. He applied himself to develop in their hearts and souls feelings of mercy, tenderness and compassion; and later on events were to prove how entirely right he had been in thus setting at defiance all the traditions of the Wittelsbachs, and making men and women, not princes and princesses only, out of his children.

On that particular evening of the bright month of June, 1887, the people of the ducal household at Tegernsee like everybody else were preparing to celebrate the festival of St. John. The children of the Duke and Duchess had since the morning been gathering flowers, in the grounds as well as in the forest adjoining them, and were busy making wreaths which were to be hung up on the walls of the little village church so as to transform it for the following day into a vast bower. There were six of the children, four small girls and two sturdy boys—who, however, seemed to have made up their minds to let their sisters do the best part of the work, and merely helped them with freely offered advice. The maidens to whom it was distributed were so entirely absorbed by their work that they could hardly be induced to raise their eyes from the mass of blossoms which lay scattered all around them, and which their nimble fingers were transforming into garlands and bouquets. The eldest of them was a tall girl of about fifteen upon whom had devolved the duty of watching over her sisters, whose ages ran between twelve and nine, but who were so small and frail in appearance and stature that they could easily have been credited with four or five years less. This was especially true of the two younger ones, Elizabeth and Gabrielle, who could have been taken for seven or eight in spite of their grave expressions.

"Let me tell you your fortunes, my pretty maids," suddenly said a voice behind them which made the group start and turn in surprise. They found themselves confronted by an old, old woman, wrinkled, bent, and covered with rags, whose dark face proclaimed that she was one of these wandering gypsies of whom there are so many to be found in the south of Germany, who go from one place to another, setting up their tents wherever it pleases them; and though hunted by the police, they yet are rather more favorably received than otherwise by the

inhabitants of the country, who have often recourse to their skill in doctoring animals as well as children, and who buy from them simple remedies in which they have far more confidence than in doctors' prescriptions. It is true that they are sometimes caught stealing a chicken, or even a piece of venison, from a larder not too carefully locked up, but somehow these sins are forgiven to them, partly out of superstition—because the Tyrolese population is convinced that these nomads are capable of retaliating for any injury done to them, by throwing an evil spell upon those of whom they think they have reason to complain.

The children of Duke Charles Theodore had often seen such gypsies, but never yet found themselves in such close proximity to one of them; and as they looked at the old woman, though they felt slightly alarmed, they were also curious to hear what she might have to tell to them. Princess Amélie the eldest tried, it is true, to whisper to her sisters that they had better decline the offer of the intruder, but Princess Sophy, and especially Princess Gabrielle, screamed out that they must have their fortunes told, while little Princess Elizabeth kept quite still, but stared with all her might at the old and withered hag who had volunteered to disclose the future.

"Give me your hand, my fair young lady," she persisted, addressing the Princess Amélie, who remained in the background while her sisters clustered around the gypsy; and without waiting for a reply, she seized hold of the Princess' hand and firmly clasped it in hers.

"I see much joy, much happiness, and all that is good in life," she said slowly. "But oh, it will not last a long time. But blessed you are, because though you will die young, you will be spared much."

"Thank you for the prediction, Mother," laughed the Princess. "It is something to know that one shall not live to become old and wrinkled." And involuntarily she glanced at the withered countenance of the hag.

The latter seemed to notice this, because she exclaimed: "There was a time when I also was young and pretty, but that is past now! However, you need not fear the like fate. —And now let me look at your palms," she continued, and began gazing deeply into the small hands of the Princess Gabrielle and the Princess Sophy.

"You," she said addressing the latter, "you will experience much trouble before you marry, because for a long, long time you wont be allowed to wed the man you will love; but when you do, you will find nothing but sunshine on your path; and old you will become, very old, almost as old as I am myself.

"And now what for you?" she went on, turning to the Princess Gabrielle, into whose features she gazed with close attention, an attention which perhaps was even closer than the one she bestowed on her palms.

"I wont tell you all that I see there," she said at last. "It is best not to know misfortune before it comes. There will be tears, and pain, and suffering, and a brilliant marriage that will bring more pain and more sorrow. But it also will not last long, and happy will be the day when you die, before looking at all the evil that is to follow."

She turned away, and before anyone could prevent her, she had seized the Princess Elizabeth in her arms and held her close for a few moments.

"You will have a wonderful fate!" she exclaimed. "I see a glorious future for you, and a golden crown resting upon your head, and a whole nation arising and cheering you. But I also see such sorrow, such misery, such cruel suffering before it all comes off. You will be called the martyred queen, and you will shed so many tears that at last your eyes cannot offer more. But blessed you will be, and live in the memory of others you will for ever and ever. . . . . Zara, the daughter of Phra, has spoken."

And turning away, the gypsy disappeared in the woods surrounding the ducal villa, before the surprised children had had time to recover from their surprise.

Duke Charles Theodore and his consort laughed heartily when told of the incident. They were both sensible people, on whom superstition had no hold, and they tried to efface from the minds of their young daughters any impression which this adventure might have left upon them. Their system of education was at the same time a rational and an intelligent one, and though it was vastly disapproved of in the royal residence at Munich, they did not listen to the continual hints which they received from that quarter, and thus put themselves in open opposition to the old and selfish Prince Regent Luitpold, who would have liked his nieces-twice-removed to be brought up according to the narrow principles in which his own granddaughters were reared. Happily for the present queen of the Belgians and for her sisters, their parents had quite different ideas as to that point, and were strong-minded enough to enforce them.

Charming anecdotes are related concerning these small princesses, and treasured to this day among these lovely Bavarian mountains where their childhood was spent. Little Elizabeth in particular was often seen carrying food and clothes to the poor in the neighboring villages, which she distributed to them with a winsome grace that carried everything before it. One afternoon, while bent on some such errand of mercy, she was encountered by one of her uncles, who asked her what it was that she was hiding under her cloak. The girl, who was about sixteen at the time, blushed and refused to say—upon which he insisted with the remark: "Perhaps—as happened to your patron saint Elizabeth of Hungary—if you open your cloak, we shall find some roses hidden in its folds."

An old man who was felling trees near by overheard the remark and said quite loud: "It would surprise no one here if such were the case."

Elizabeth was in fact often called an angel by the simple inhabitants of Tegernsee, or rather "our angel," in their familiar and expressive language. They used to tell that she was always ready to do what she could to please them or to help them, or to try to prove of use to them. Together with her mother and her sisters, she assisted her father in the latter's surgery and was present at most of the operations which he performed, handing him bandages or instruments, and speaking to his patients in that soft voice, which later on was to bring comfort to so many wounded soldiers in the various hospitals in which her days were spent during five long years.

One morning, it is related, the wife of one of the Duke's gamekeepers at Tegernsee came to the palace to request one of the princesses to come and see her daughter, who was dying of tuber-

culosis. Elizabeth hastened to the cottage and found the patient waiting impatiently for her. When she asked her what she could do for her, the girl replied that she would die happier if she could once more hear the Princess play the organ, as she had so often done in former days, when she was able to go to church and listen. It must be said in order to explain this request that the young princesses, who all of them had a wonderful talent for music, played the organ in turns at the parish church of Tegernsee on Sundays and holidays.

On hearing this demand of the little dying peasant, Elizabeth immediately arranged for one of her father's carriages to come and drive her to the modest little shrine where they all worshiped, and seating herself at the organ, she played for more than two hours for the peasant girl, and then accompanied her back to her cottage, never leaving her until assured that she was no worse for the experience. And Elizabeth did more than that: she obtained the consent of her mother to take over to that cottage one of the many pianos of the Ducal villa, and until death had claimed the girl, she used to come every day and play for her all the different airs and tunes she had loved to hear in former times, before sickness had got hold of her.

It was by such simple acts of kindness that the young Bavarian princesses endeared themselves to all those who knew them, and bitter were the tears which flowed among the population of Tegernsee when the eldest one, the Princess Amélie, married the Duke of Urach, and left the family home to settle in Stuttgart. She was a daughter of Duke Charles Theodore's first wife, and stepsister to Sophy, Gabrielle and Elizabeth; but her stepmother, the Princess Maria José of Braganza, had reared her since she was a baby two years old and had never made any difference between her and her own children.

Amélie's marriage broke up the lovely family home which her presence had helped to brighten, and nothing but the knowledge that she was happy as the day was long could console her parents and sisters for her loss. She was the first one, among the four girls in regard to whom the gypsy's prediction was realized, for she died in childbirth in May, 1912, preceding to the grave only a few months the Princess Gabrielle, her youngest sister.

After Amélie, it was the turn of the Princess Sophy to leave the family home. Hers was entirely a love match, which was seriously opposed by the aged Prince Regent Luitpold, on account of the fact that Count Torring, to whom she ultimately plighted her troth, did not belong to a royal house—which in the eyes of the cantankerous old man who was the head of the House of Wittelsbach constituted such a serious disadvantage that the charming personality, great estates and immense fortune of the Count could not counterbalance it. Luitpold threatened to lock up his niece in a convent, and a long family quarrel with Duke Charles Theodore was the result of the latter's insisting that his daughter should be allowed to choose a husband for herself. This quarrel ultimately was healed some two years later, when the heir presumptive to the Bavarian throne, Prince Rupprecht, fell in love with Gabrielle of Bavaria and asked her to become his wife.

This was a wonderful match from the worldly point of view, one that the young girl could hardly have expected, considering that though a sweet creature, she was not what could be called pretty, and she had no dower to speak of. By marrying her cousin she was wedding a future king, and what was even more important, the future king of her own country. The union was a most popular one throughout Bavaria, and the bride was hailed with enthusiasm when she made her public entrance in Munich on the eve of her marriage day. But it was not a love-match on her side, and she had been reasoned into it by her father and mother, who for once forgot their principle to leave a free field to their daughters in the selection of husbands, and who had represented to Gabrielle that it was positively her duty not to refuse the royal diadem. The gentle, timid girl, felt more shy than anything else in presence of the tall, brutal-looking soldier with whom she was asked to stand before the altar; and alas, her apprehensions were to be cruelly realized, for when she died twelve years later at Sorrento, she expressed, before expiring, her relief at being able to leave a world that had been all sadness and sorrow for her.

Nobody, however, thought about sorrow on that bright July day which saw her become the future Crown Princess of Bavaria. On the contrary, everybody prophesied all kinds of nice things for her as, leaning on her father's arm, wearing her bridal garments and covered with priceless jewels, she appeared in the royal chapel of Munich, where her bridegroom was awaiting her. Beside her walked her favorite sister, the Princess Elizabeth, the parting from whom was such a sorrow for her. People were already talking about the marriage of the latter with young Prince Albert of Belgium, and discreetly congratulating Duke and Duchess Charles Theodore on the brilliant establishment of their daughters, two of whom appeared destined to become queens. As a fact, the wedding of Elizabeth of Bavaria took place exactly three months after that of her sister Gabrielle.

But this time it was not a weeping bride who was led to the altar. The marriage was entirely one of affection, founded on mutual sympathy, esteem and love. For once two noble natures had met and appreciated each other, and as years went on neither the present King of the Belgians nor his wife has ever regretted that summer day when, during an excursion in the Bavarian Alps, Prince Albert, as he was then, had plucked a branch of wild roses and offered them to the Princess Elizabeth with the remark: "They are not so sweet as your eyes."

The young couple did not find life so very easy during their first years of wedded life. King Leopold II was then reigning, and as everybody knows, it was not exactly easy to get on with him, the more so inasmuch as he disliked both his brother the Count of Flanders, and the latter's son. The Queen Marie Henriette was also living, and though she received her new niece most kindly, she did not make things easy for her, on account of the strained relations which existed between her and the King—for which he was entirely responsible, of course, but which added to the difficulties of Prince and Princess Albert, who were expected both by Leopold II and by his consort to take sides in the family quarrels which made life so entirely unpleasant in the royal palace of Brussels.

Then there was Princess Clémentine and her romance with Prince Victor Napoleon. Altogether, existence presented so many asperities for the Princess Elizabeth that it seemed at first impossible she would not commit some *faux pas* the consequences of which might prove disastrous to her future position in Belgium. But the young girl stood the test admirably, and very soon won for herself a warm place not only in the hearts of her new family, but also in those of the people of Belgium, whose interests she embraced with singular fervor and discernment. She never intruded her personality upon that of others, but effaced herself as much as she could, and never forgot for one single moment, that she was but the third lady in the land.

After the death of the Queen, and that of her own father-in-law, which happened not long afterward, the Princess Elizabeth had to come before the public, more prominently than had been the case formerly, the widowhood of the Countess of Flanders having confined the latter in a retirement from which she was hardly again to emerge. Elizabeth did so with that simplicity which was one of her most charming characteristics, and contrived to escape the wrath of King Leopold, who was so jealous of his position and privileges, that he never would allow his niece to preside at the rare court festivities which took place in the royal palace of Brussels, but imposed this duty on his unmarried daughter the Princess Clémentine—notwithstanding the fact that the demise of the Count of Flanders had put Albert and Elizabeth in the position of immediate successors to the throne.

It was about that time—that is, during the last year or so of King Leopold's existence—that the Princess Elizabeth became so dangerously ill with an attack of influenza which developed into pneumonia, that for several weeks her life was despaired of. The doctors sent her to the south of France, where she met her sister the Princess Rupprecht of Bavaria, and heard the sad story which the latter had to relate. One may imagine how painful this must have been for the sensitive heart of Elizabeth, who would have given much to see the beloved companion of her childhood and youth as happy as she was herself. It was indeed a strange destiny, that of those two sisters whose fate was to be so entirely different, and who loved each other so tenderly.

When later on Gabrielle died, under the saddest of circumstances, the Queen of the Belgians, as she had then become, cried for weeks and weeks and would not be comforted. And yet had she but known it, this early disappearance from the world of the Crown Princess of Bavaria was the best thing that could have happened to her, and the gypsy who had foretold the future of the merry children whom she had found making garlands and wreaths by the Lake of Tegernsee on the vigil of St. John had indeed spoken the truth when she had uttered the memorable words: "Happy will be the day when you die before having seen all the evil that is to follow."

During the long illness of the Princess Elizabeth the population of Brussels had exhibited singular sympathy and emotion. The principal churches of the town were filled with men and women who came to kneel and pray for the preservation of the life of their future queen. When she was pronounced to be out of danger, the joy was great, and one day the children in the various public schools of the city subscribed a sum of money to buy her flowers, which were brought to her with great solemnity by a deputation of small boys and girls, who handed them to her with appropriate little speeches. They all loved their "little princess," as she was called—a familiar appellation which later on was changed into that of the "little queen," until the day when it became the "heroic queen," which is the name under which Elizabeth of Wittelsbach will live in history.

The death of the Count of Flanders on the 17th of November, 1905, was followed at a fortnight's interval by that of Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria; and after that, one bereavement after another struck the Princess and threw shadows over the first years of her reign—which, as she once mournfully told one of her friends, prepared her for the sorrows that were to come by their earnestness and family sadness. The disappearance of King Leopold II put her and her husband in possession of their throne, and also of the many responsibilities which accompanied it. The new queen had a lot of excellent plans for the amelioration of the existence of the poorer classes in Belgium, and especially of what ought to be done by the state in regard to the education and care of children, for whom she had always nursed a particular affection. Alas, all these plans were for a while to come to nothing, for the war swept over Belgium in its uncontrollable fury.

On the 26th of May, 1912, the Duchess of Urach died in Stuttgart, and on the 24th of October of that same year the Princess Gabrielle of Bavaria passed away at Sorrento. She had been the Queen's favorite sister, and her loss, coming as it did when the grave had hardly closed over the Princess Amélie, broke the former's heart, and especially did away with that feeling of security in the future which all young people are apt to have. And when her brother Prince Francis of Bavaria followed them into eternity, after a few days' illness, and at a few weeks' interval, Elizabeth realized to the full the vanity of all earthly things. These sorrows prepared her in a certain sense for the one great trial of her life, so that when the hour of danger struck, it found her brave and valiant, ready to face adversity, and to show herself entirely superior to it, as all noble souls generally are.

This trial did not take her, or the King, unawares. Indeed,

the latter had foreseen it ever since the day when during a visit which he had paid in Berlin, the Kaiser had asked him, as he said afterward in jest, what he would do if, in the case of a war with France, the German troops invaded Belgium.

Albert looked him straight in the face, and gravely replied: "I would do my duty."

This one word "*duty*" has always been the dominant factor in the life of this young pair, whose heroic conduct has won for them such a wonderful place in the history of the five terrible years which the world has just gone through. It was duty which presided at all their actions and kept them so firm before adversity, so courageous in presence of disaster, so modest and unassuming in the face of victory. Between the day when the troops of William II crossed the Belgian border, and that upon which the King and Queen of the Belgians reëntered Brussels, the most important events which the world has ever known took place, and almost everything changed, except the steadfastness and moral greatness of this royal pair.

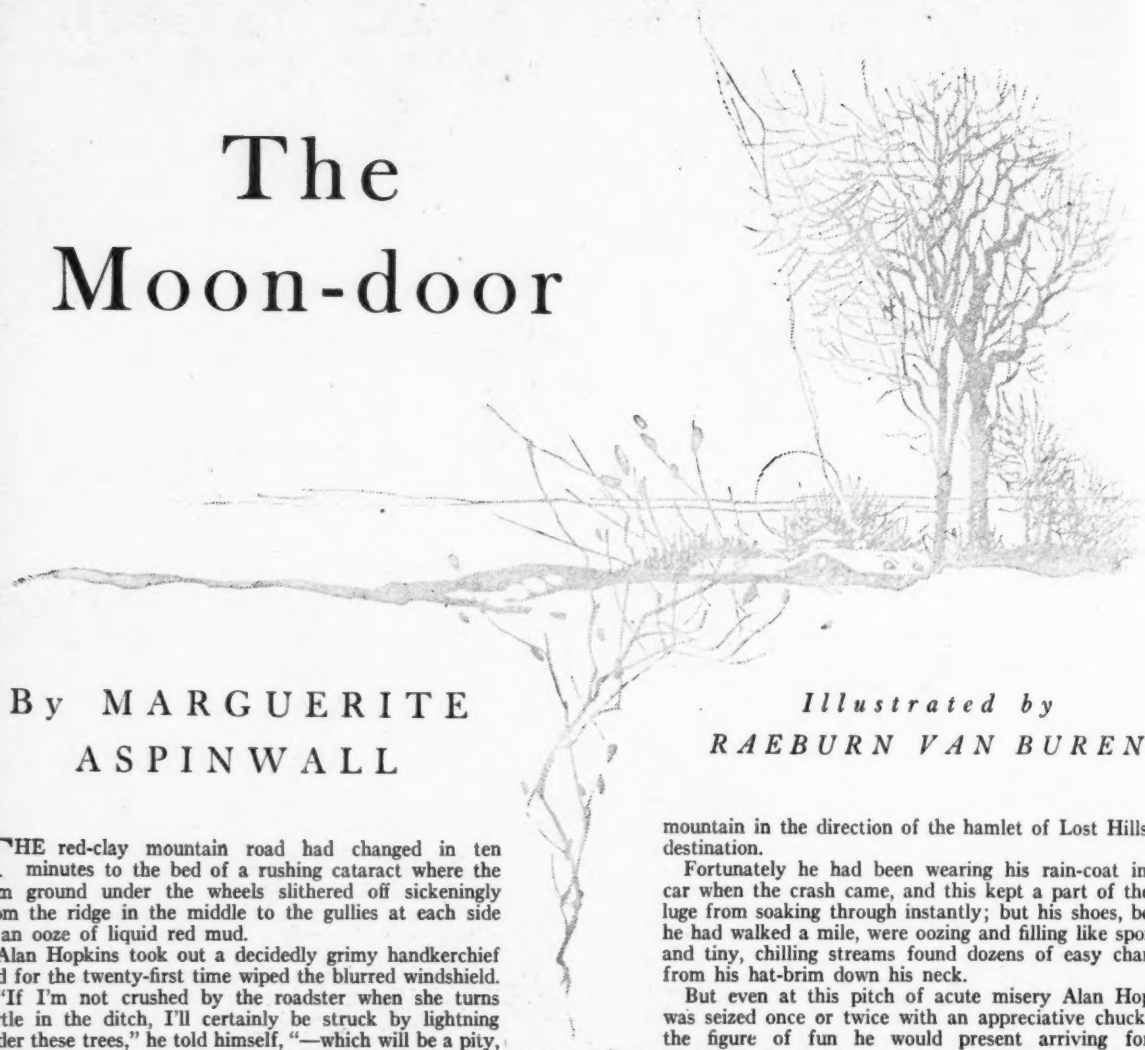
A friend of mine who was present, has often described to me the scene which took place in the Belgian Parliament on the day when the mobilization was declared. The Queen was there, and when she entered the royal box, very pale and very quiet, with her two sons on either side of her, she was at first greeted with a dead silence, the significance of which she appeared not to understand at first; and fearing that in this instant of national danger her Bavarian nationality had told against her, she grew visibly agitated, and one could see that her hands were trembling. Suddenly cheers burst on all sides, and all the deputies stood up, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and shouted, "*Vive la Reine!*" to which she responded by big tears that came streaming down on her face, and then with an impulsive, beautiful gesture, by pushing her boys in front of her and making them acknowledge for her the ovation which she was receiving.

It is useless to speak here of the years which followed upon that day when Elizabeth stood before her people, the real, true embodiment of the soul of Belgium. What she, together with the King, has done belongs to history, the judgments of which will reward them for their spirit of self-denial and self-sacrifice, by inscribing their names on its pages among those of the noblest heroes the world has known. In the terrible tragedy of which Belgium was the victim, three heroic figures will remain prominent among all others, and so to say incarnate its horror and nobility in the centuries to come. They are those of King Albert and Queen Elizabeth, and of Cardinal Mercier.

A priest, a soldier, and a woman! It seemed so very little in the presence of the Teuton hordes of William II, and yet it was sufficient to conquer them, reduce them to dust, and proves once more the solemn truth of the words uttered by Christ, when He said on the eve of His passion: "They that take the sword, shall perish with the sword."

Royalty has perhaps fallen on evil days; in many countries monarchs have apparently proven unworthy and have been discredited. For this reason Elizabeth of Belgium stands out all the more prominently, not only because of her human virtues but because of her fidelity to the best traditions of—*noblesse oblige!*

The Moon-door



By MARGUERITE ASPINWALL

Illustrated by RAEBURN VAN BUREN

THE red-clay mountain road had changed in ten minutes to the bed of a rushing cataract where the firm ground under the wheels slithered off sickeningly from the ridge in the middle to the gullies at each side in an ooze of liquid red mud.

Alan Hopkins took out a decidedly grimy handkerchief and for the twenty-first time wiped the blurred windshield.

"If I'm not crushed by the roadster when she turns turtle in the ditch, I'll certainly be struck by lightning under these trees," he told himself, "—which will be a pity, for in either case Miss Nora Bradford will never know of all the sorrows I went through just to pay her an afternoon call. Great Scott!" he ended aloud, in a different tone, and manipulated the steering-wheel violently.

The gray car hesitated with tantalizing deliberation exactly on the peak of the ridge for the space of a long breath, and then let herself down backward slowly, almost as though she were picking her way, until she stood at rest hub-deep in mud and water in the left-hand gutter.

"Well, you're a fine ally in a pinch," her disgusted owner commented grimly, and stuck a cautious red head out of the side-curtains for a survey of his position. There was the roar of an artillery salvo as he did so, and a flaming bolt struck the bank not ten feet away, followed by an ominous cracking of branches overhead.

"By glory!" ejaculated the young man, and hurdled the low car door with a pair of astonishingly long and agile legs. From the middle of the road where he landed, two strides carried him up the bank on the opposite side, a move that calculated his chances of life and limb to a nicety, for a huge pine crashed down across roadster and road three quarters of a second after he was clear of both.

Alan sat down limply on a wet stone conveniently near, and for a few moments his sensations were akin to those of a landsman on a very rough sea.

A second flare of lightning roused him to the advisability of removing himself from a dangerous neighborhood, and after a quick glance to discover where the trees appeared thinnest, and a sorrowful avoidance of the gray wreck under the big pine, he decided to set out across country to the southwest, hoping to strike the turning to which he had been directed, and which led up the mountain in the direction of the hamlet of Lost Hills, his destination.

Fortunately he had been wearing his rain-coat in the car when the crash came, and this kept a part of the deluge from soaking through instantly; but his shoes, before he had walked a mile, were oozing and filling like sponges, and tiny, chilling streams found dozens of easy channels from his hat-brim down his neck.

But even at this pitch of acute misery Alan Hopkins was seized once or twice with an appreciative chuckle at the figure of fun he would present arriving for an afternoon call at the doorstep of a young lady with whom his acquaintance was, after all, of the slightest. Then he reflected with wonder, for probably the hundredth time since he had heard of her whereabouts, what the pretty and popular Nora Bradford, whom he had met and danced and motored with six months ago at a Virginia house-party, could conceivably be doing, teaching a mountain school in a place that went by the dismal name of Lost Hills. The interest this question had roused had been partly responsible for the sudden and violent wish to renew their slight acquaintance, and had prompted the mad drive over twenty miles of mountain roads for the present unannounced visit.

He remembered with remarkable exactness of detail just how she had looked the last time he saw her in Virginia. She had worn some sort of crisp, ruffly pink dress, and her cheeks had been pink like her frock, and her eyes had been very deep and blue—he decided now that they were the color of wood violets, and then grinned sheepishly at the too-poetic notion.

And then, just as he had made up his mind to alter his direction, he stumbled through a dense thicket of dripping underbrush and found his road under his very nose. Not that it was an especially prepossessing road, now that he had found it. But bad as it was, it was better than the rough walking over the fields. The track ran north and south, and he had not followed it for a hundred yards when, at the first turn ahead, he saw something that caused him to hasten his steps to a run. A little ahead of him a woman was struggling with the full sweep of the wind that came more strongly at that spot through an opening in the protecting barrier of pines along the path.

She was wrapped in a big red cape with a funny peaked hood drawn over her head—for all the world, as Alan instantly thought, like the pictures of *Little Red Riding Hood;* and it was the volu-

minous folds of the cape which were giving the wind such advantage, and herself so much trouble. She was bent over, battling head-on into the gale, and Alan could venture no guess as to whether she were old or young—a woman or only a half-grown girl. But at any rate she was another human being, and undoubtedly a native of these parts who could give him information of his direction.

"Hullo—please stop!" he shouted, pitting his voice against the roar of the storm with all the power of a stalwart pair of lungs. "Hullo—I say—you up ahead!"

He had to repeat it three times before Red Riding Hood heard, and then he was near enough to add the extra persuasion of a detaining touch on her shoulder.

With a frightened start the figure spun about—and, his mouth fairly agape with surprise, Alan found himself looking into a pair of very blue eyes that he had likened, a quarter of an hour past, to wood violets.

Of the two, however, it was the girl who was the more astonished, for she at least had had no reason to suppose the young man before her was in her part of the world. But in spite of this she was the first to recover.

"There is a proverb about an 'ill wind,' isn't there? And I had thought it a very ill one until now," she said, taking advantage of a momentary lull in the storm to make herself heard; and with the pretty smile Alan remembered among the other items, like pink dresses and pink cheeks, she put out her hand instinctively, quite forgetting the need for a close watch on the rebellious cape. One wide end, loosed of restraining fingers, immediately flew out like a defiant banner, and both Alan and its wearer clutched for it frantically. The wind, having regained its breath, roared at them with all its former vigor.

Neither attempted the futility of questions and explanations under the circumstances. Alan shouted once, as they plowed through the boggy red mud: "I-was-going-to-see-you. How-far-is-Lost-Hills?" And Nora shouted back: "So-glad! All-of-five-miles."

Alan whistled ruefully, and cast an anxious side-glance at the little plodding figure beside him. After they had gone on in silence for about ten minutes, he put out his hand and stopped her abruptly.

"You can't walk five miles more in this storm," he said, setting his lips close to the small ear under the peaked hood. "Isn't there some place nearer where we could find cover till the rain stops? It's getting harder every minute."

"There isn't a house nearer than five miles this way," she assured him in answer to his query. "Or three across country—horrid walking—to Clarkston, where I've just come from—" She broke off, puckering her forehead in an effort to recall something. "No, wait a bit," she said slowly. "There did use to be a house—I'm trying to think. It wouldn't be far from here, either."

"Think quickly," he urged her anxiously. "Anything, so long as it's shelter."

With a businesslike air Nora wrapped her cape more securely about her and set off down the road at a brisk pace, leaving Alan to follow. Once or twice she stopped and studied the high left-hand bank, and then with a little shout of triumph she parted the wet bushes at a spot where they appeared thickest, and disclosed an overgrown footpath leading uphill.

"I've found it," she exulted, and caught her companion's arm in a friendly, unself-conscious gesture. "Perhaps you didn't know, but I was born in these mountains, and lived here until I was ten—my father was a Presbyterian missionary. Isn't life curious? I learned to read and spell and my multiplication tables right in the same little log schoolhouse where I'm teacher now! So that's how I come to know the lay of the land. This house—if we can find it—is probably deserted. It used to have a bad name twelve years ago. It was supposed to be a rendezvous for moonshiners, and I believe they were a pretty rough lot. But that's all been abolished in these parts."

She was leading the way up the steep, slippery apology for a path, turning her head from time to time to shout these facts concerning their destination over her shoulder. The bit of information relating to her having been born up here answered part of his questionings about why she had chosen to teach this particular mountain school, but it did not explain why she had felt it necessary to teach at all. He puzzled over this intermittently when the way finally grew so steep that shouted conversation became a reckless expenditure of needed breath. But when Nora up ahead made him a sign that they were nearing their goal, he abandoned the matter as unprofitable curiosity and hastened to come up with her.

Following the direction of the girl's pointing finger, he managed to make out a squat, ugly log cabin perched precariously on the edge of the steepest slope of the hill a hundred yards ahead, and blending so nearly with its background that at first glance it defied detection. There was no smoke coming from the crazy little chimney, and no sign of life anywhere that could be seen from the path. Alan regarded the place with an expression of great disfavor.

"It doesn't look as if anyone lived here, does it?" Nora murmured, a trifle nervously. "We might knock first, and then if nobody answers, do you think you can force the door?"

"One good kick would send it off its hinges," Alan said with assurance. "But I'll knock once or twice to be safe."

They waited in tense silence after the sound of his vigorous drumming on the wooden panel had died away, and glanced at each other.

"Kick now," Nora advised with a relieved air—and then caught her breath and held up a warning hand.

But Alan had also heard the sound of heavy footsteps inside. They seemed to hesitate a little as they drew nearer, and there was a brief fumbling with the latch before the door opened wide enough to show a tall old man with long, unkempt gray hair and beard, standing on the threshold, a smoking lantern swinging from one hand.

Outdoors it was still light enough to see distinctly, but the interior of the windowless cabin was in a gray dusk. The man stood quite still, surveying his visitors with faded blue eyes that looked curiously incongruous under the beetling brows. There was a certain impressiveness in the slovenly figure.

Ahead of him a woman was struggling with the full sweep of the wind.

"Well?" he said shortly, and swung the lantern with an impatient movement that sent the wavering yellow lamplight playing up and down the two faces before him. Nora noted with surprise that his tone evinced none of the ready hospitality of the region.

She spoke hastily: "We've been caught in the storm. I'm the new school-teacher down in Lost Hills. Wont you please let us come in and dry ourselves by your fire till the rain lets up?"

The man appeared to debate this simple matter for a half-minute before he stood aside from the doorway.

"Come in," he said then. "The school-teacher, air ye? Been long in these parts?"

"I was born here," Nora said pleasantly. "And if you've been around here long yourself, you'll probably remember Preacher Bradford. I'm his daughter."

A grunt answered her—a disconcerting, noncommittal grunt that might have signified assent, denial, or merely a general disapproval of their presence on his doorstep.

"Ye mought ez well come in," he added, a touch impatiently, holding the door wider. "Ye're lettin' the rain in thisaway."

They followed him meekly into the dim and unpleasant closeness of the cabin's interior, and without further efforts at conversation, seated themselves before the fire, which was now only a bed of glowing coals. Their host had evidently been disturbed in the midst of his supper preparations, for a battered coffee-pot smoked aromatically on the hearthstones, with a three-legged iron skillet filled with cornbread beside it.

As the heat began to send a cheerful glow through her chilled body, Nora tried heroically to resist a hungry look in the direction of that appetizing odor, but her eyes had their way in spite of her. The man must have seen the look, or else he was not really as inhospitable as his reception of them would imply, for he presently set two tin cups on the stones before them, and a small jug of what appeared to be molasses. Having done this, he made a motion toward the cornbread and coffee.

"Help yerselves," he invited in a more friendly tone, and proceeded to set them a generous example.

Nora gave a funny little squeal like an excited child.

"Good gracious, if you hadn't said that then, I'd have *stolen* some!" she cried, and broke off a piece of the cornbread that was a close second in size to the one their host's teeth were just biting into. It was as good as it smelled, and the hot coffee was blessedly comforting. She settled back to enjoy them, her face glowing rose-pink with the heat of the fire, and all her natural friendliness, which had been a bit dampened by their host's manner, rising again hopefully.

"It's the very nicest supper I ever remember eating," she declared aloud. "And we're exceedingly obliged to you, Mr.—" She hesitated, and flashed her pretty smile at the big, slouchy figure across the hearth.

She spoke hastily: "We've been caught in the storm. I'm the new school-teacher down in Lost Hills. Wont you please let us come in?"

The old man rose, set down his empty cup and leisurely lighted a second lantern before he replied to this appeal.

"Name's Jeremy," he said then gruffly. "Hev some mo' o' thet cornpone when ye git ready. I'll be back when I've seen to the chickens an' the cow out yander." He jerked a grimy thumb over one shoulder, as indicating the direction in which they could find him at need, and went out without further speech.

"Pleasant old cuss!" Alan observed as the door closed.

Nora laughed. Then her face grew sober again, and she stared into the coals for several minutes with eyes that were reminiscent.

"If I had known, about twelve or fourteen years ago, that one day I would actually be sitting by the fire in this house, and eating ash-cakes," she told Alan, "I believe the excitement would have come near killing me."

While she studied the fire, Alan kept his own eyes on her face, which was half in shadow, half touched with the ruddy glow of the coals, and he thought that he had not begun to realize the quarter part of Nora Bradford's charm back in those Virginia days last year. He liked the pleasant, intimate feeling of the fire and the big dusk-filled room, and Nora's low-toned reminiscences.

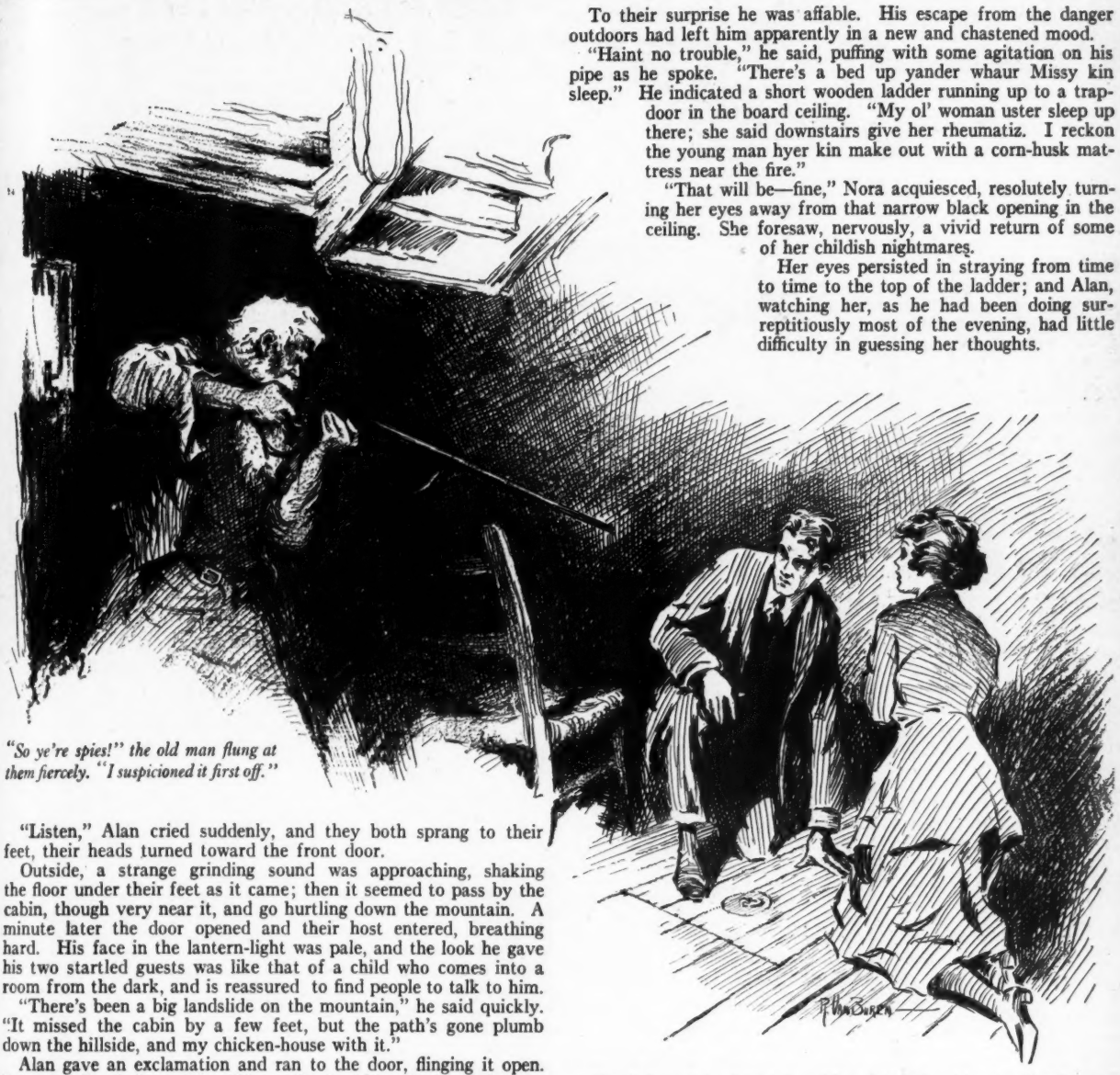
"I wonder if our friend Jeremy was ever mixed up in the business of moonshining?" he suggested, to keep her on the subject. "He looks as if he might have been a lawless customer when he was younger. By the way, how did a preacher's daughter come to know of such doings, Miss Nora?"

She gave him a droll look.

"Oh, you know how it is with minister's children," she retorted. "But as it happened, I learned it at school. Sometimes now, when I look over my class and they all look up and grin back affectionately,—just as we used to do to our teacher,—and I remember how little that poor teacher really knew of the thoughts inside our small heads, I wonder just what is going on that I too am quite as far from guessing as Miss Mary was. Children are funny, secretive things at times, and alarmingly outspoken at others. It was a boy at school who first told me about the moonshiners, and this house. I think he lived here himself, and I know he was enormously proud of his father's prowess. And because he was, we all were too. I was very much mortified to have to admit my own father was only a preacher. We knew—five of us, at least—the nights the moonshiners met, and that the still was up here in this cabin somewhere. You had to go through a door that had a picture of a full moon burnt on it with a hot poker, to reach the still, but the boy never gave us any more positive directions than that. It made the mystery much more enthralling, of course." Nora's voice broke off into a little gurgle of amusement, and she glanced over at Alan to see if he were amused with her, or only thought her reminiscing foolish.

"Do you really suppose," he asked, "that there is a 'Moon-door,' Miss Nora, or was that boy you speak of stringing the school?"

Nora looked thoughtfully about the big dim room. "I think he was telling the truth," she said. "You see, he didn't tell all the children, only five of us. And he was a very nice boy, as I remember him—"



"So ye're spies!" the old man flung at them fiercely. "I suspicioned it first off."

"Listen," Alan cried suddenly, and they both sprang to their feet, their heads turned toward the front door.

Outside, a strange grinding sound was approaching, shaking the floor under their feet as it came; then it seemed to pass by the cabin, though very near it, and go hurtling down the mountain. A minute later the door opened and their host entered, breathing hard. His face in the lantern-light was pale, and the look he gave his two startled guests was like that of a child who comes into a room from the dark, and is reassured to find people to talk to him.

"There's been a big landslide on the mountain," he said quickly. "It missed the cabin by a few feet, but the path's gone plumb down the hillside, and my chicken-house with it."

Alan gave an exclamation and ran to the door, flinging it open. It was quite dark, and a wild squall of wind and rain lashed in, wrenching the door from his grasp and setting it banging. It took all his strength to shut and latch it again.

"Mr. Jeremy," he asked anxiously, "what are Miss Bradford and I to do about getting back to Lost Hills to-night? I had no idea it would turn dark so soon. Besides, the storm hasn't let up a particle. And you say this landslide has carried the path away. You know this country—can we make it with the help of a lantern?"

Jeremy deliberately filled and lighted his pipe before replying. "No," he said then with great positiveness, "not this blessed night—specially with a woman. Ye'd both go down the cliff, like ez not, after the slide. Ye'll hev to wait fer daylight."

"But—" stammered Alan, and stopped. "Miss Nora,"—he faced her with troubled eyes,—"I'm beastly sorry; I know there's bound to be a lot of people worried to death about you if you don't show up after such a storm. Can't I—" And again he came to a halt. His impulse was to offer to essay the road himself and carry word of her safety, but his second thought showed him the impossibility of leaving her here alone. "I'm sorry," he ended inadequately.

"Why, it isn't your fault," the girl cried warmly. "And there's nothing else to do." She wound up with a laugh that Alan could have blessed her for. "But what will you think of us, Mr. Jeremy, for all the trouble we've put you to? First it was your fire and your supper, and now it's your beds."

To their surprise he was affable. His escape from the danger outdoors had left him apparently in a new and chastened mood.

"Haint no trouble," he said, puffing with some agitation on his pipe as he spoke. "There's a bed up yander whaur Missy kin sleep." He indicated a short wooden ladder running up to a trap-door in the board ceiling. "My ol' woman uster sleep up there; she said downstairs give her rheumatiz. I reckon the young man hyer kin make out with a corn-husk mattress near the fire."

"That will be—fine," Nora acquiesced, resolutely turning her eyes away from that narrow black opening in the ceiling. She foresaw, nervously, a vivid return of some of her childish nightmares.

Her eyes persisted in straying from time to time to the top of the ladder; and Alan, watching her, as he had been doing surreptitiously most of the evening, had little difficulty in guessing her thoughts.

"Look here," he broke in with a hurried aside, "we'll take one of the lanterns before you go up, and ransack the whole loft thoroughly, and then you can keep the light burning all night, just to be sociable. Besides, I'm going to drag my mattress to the foot of the ladder, so you need only stick your nose out of that scuttle and shout for your humble servant if you happen to want—a—a glass of water in the night," he added lamely.

Nora shook her finger at him, but gave a relieved little grin all the same.

"You nice fraud!" she said. "Glass of water, nothing! You knew I was scared to death. But if you'll be within call, I reckon I can stand it, especially with the lantern. I'm—I'm not really a coward," she ended, flushing. "But somehow there's something spooky about that black hole up there. I think it's more what may have happened once upon a time than what might happen to-night. Do you understand, or do you think I'm just plain crazy?"

"I've been thinking ever since I met you this afternoon that I didn't know another girl half so plucky," Alan said stoutly. "I knew, of course, that you were pretty and charming, and popular—but lots of girls are that. Oh, I'm not a bit clever at expressing myself, and probably you're laughing at me. But what I mean is that I don't admire you so much only because of your prettiness and that—that kind of thing. I'd admire you if you were a man—no, that isn't really a bit what I mean, Miss Nora; it's that you have all the qualities one admires in either a man or woman, and

you've got the other things too." He stopped ruefully, and looked at her. "I've made a mess of it," he declared.

"On the contrary," she said lightly, the flush deepening a little.

"There's another thing," Alan went on, leaning nearer. "I don't know why you do it—and naturally I realize that it's none of my business besides, but I wanted to tell you that I think it was a tremendously fine thing of a girl like you to come up here to all the discomforts and loneliness of a mountain school, and teach these poor, ignorant little beggars."

Old Jeremy had gone placidly to sleep in his corner. Nora looked over at him, and lowered her voice.

"Now you're exaggerating," she said. "It was only necessary, not fine. When my father died three years ago, I had just finished school; and though I knew rather vaguely that a poor missionary can't leave his children a fortune, and that I'd have to support myself sometime, I was pretty easily persuaded into putting off the evil day, and for three years I drifted round among relatives, none of whom approved of my trying to work. They hadn't liked my mother's marriage, but I didn't know just how they felt about it and about my father until a few months ago. And you see, I never had known my mother; and Daddy and I were—pals. So I decided it would be better all round if I got out and did the honest self-respecting thing. I heard of their needing a teacher up here, and as I wasn't fitted for a large or important position, I hoped perhaps I could get the experience I needed in a small school, and gradually work up. And that's all there is to how I came back here."

There was a short silence; then Nora added briskly: "I believe we're keeping Mr. Jeremy up long past his bedtime. Let's wake him, and say good night, and you can undertake that search of my new bedroom, as you suggested."

Upon even the most painstaking inspection the loft refused to reveal anything of an alarming character. It was simply a big, bare place with a sloping roof, and dark corners that held nothing but shadows. A sagging wooden bedstead stood near the top of the ladder, and Nora discovered with relief that the heavy quilt on it was surprisingly clean.

"Do you mean to say," she demanded gayly of Jeremy, "that an old bachelor can keep house like this?"

He looked pleased.

"I keep it ready fer my boy Tawm," he said. "Kin' of a fuss 'bout hevin' things tidy, Tawm is."

Nora's unconscious sigh spoke an eloquent gratitude to the absent Tawm.

"I'm sure I'll sleep like a top," she said. "And I do hope you haven't been put to too much trouble by our being caught here like this, Mr. Jeremy."

"No, I haint," he declared with a sudden answering smile. Perhaps even he was affected by the bright face smiling up at him in the struggling yellow beams of the old lantern in her hand. He was smiling vaguely to himself as his head disappeared down the ladder, and still muttering under his breath something that sounded like a repetition of his: "No, I haint."

In the farthest corner the man who should have been in bed was huddled in a stiff chair, a huge gun across his knees.

Hours later Nora woke suddenly from a dimly uncomfortable dream in which banditti and moonshine, and moon-doors played melodramatic parts, and with a little startled exclamation sat up in bed. Her first thought was that she must have been sleeping on a pile of stones, for she felt sore all over—and there were lumps in the mattress that lent themselves to the stone theory. Also she had slept in her clothes, which was something she did not recall ever having attempted before.

It was quite black in the room, and there was a horrible, suffocating smell as if a lamp had burnt itself out and left a smoking wick.

Then she spied an oblong patch, lighter than the surrounding floor near her bed, and after gazing at it steadily for a moment she realized that it was an open trapdoor, with the head of a ladder protruding through it, and instantly memory supplied the sequence of events which had led to her being in this dark little loft of a mountain cabin, with Alan Hopkins sleeping within call at the foot of the ladder.

Cautiously, with the fear of mice in her soul, she crept out of bed and stooped down by the opening in the floor. Yes, he was just where he had promised to be, rolled in a big gray blanket, with his shock of red hair gleaming even in the flicker of light given out by the dying embers on the hearth. She smiled to herself, and the thought of mice receded comfortably. Stooping closer to the opening, she glanced over at the big four-poster near the fire where she expected to see the frowsy gray head of their host, and the smile left her lips abruptly.

The bed was empty—seemed not to have been slept in at all. And in the farthest, shadowy corner of the room the man who should have been asleep in that bed was huddled in a stiff wooden chair, his blanket wrapped pathetically about him, and—Nora's eyes blinked unbelievingly—with a huge and ancient-looking gun across his knees.

Jeremy was plainly on guard—but over what?

The girl's first frightened impulse was to wake Alan, but her second thought told her that if harm to either of them had been meditated, the perpetrator would not have gone to sleep with his purpose unfulfilled.

But she could not bring herself to go back to bed. Creeping on her hands and knees, cautiously, over to the big bed, she dragged the quilt off with nervous fingers. Then she returned to that little square of light at the head of the ladder and curled herself up in the quilt's folds. There were going to be two on guard for the rest of the night, Nora determined, and the second watcher was not going to sleep at her post. . . . .

After all, though, this was mortifyingly just what Nora ended by doing, for the next time her eyes opened, the square in the floor revealed a strong glow of early-morning sunshine coming through the open door of the cabin, and a most appetizing odor of fresh coffee and sizzling bacon was floating up to her nostrils.

Peeping through the opening, she saw Alan standing at the door puffing contentedly at his pipe, while old Jeremy—minus the ancient fowling-piece now—was digging something smoking and fragrant out of the ashes in the fireplace.

Nora stood a moment, knitting her white forehead into three distinct little creases of perplexity; and then she gave up the problem as too difficult of solution before breakfast, and went farther back into the attic to smooth her rumpled garments as nearly as possible to a semblance of their yesterday's freshness. At this task she acknowledged ruefully that she was meeting with a rather discouraging lack of success. At last she gave it up, and descended the rickety ladder, divided pleasantly between anticipation of breakfast and a possible sequence of adventure.

"How did you sleep?" Alan called to her cheerily, putting the pipe into his coat pocket and coming forward to offer a helping hand for her descent.

Nora hesitated, and then with a glance toward Jeremy's stooping back:

"Pretty well," she admitted carelessly. "I got up once in the night and stole a reassuring look down the scuttle, and you seemed to be very sound asleep yourself. I'm not sure," she added with a mischievous flash of her blue eyes, "but that you were snoring, too." Alan laughed with her.

"Then I'm glad there isn't any 'giftie gi'en us to see ourselves as others seen us,'" he misquoted with a chuckle. "How much will you bet, fair lady, that you can't *(Continued on page 106)*

Bolshevism? Never!

By
RUDOLF A.
CLEMEN

Illustrated by ADDISON BURBANK

AMERICA'S women will keep her safe from Bolshevism. Why and how they constitute a barrier against such social insanities is explained in this brilliant article.

IN January, 1917, an uncle of the Czar of Russia wrote him a letter in which he said: "The time has gone by when nine tenths of the people can be used as manure to grow a few roses." It had; and the Russian Revolution brought in a democracy in that land. But the democracy did not last. In a few short months Bolshevism had broken loose to menace the world. It has its grip on Russia. It has spread to Hungary and is attempting to force its way into other European countries. Radicals in America are predicting its outbreak here. Russians who have come here fear that it will menace the United States in the next few years. Even university professors like Ralph B. Dennis of Northwestern University, who served as Y. M. C. A. secretary and as American vice-consul in Russia for thirteen months, return urging us to take care lest Bolshevism come to America.

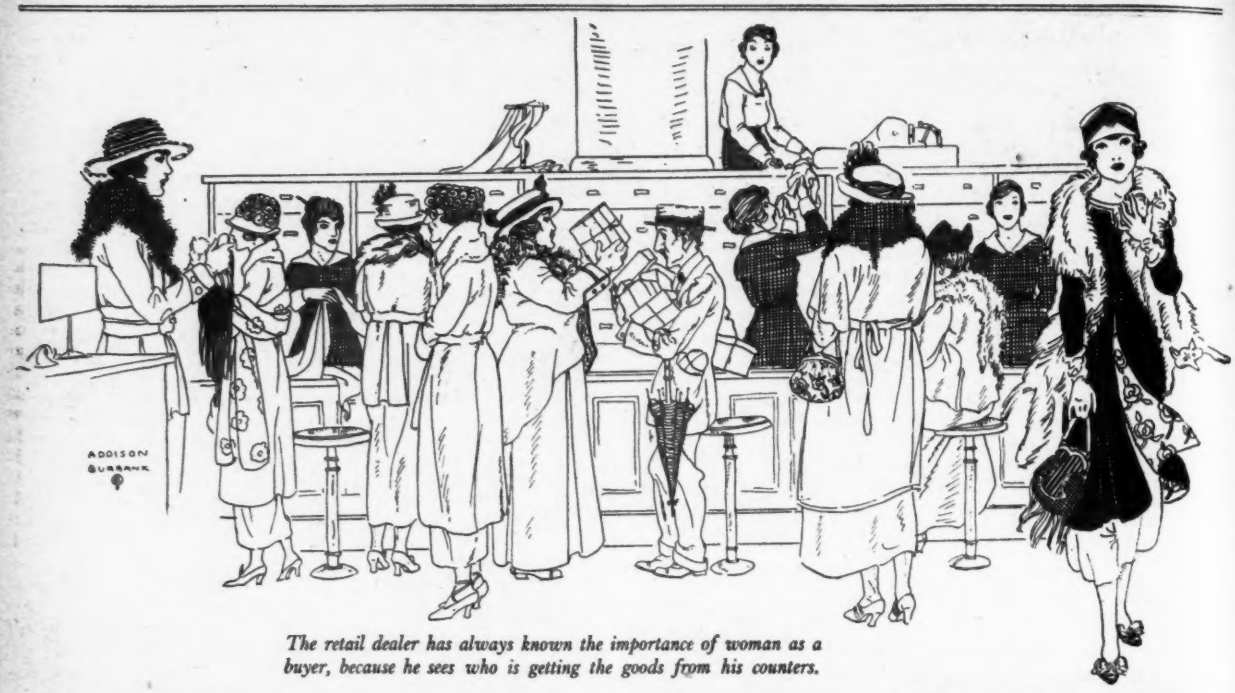
The great question for us to-day is: Can America escape this menace, and if so, how?

For it is a menace to our democracy, whose right-thinking men and women are trying to reduce, so far as possible, the sum-total of human suffering and unhappiness. There is much that these men and women can do to better the lot of men and women, and anything is a menace which can sway them from following the slow, sure road by which great advances are made. The possible so full of hope and help ought not to be endangered by vainly striving for a glittering impossibility.

A short time ago Senator Lodge dealt with the present situation in an address which he delivered on Commencement Day at Harvard. He said: "Before your very eyes you have the warning. It is there in Russia. In Russia are exhibited at this moment the awful results of a scheme which its authors pretended and which their dupes believed would make all men happy in a moment. Designing adventurers, men without a country, convinced an ignorant people that if they were allowed to abolish all property, to take from them the right to own what they had earned and saved, and to wreck civilization, all would be well. They have applied their panacea. Instead of diminishing human suffering, they have caused greater misery to more human beings than the war itself. No one knows, no one will ever know, how many thousands of farmers, workers, shopkeepers, innocent people, have perished by murder, by pestilence and famine since the present Bolshevik rule was established in Russia. In letters of fire this Russian scene says to you who are stepping forward to take control of the American destinies: 'This way, at least, lies ruin!'"

If Bolshevism comes to America, it will do here what it has done in Russia. Liberty will be destroyed, because Bolshevism means that one class shall rule over all other classes. Property will be confiscated without payment to its owners. Your household belongings, if you do own a house, your savings in the bank, your Liberty bonds, you will lose all these. Food will be put beyond the reach of all except those who can seize it by brute strength; for Bolshevism takes the land, eats the food that is in sight and makes no provision for to-morrow. Laws will be annulled, and the whole social system thrown into chaos. There will be no courts to adjust wrongs, no punishment for wrongdoers. Government will be transferred from the elected representatives of the people to the hands of committees or Soviets without any central authority—without State legislatures or Federal Congress. Women and children will be the property of the state. One of the soviets which set the fashion in Russia—the soviet of Vladimir—has already decreed that all women over eighteen must register at a bureau of free love and there hold themselves subject to the will of any man who may order them to follow him. Religion will vanish when respect for law, and women and children vanishes. Bolshevism worships, not the God of our fathers, but license.

From what quarter can we expect tangible assurance that the extremists, call them I. W. W. or Bolsheviki or what you wish,



The retail dealer has always known the importance of woman as a buyer, because he sees who is getting the goods from his counters.

will never be able to stay our progress or destroy democracy in the United States? To answer this question I suggest we learn from the past.

Human nature, impalpable as it is, remains one of the constant conditions with which we have to deal. A little while ago some clay tablets were discovered on the site of the ancient city of Babylon. In reading the letters written on these tablets, especially those relating to business and family affairs, you will find the same emotions, passions and desires, the same weaknesses and irritations prevailing four thousand years ago which are familiar to every one of us to-day.

Such a study will assure us that in reality it is woman who has always been the main support of order and progress, and that because of her greater part in industry, business and all phases of our economic life to-day,—much of it due to the war,—the future in America is safe.

For anthropologists tell us that in the early morning of the world women initiated industry. Men were still lovable savages, content to hunt and fish, for generations after women learned to cultivate a bit of soil and tame a few animals. Man is not a natural worker. He never enjoys any work in which there is no element of adventure. So it was that while at first warriors and hunters, men later became trappers, explorers, sailors, fishermen, drovers, traders, miners and lumbermen.

But woman is a natural worker. She enjoys work because she sees the results are good. So women became cooks, weavers, dressers of skins, food-packers, gardeners, milkers, brewers, wood-gatherers, nurses and teachers. In more settled regions, where there were no roving occupations, men often specialized in those forms of productive service which required the greatest physical strength. But in all primitive societies where women seem to develop bodily strength nearly if not wholly equal to that of men, and especially when war or slavery forced men away, women readily became heavy tillers and bearers of burdens—occupations which probably they have never more than partly surrendered.

Woman, then, from time immemorial, has had a stake in the country, an interest in keeping peace and promoting humane advances. She always had more to lose than man from war and disorder, which often cost her her honor and laid waste the result of her patient industrial effort.

The invention of machinery and the use of power during the eighteenth century brought about a wonderful revolution in methods of production which has made possible our modern industrial world. This transformation is known as the Industrial Revolution. With it began the modern factory-system, which for the first time in history has had the effect of centering production in places away from home. And men then first fell heirs to the new industrial occupations such as baking, machine weaving, machine shoe-making, iron and steel working, brick-making, brewing, milking, food-packing and so far the women stepped out, for a time, from playing an all-important part in industry.

Then came the war, and the war profoundly changed the industrial status of woman. Woman came to the front once more, restoring somewhat the situation that existed in primitive times all over the world—with this notable difference, however, that while in old times the woman was legally under control of man, now she is free. The war gave woman in many places her first taste of industrial independence. And because of her new economic importance, woman's influence will determine whether we are to have democratic government or an orgy of Bolshevism.

Before going further, let us see just what is the extent of this new economic influence of woman and how it is being wielded to-day: About the beginning of this year Martin Green of the New York *Evening World* summed up the opinions of politicians and economists of England and France on the importance of women in the business and industrial life of the world, in this way:

First: Except in positions demanding more than normal strength, —mostly confined to manual labor—women hold their own with men in every factor but speed, and they gain speed by experience.

Second: Women are, to say the least, as intelligent as men; and in delicate work requiring close application and accuracy, they are preferred by many employers. Indeed, Dr. Caroline Spurgeon of the British Educational Mission, says that when women have the machine sense, they have it more fully than men.

Third: Despite natural handicaps, women are more dependable than men in reporting for work.

Fourth: The necessity for employment of women in industries has bettered working conditions and has created facilities for taking care of the children of working-women which is little short of revolution.

Fifth: Women individually are more persistent than men in forwarding a principle or cause—as witness the Suffrage cause in England and America. They are the world's experts on personal relations, and when they share with men the control of industry, perhaps they can do something more effective to make the old system more humane.

> "IN reality it is woman who has always been the main support of order and progress; and because of her greater part in industry, business and all phases of our economic life to-day,—much of it due to the war,—the future in America is safe."

Women who have proved the truth of these findings are never going to be content to subscribe to Charles M. Schwab's statement:

"The average woman has the greatest economic opportunity in the wise use of her husband's wages. The present conditions that throw thousands of women out of their homes and into industry cannot last."

Besides the fact that as a result of the war many women can never marry, they are absolutely needed in industry. This is borne out by the greatest brief ever made for woman's cause, a volume on woman's war-work published by the British War Office as a guide to employers. This contains long lists of trades where women are as important as men.

In France and Italy women have shown surprising genius for finance. In France, women have also been silent but very efficient partners of the shopkeeping of their husbands, and since the war many are in business for themselves.

"Women of the War" is a book about women in England by Barbara McLaren. She tells of Dr. Garrett Anderson and Dr. Flora Murray, the first women to manage a military hospital under the War Office. The stories of Miss Lillian Barker, who was superintendent in the munition works at Woolwich, of Miss Mabel Cottrell, at Gretna and of Miss Agnes Borthwick are very illuminating. Many others who organized, financed and directed industries and philanthropies fill one with a feeling of great confidence.

But the story of American women has not yet been told. And there is a lot to be written of them. Some are owners and directors of their own businesses; others are at the head of Government departments; and many are leaders of labor who are seeking to humanize civilization. They are all by their work and influence combatting Bolshevism.

As an instance of the successful business women of America, consider Mrs. Molly Netcher Neuberger. She is the head of one of the largest department-stores in the United States. When her husband died fourteen years ago, she took over the management of the Boston Store in Chicago, of which he had been the head. Under her direction the business has made a marvelous growth, based on the ideas she has worked out.

Miss Mary King is another of those women who by their influence are able to cope with any signs of Bolshevism. Her position is a strategic one, for she is the Sunday editor of the Chicago *Tribune*. She began as a stenographer and had no longings for a newspaper career. Yet she is an unusually successful editor, for the circulation has increased from four hundred thousand to nearly seven hundred thousand copies. She directs an organization largely made up of men, who are only too happy to work under her.

To aid women in industry during the war two women were appointed as members of each State advisory board, one representing labor, the other management. The reason given for their appointment was that "with the certainty that women must play an equal part with men in putting through the vast program of war production has come the logical development of giving women an equal share in the jurisdiction of the labor supply."

The soviet of Vladimir has already decreed that all women over eighteen must register at a bureau of free love.

So it is that the Director of Women in Industry Service under the Department of Labor is Miss Mary Van Kleeck, who holds that the problem is not withdrawal of women from industry, but rather their organization for efficient production.

Margaretta Neale, the assistant to the director general for women's work, says that "women's work has become an indivisible part of the world's work." And Laura Drake Gill, special agent in field organization of the United States Employment Service, adds: "The present changes in women's occupations mark a new era in their relation to society."

Miss Rose Schneiderman, president of the Women's Trade Union League, and Miss Mary Anderson, assistant director of the women's industrial section of the Federal Department of Labor, who went to the Peace Conference as Presidential appointees, asked there for inclusion in the constitution of the League of Nations of the full enfranchisement of women, their industrial, legal and political equality, for a single standard of morality, for the protection of childhood, and the right of every child to equal educational opportunity.

All I have said has been to emphasize the very great direct part taken by women to-day in our industrial and business life. But that is perhaps the least important side of her dominant economic influence to-day. I have been dealing with individual women and their help in the production of goods. Now I want to note what is even more interesting—namely, how women determine the consumption of all our goods.

In the United States, between the very rich and the many very poor, there are about seven million families of comfortable income. They are the wholesome fiber of our race. They determine what America shall be and do. They are the most important class we have—the great middle class. If these seven million families or any considerable part of them agree as to any question at issue, their verdict is conclusive and holds good for the whole country.

Here are all sorts and conditions of men and women, and they are all able in some measure to direct their own lives, to discriminate between the more and the less desirable, and in varying degrees to choose according to their judgment. Here are women who keep servants and women who do their own work, but the latter are intelligent, and the former at least direct their own homes. Here are women who live on a farm and women who dwell in city apartments. They are the purchasing-agents for the nation.

It is obvious that practically all foodstuffs, except those used in hotels, clubs and restaurants, are bought by women. Clothing for women and children is another case of exclusive feminine selection. The number of other commodities is so large and their total consumption so staggering that it is difficult to realize them, and they are too huge to visualize. But there they are, and anyone who studies them will see how many and how vast businesses depend for their very being on the patronage of women.

If statistics seem a bit vague to you, the truth can be seen just as clearly if not as quickly by spending some time at groceries, drugstores, department-stores, markets and all the various specialty-shops. The retail dealer has always known the importance of woman as a buyer, because he sees who is getting the goods from his counters. He sees the women come in with

money and go out with silk and linen, or sugar and salt, or a new electric iron. But the rest of us, ensconced in our office-chairs, have seen the men who work to earn the money and have somehow associated that with the spending of it—whereas, if you wish to sell an article, the determining factor of the sale is the person who does the buying, and not the person who supplies the money.

The currents of trade, then, are directed by the demand, acceptance or selection of this and that article—and not by either the source or the channel of the money that pays for it. If this absolute fact were once recognized, the whole conduct of business, and especially advertising, would be radically changed. There is a most curious confusion of thought in this respect. Money is such a powerful force that we unconsciously address ourselves to it, instead of (as we should) to the power that dispenses it. And in a commercial world, which is as yet mostly run by men, there is an even greater temptation to think in masculine terms and to forget that the machinery of production differs from that of consumption. The fact is, as we shall discover, that while men conduct the making of most commodities, it is chiefly the women who influence their use. Man labors to earn the daily bread—but woman cuts the slices!

In most of the shops we find the same answer: "Women do the buying, or if not, influence the choice."

There are so few things that a man does buy quite independently that one has to cudgel his brains to think of them.

For the rest, all purchasing is effected by women, and it only remains to inquire how extensive and how important this influence is.

If you ask the average man who it is that buys his clothes, he might answer: "Well, my wife buys my heavy underwear, because she understands fabrics, but I buy everything else." But does he? Hasn't he forgotten the overcoat she helped him select, and the socks she gave him at Christmas and the shirts she made him take back? A statistician has declared that most men really buy their own suits only for a few years—say from the age of eighteen to twenty-five. Before the first date the mother goes along, and after marriage the wife.

If we take the family purchases, item by item, we shall find in each a high feminine "batting average," but the roll-call might become monotonous. Suppose instead that we stroll down a typical street and take it store by store.

How about this jewelry-shop with its sparkling window? Why, bless us, jewelry was invented for women; and in practically everything in the case she has a dominating choice. We might except watches, for men are expected to know more about machinery, and though they are pathetically in the dark about timepieces, women don't know this, and so they listen to male authority. In other things, silver, stationery, leather-goods, jewels and so on—well, just to satisfy yourself, take a look some day into Tiffany's or Shreve, Crump & Low's or Spaulding's, and see, and then ask yourself: "How many wedding presents did I ever pick out?"

As we go down the street, it is quite a stroll between the stores where men do any great part of buying. There is no need even to stop at the bakery, the grocer's or the toy-shop. But here is a confectioner's, and certainly men do buy a lot of candy—for women. And it requires little psychology to imagine whether the women have anything to say about what candy shall be bought!

At the adjacent music-store it is clear that the choice of a piano, for instance, is determined by the person who is to play it, and there are five women pianists to one man. In "talking machines," perhaps it is an even division, but one certainly sees more women trying out records in these stores than men. Next door is a decorator's shop, including wall-papers and paints. It can hardly be questioned that it is the woman who wants the house improved and whose taste dictates eighty per cent of the plans for improvement.

At the hardware-store it is more perplexing. One sees more men there than women; and of course in most building material they are the customers. When it comes to kitchen utensils, ranges, interior hardware and many other lines, it is sure that the preference of the wife operates as a powerful factor.

There is hardly any end to such a little journey through the shops, and in most of them we shall find the same answer: "Women do the buying, or if not, influence the choice." From the five- and ten-cent stores, with their stupendous output, to the exclusive Fifth Avenue atelier, we shall find the women busy spending while the men are hustling to earn. This is not in depreciation of woman, because she is buying for the man and the children as well as for herself.

At the department-store, where practically every sort of merchandise is sold, take your station at one of the entrances and count both the women and men who go in. You will wonder where all the women come from, and you will wonder what has become of all the men.

Hitherto we have dealt with the more or less visible and palpable part women take in buying. He must have lived a hermit who fails to realize the great "invisible government" which so sways our world. A whole book might be written, and indeed many books have been written, on Woman the Home-Manager. The subject is vital, as it involves her as the purchasing-agent for the family, as well as the confidential adviser of her husband.

It is strange that, accustomed as we are to the fact of the home as the unit of civilization and to the wife as the home-maker, we have somehow failed to perceive that to get her results the woman has to spend.

One might advise a man in such words as these: Take a day off sometime, pretend that you are ill, keep one eye and one ear open. You will find that running your house is a business, and on the whole, the most all-round business in the world, and that you have never appreciated your wife as a general manager.

Let us start at the very beginning, when there is a general reveille and climbing out of night-clothes. Who selected them, the nightgowns, the sleeping-bags and pajamas? How about the soaps and dentifrices next on the program? The questions are so simple that they require no answer.

Half an hour later Mrs. Doe takes the receiver from her telephone: "Main 411, please. . . . . Is this Holden's Grocery? Well, send me, please, some X's condensed milk, six bars of Y & Z's laundry soap, a box of So-and-so's biscuits, a can of Blank's grated coconut—oh, yes, and a package of B's gelatine. And what brand of nut butter do you keep? Well, then, I'll try a pound. . . . . That will be all to-day."

This is how Mrs. Doe buys; and incidentally this is how she becomes a determining factor in the grocery business, because the things she asks for by name, the grocer, of course, keeps in stock.

I have chosen this particular day in the Doe home, because this afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Doe go to look at automobiles down on Automobile Row. The motors all gleam with fine paint and varnish; they all look most desirable, and their respective salesmen are sure that you had better seek no further. Truly, the choice of a motor is a most perplexing matter. But this much is certain: Mrs. Doe is a party to the purchase. No man, unless enormously rich, buys a car without talking it over with his wife. They discuss the cost, the size of the car, and its *(Continued on page 99)*

"'GOD buries His workmen, but carries on His work.' . . . . If women in America take that view of the community, of the whole life of the nation, then our country will prosper and stand all the storms."

Hallowe'en in Virginia

By Eleanor Duncan Wood

WHEN the pale moon keeps her tryst and the night draws on,
Friends and Love and Laughter from the old house gone,
I light all the candles, I fling wide the door,
Hands stretched out in welcome to the ghosts of Yore.

How they throng the hallway! How they climb the stair!
Merry maids in patches, dames with powdered hair.
Cavaliers with scarlet cloak, Blades in buff and blue,
Up and down the garden paths they wander two by two.

A wistful hand has set a-whirl the old wheel, still so long.
Around the tinkling spinet lads shout a hunting-song
And reels are danced, and ladies prim in curtseys rise and fall.
But my Little Maid of Jamestown is dearest of them all.

O timid maid and lowly, you found your Love that day
When from the sea-scarred brigantine your scared feet took their way.
And lordly—in his buckskins—he claimed you as his prize.
See, there he stands beside you—and Love is in his eyes.

The night is gone. The candles fail. The dull dawn comes once more.
No foot of dame or gallant salutes the polished floor.
I bar the doors and windows. I smile and sigh—and then
I wait another Hallowe'en to bring my ghosts again.

RUSSELL H. PATTERSON

The Splendid Outcast

Written and illustrated by

GEORGE GIBBS

The Earlier Chapters

WHEN Corporal James Horton of the engineers came upon his twin brother Harry, an infantry lieutenant, cowering in abject fear instead of leading his men forward, he changed clothes with his coward brother and gallantly led the platoon forward against a boche machine-gun nest. He woke up in a Paris hospital badly wounded; he had won renown for the Horton name and had been recommended for a decoration; and—through the papers and identification disk he carried—he was accepted as Harry Horton.

Among the letters in the clothes he had worn was one from a girl who signed herself as Moira, his wife,—married to him "three hours ago,"—and another from one Barry Quinlevin, referring to Moira and to a blackmailing plot which Quinlevin and Harry had formed.

Soon thereafter Moira, a beautiful Irish girl, and Quinlevin, a picturesque rascal, came to see the supposed Harry Horton in the hospital, and like the doctors and nurses, interpreted his efforts at explanation as mental aberration caused by his wounds. So he suffered Barry and Moira to take him, for the period of his further convalescence, to their apartment. And there Jim Horton was made to see that Moira was liking him much better than she had liked the man she had married. Then Harry appeared and demanded that Jim change places with him. Jim put him off. A little later he met a French girl, Piquette, likewise involved in the blackmail. That night he was struck down from behind. The last thing he noted was his brother's face!

Harry went to see Moira. She became suspicious and discovered the true situation. Fearing for Jim, she followed Harry at night to a sinister house on the Seine and with police help broke in. They found clues enough in an underground passage but nothing more. For Piquette, learning from an Apache friend that Jim was likely to be murdered, had rescued him.

Piquette explained to Jim the details of Quinlevin's criminal livelihood, and later Jim felt bound to reveal them to Moira: the Duc de Vautrin had married a wealthy heiress, receiving with her a huge *dot* with the proviso that the money should go to her child if she died. De Vautrin's wife did die—and her child also; but through a chain of circumstances Quinlevin was able to convince the Duke that Moira was her child and to exact hush-money from him. . . . . Harry Horton and Quinlevin came to Moira's apartment; Jim confronted them. The two men refused Jim's offer to disappear if they would release Moira from their scheme. Jim asked Moira to go with him when they refused, but she felt bound by her marriage to Harry.

That day Jim met Piquette. She warned him of another plot against him and insisted upon going with him when he went to Nice to warn De Vautrin. As they traveled, Piquette asleep against his shoulder, Jim saw Quinlevin and Moira looking through the window of their compartment. Later, six shots were fired through the window, none of which took effect. . . . . Quinlevin fanned Moira's suspicions until she put the worst possible construction on Jim's association with Piquette.

Horton and Piquette found the Duke and a woman companion at Monte Carlo. And he persuaded the Duke to send the woman away and listen to his strange story. Then the two confronted Quinlevin and Nora and Moira; and Jim contrived somewhat to shake Nora's story of Moira's birth. . . . . The birth-certificate was the crux of the matter, and Quinlevin refused to produce it. But while Horton kept Quinlevin occupied, Piquette was to have proceeded unmolested with a little investigation of her own. Leaving Quinlevin, Horton went to her room to inquire about results. She had not returned.

CHAPTER XVIII

At Bay

PIQUETTE was fearless, but she was also clever. It was her thought that Barry Quinlevin would take no chances with the original birth-certificate and other papers in the apartment of Monsieur de Vautrin. It was her suggestion that she be permitted to take advantage of the absence of Quinlevin and his party to make a thorough search of the rooms for any private papers. And in this she was aided and abetted by Monsieur Jacquot, in the office of the hotel, to whom she explained as much as was necessary, and who provided the keys and wished her luck in her undertaking.

Jim had allowed her an hour for the investigation, during which period he had promised to keep Quinlevin prisoner. Here, then, Piquette reached new heights of self-abnegation, for in helping Jim in the cause of Moira, she worked against her own interests, which had nothing to do with Moira Quinlevin. Jim had opened her eyes to her obligations to Monsieur de Vautrin, but she had done her duty merely because Jim had asked it of her. He had kissed her as though she were a queen; she could never forget that.

But in spite of any mental reservations she may have had in doing something in the interests of the girl Jim Horton loved, she was conscious of a thrill of keen interest in the task that she

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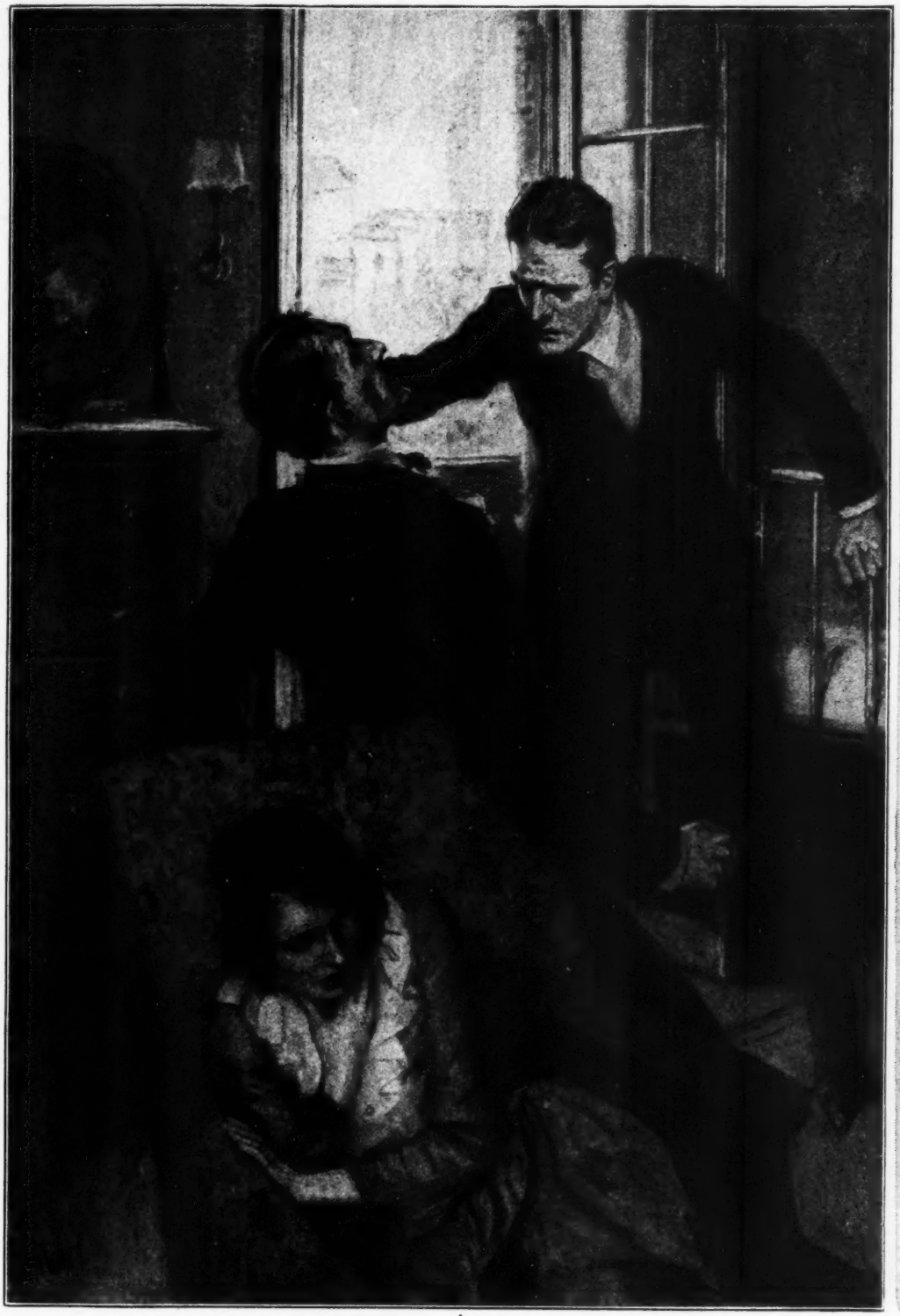


Tricot in desperation reached for another weapon. . . . Memory of the night in the rue Charron was behind Horton's blow.

had set herself. Piquette went about her investigation methodically, waiting on the steps from the upper landing until Quinlevin and the two women had entered the room of the Duke; then, keys in hand, she made her way quickly to the rooms Quinlevin had engaged. There were three of them *en suite*, with connecting doors, and after a quick glance along the empty corridor, she entered the nearest one.

An ancient valise and a flannel wrapper proclaimed its occupant—Nora. There might be something of interest here, but it was doubtful, for Barry Quinlevin was hardly a man to leave Nora in possession of any documents that were better kept in his own hands. Piquette nevertheless searched carefully—and for her trouble found nothing. The door into the adjoining room, that of Madame Horton, was open, showing how quickly and easily an *entente* had been reëstablished between Moira Quinlevin and her old nurse.

At the threshold of this room Piquette paused, glancing with a delicate frown at the articles of feminine apparel on bed and dressing-stand.

"Hm!" she sniffed, scenting the air delicately, her chin raised. "*Violette!*" Then she approached the bed and took a white garment and rubbed it critically between thumb and forefinger. "Humph!" said Piquette again. A pair of stockings next—a small slipper which she measured with her own; then she shrugged, and turning, searched the suit-case and dressing table thoroughly. Of paper there was nothing—not even a post-card.

The door into Barry Quinlevin's room was bolted on the side where Piquette stood. She went back through the rooms she had passed, to be sure that nothing had been disarranged, locked the outside door of Nora Burke's room as she had found it, and then went back to Quinlevin's door, which she opened quickly and peered around. Here there was a field for more careful investigation: a suit-case, a dressing-stand, a bed, some chairs, a closet—all of them she took in in a quick inspection, the suit-case first; and if it proved to be locked, she meant to take it bodily away.

It wasn't locked. She had a slight sense of disappointment. It contained a change of under-linen, some collars, socks, a box of cigars and a bottle of Irish whisky. All of these she scrutinized with care, as well as the cloth lining and the receptacles in the lid, and then arranging the contents as she had found them, straightened with a short breath and looked elsewhere. No, Monsieur Quinlevin would have hidden such important papers more cleverly than that. Where, then? In a place so obvious that no one would think of looking there for them? That was an ancient trick well known to the police. But after she had looked around the room, she examined the bed minutely, running her nimble fingers along the ticking of the mattress, the pillows, dismantling the bed completely; and then, satisfied that she had exhausted this possibility, she remade it skillfully.

She moved the rugs, examined the ashes in the fireplace, took down the pictures from the walls.

Next, the dressing-stand, inch by inch inside and out, then the upholstery of the chairs. She straightened at last, puzzled. And yet she knew that the birth-certificate must be in these rooms somewhere. She moved the rugs, examined the ashes in the fireplace, scrutinized the baseboard and molding, took down the pictures from the walls and then, baffled, sank into the armchair for a moment to think. Could Quinlevin have taken the precaution to leave the documents in the safe at the Hôtel Ruhl in Nice, or would he perhaps have deposited them downstairs in the strong-box of the Hôtel de Paris? In that event Monsieur her friend would help.

But her hour had not yet expired. There were a few moments left. Where else was there to look? She glanced at the picture-molding, the walls, the electric-light brackets by the bed and dressing-stand. Then she arose for a last and possibly futile effort. She ran her sensitive fingers over the bracket by the bed. It was affixed to the wall by a hexagonal brass plate held by a small screw. She tried to move the screw with her fingers, but it resisted, and so she ran to the dressing-stand for a nail-file and in a moment had moved the brass plate from the wall. A patch of broken wall-paper and wires in a small hole—but no papers.

She screwed the plate carefully into place and turned to the other fixture over the dressing-stand. This was her last venture, but she had determined to make it, and felt a slight thrill of expectation when the screw of the first bracket moved easily in her fingers. She loosened the plate, and as it came out from the surface of the wall, there was a sibilant rustle and something slipped down behind the dressing-stand to the floor. Eager now with excitement, she thrust her fingers behind the plate and brought forth some papers. These she examined quickly in amazement; then she carefully screwed the bracket into its place, recovering the other paper that had fallen to the floor—success!

The papers that she had taken from behind the bracket she could not understand, but the paper that she had recovered from the floor was the much-desired birth-certificate of the dead child. The light was failing, but in the shadow of the hangings of the French window, Piquette stood and read the name *Patricia Madeleine Aulnoy de Vautrin.*

She was filled with the joy of her success, and so absorbed in the perusal of the paper that she did not hear the small sounds that came from the adjoining room; nor was she aware of the tall, dark figure of the girl with the pale face who for a long moment had stood in the doorway watching her in silent amazement. And it was not until Moira spoke that Piquette turned, the papers hidden behind her, and met the steady gaze of the woman Jim Horton loved.

"What are you doing in this room?" asked Moira steadily.

PIQUETTE sent one fleeting glance at her, then stepped out upon the sill of the French window, which extended to the floor. When she turned toward Moira, a little pale and breathing rapidly, her hands were empty.

"What did you throw out of the window? What are you doing here?" Moira asked again, moving quickly to the push-button by the door. "Answer me, or I'll ring."

Piquette by this time had recovered some of her composure. "Oh, madame, it is not *nécessaire* to ring," she said easily. "I can explain myself if you will but listen."

"You have no right in this room—unless you are a servant of the hotel. And that you are not."

"No, madame," said Piquette coolly. "I am no servant of de hotel. But strange to say, even agains' my will, I am your frien'."

"My friend! Who are you?"

Piquette glanced toward the door into the hall rather anxiously.

"If you will permit me to come into your room, I will answer you."

Moira hesitated for a moment, and then indicated the door by which she had entered. Piquette preceded her into the room, as Moira stood by the door, still uncertain but curious as to this stranger who claimed friendship. Piquette indicated the door.

"You will please close it, madame," she urged with a smile. "I am quite 'armless."

And Moira obeyed, catching the bolt into its place and turning with an air very little mollified.

"Who are you?" she demanded shortly. "Answer me."

Instead of replying at once, Piquette sank into a chair and leaned forward, staring frankly at her companion.

"You *are* 'andsome, Madame 'Orton," she murmured as though grudgingly. "Ver' 'andsome!"

Moira flushed a little and returned the other woman's look, a sudden suspicion flashing across her mind that this woman was—

"Who are you?" she stammered.

"I—I am Madame Morin, and I am called Piquette."

Moira recoiled a pace, her back as flat as the door behind her.

"You! Piquette Morin! You'd dare!"

"Quietly, Madame 'Orton," said Piquette gently. "I 'ave tol' you I am your frien'."

"Go, madame," said Moira in a choking voice, and pointing to the door. "Go."

But Piquette did not move.

"Ah! You do not believe me. It is de trut'. I am your frien'. I am proving it by coming in here, by trying to 'elp you in dis—"

"I do not need your help, madame. Will you go?"

"Yes, Madame 'Orton. I will go in a minute—when I tell you de risk Jeem 'Orton an' I 'ave run to keep you from making of yourself a fool."

Moira gasped at the impudence.

"What I am does not matter, but what you and Jim Horton are does. I wish to hear no more—"

"Not even dat Monsieur Quinlevin has got de *vilain* Tricot, to shoot at us in de train?" Piquette shrugged. "Sapristi! Madame 'Orton, if we 'ad been kill', you would perhaps t'ink it a proof of friendship."

She had caught the girl's attention, but Moira still demurred.

"I ask no favors of you, Madame Morin," she said haltingly.

"No, Madame 'Orton," said Piquette quietly, "but I 'ave give' dem freely, for you—for *heem*. Perhaps you t'ink dat is not'ing for me to do. *Là, là!* I am only human, after all."

So was Moira. Piquette's purposeful ambiguity aroused her curiosity, and she turned toward the French girl, her glance passing over her with a new interest.

"I don't understand you, madame," she said coldly.

"I did not 'ope dat you would. But it is not so *difficile*. I try to 'elp Monsieur Jeem 'Orton, because 'e 'as taught me what it means to be brave an' fait'ful an' honorable to de one 'e love', an' because you are blind, an' will not see."

"Not so blind that I have not seen what you would have hidden."

"I 'ave not'ing to hide from you, Madame 'Orton. I am proud of de frien'ship of Jeem 'Orton. I would go to de en' of de worl' to make 'im 'appy."

"Friendship!" gasped Moira.

"Or love, madame," said Piquette gently, "—call it what you please."

"And you dare to tell me this—you!"

Piquette only smiled faintly.

"Yes, I love 'im." And then, with the simplicity of a child: "Don't you, madame?"

Moira stared at her for a second as though she hadn't heard correctly.

"Because," said Piquette, "because it pleases me, madame. What Jeem 'Orton wish'—is my wish too. 'E love you. Eh bien! *What 'e is to me does not matter."*

"No—no! This is too much. You will oblige me—"

"You wish me to go?" said Piquette with a shrug. "In a moment. But firs' let me tell you dat what Monsieur Quinlevin 'as tol' you about us is a lie—all lies."

"You forget, madame," said Moira, "that I have seen."

Piquette smiled.

"Because I go to sleep wit' my 'ead on 'is shoulder! An' what is dat? For shame, madame! Jeem 'Orton care' not'ing for me. I bring 'im out of de 'ouse in de rue Charron; I nurse 'im in my apartment. You t'ink 'e make love to me when 'e t'ink of you?"

Piquette laughed scornfully.

"What kind of woman are you to see de love in de eyes of an hones' man an' not remember it, for de greates' t'ing dat come' in a woman's life? 'Is eyes! *Mon Dieu, madame!* I know de eyes of men. 'E on'y love once, Jeem 'Orton—an' you t'ink 'e make love to me! I would give myself to 'im, but what Jeem 'Orton give' to me is much more sweet, more beautiful. 'E kees me on de brow, madame, like I was a chil', when I would give 'im—everyt'ing." Piquette stopped, and then, gently: "A woman like me, madame, can on'y worship a man like dat."

Moira was leaning against the bed-rail, her head bent, her eyes searching out Piquette's very soul.

"And you, madame," said Piquette, her voice gathering scorn in its very suppression, "you, madame, who love 'im too, you listen to everyt'ing 'is enemies say agains' 'im; you believe dese lies, you let dem try to keel 'im, you 'elp dem bring you to *déshonneur*. You try to keep 'im from saving you from disgrace! What kind of a woman are you, madame, to 'ave a love like dat t'rown at your feet, an' walk away an' leave it like a dead flower upon de groun'? Mus' it take a woman like me to show you what is fine and noble in de worl'? You sen' 'im away into de night. *Juste ciel!* Is dere no blood in your heart, madame, no tenderness, no pity, for de love of a man like Jeem 'Orton? Love! You do not know what love is, you—"

"Stop, madame!" gasped Moira, her lips gray and trembling under the wrist that masked her eyes. "You dare not tell me what love is. You don't know—everything."

Striding quickly to Nora Burke's door, Quinlevin locked it. And then to Piquette: "You will please accompany me into my room, Madame Morin," he said. "Perhaps Tricot and I can find a way to unlock your lips."

"Yes," said Piquette quietly, "I know everyt'ing. But only God could keep me from de man I love."

"Yes, God!" whispered Moira tensely. "Only God!"

The pallor of her face, the agonized clutch of her white fingers on the table, and the tone of her voice silenced Piquette; and she glanced up at Moira partly in pity, partly in scorn. Piquette's education had not fitted her to understand the motives of women different from herself, but she saw in Moira's face the scars of a great passion and the marks of suffering not to be denied. And so after a painful moment for Moira, she turned her glance aside.

"I cannot speak of this to you, madame," she heard the girl stammer. "You have no right to judge me or to question my motives. And if I've misjudged you, or Jim Horton, God knows I'm sorry for it. But you, madame, why should *you* come and tell me these things?"

Moira's breath seemed suspended while she waited for the woman's answer. Piquette traced a moment with a finger on the arm of the chair.

"You may be sure it 'as cos' me somet'ing," she said slowly.

"Does he know—does Jim Horton know?"

"No, madame. He knows not'ing."

"Then why?"

"Because," said Piquette, rising with some dignity, "because it pleases me, madame. What Jeem 'Orton wish'—is my wish too. 'E love you. *Eh bien!* What 'e is to me does not matter."

Moira stared at her dully. She could not believe.

"If you do not on'erstan' me, madame," Piquette continued, "it is because you do not wish to on'erstan', because all de sacrifice 'e make for you is in vain. You listen to deir lies, become a partner in a crime to get money which does not belong to you—"

"How do you know this?"

" 'Arry 'Orton, your 'usband, tol' me de trut'."

"Harry!"

"Yes, madame. I was a frien' to your 'usband."

"You?"

The glances of the two women met, held each other, read each other, omitting nothing. It was Piquette who looked away. If self-abasement was to be the measure of her sacrifice, she had neglected nothing.

"An' now," she said quietly, "if you please, I shall go away."

"Not yet, madame," said Moira gently. "Not until I tell you that I know what you have done—that I believe you."

"Thank you."

Moira caught Piquette by the hand and held her.

"I cannot be less noble than you, madame. Forgive me."

"It is Jeem 'Orton who should forgive."

"I have done him a great wrong—and you. And I must do him another great wrong. You have said that only God could keep you from the man you love. God *has* kept me from Jim Horton. I cannot see him again."

"But you cannot stay here, madame," put in Piquette earnestly.

"No, perhaps not,"—wearily. "But you have taught me something. If sacrifice is the test that love exacts, I, like you, can bear it."

"An' make Jeem 'Orton suffer too!" cried Piquette wildly. "What you t'ink I tell you dese t'ings for, madame? You mus' go wit' 'im to Paris."

"No. I can't."

"What will you do?"

"I don't know yet. I must think."

"You will do what 'e ask of you."

"No."

"You mus' see 'im."

"No. Don't ask me."

There was a knock upon the door into the corridor—repeated quickly. The two women exchanged glances, Moira bewildered, Piquette dismayed. She had remained too long.

"Monsieur Quinlevin!" she whispered.

Moira, a finger to her lips, beckoned her toward the door into Nora Burke's room; then there was another quick knock, and Quinlevin entered quickly, followed by another figure.

"Moira, why didn't you—" the Irishman began, and then his glance passed to Piquette. "Ah, you here, madame!" He frowned with quick suspicion, glancing toward the door into his own room. And then suddenly he beckoned his follower in. It was Monsieur Tricot, bent, hobbling, but full of every potentiality for evil.

Quinlevin closed and locked the door behind him, putting the key into his pocket, and then with a muttered injunction to his companion, unbolted and opened the door into his own room and disappeared. Moira had scarcely time to note the villainous look the Apache cast in Piquette's direction, when Quinlevin came striding in like a demon of vengeance.

"Ah, Madame Morin," he snapped, "it seems as though I were just in time. What have you done with the papers?"

The little patches of color upon Piquette's lips and eyes seemed suddenly to grow darker in the pallor of her face; for Tricot's evil face near by was leering at her—Tricot, whose secrets she knew and whose secrets she had betrayed. She was horribly frightened, but she managed to control her voice as she replied steadily:

"What papers, monsieur? I know nothing of any papers."

"The papers referring to the De Vautrin case. *Your* papers, Moira, your birth-certificate, and the letters which went with it."

Moira stood near the door into Nora's room, pale but composed. And now she spoke bravely.

"Madame Morin has not left this room since she came into it. I know nothing of any papers."

Piquette smiled inwardly. Her embassy had not been entirely without success. But Quinlevin glanced quickly at Moira, suspicion becoming a certainty.

"Oh, we'll see about this." And striding quickly to Nora Burke's door, Quinlevin locked it securely. And then to Piquette:

"You will please accompany me into my room, Madame Morin," he said dryly. "Perhaps Monsieur Tricot and I can find a way to unlock your lips."

Piquette cast an appealing glance in Moira's direction.

"You will let Madame Morin go!" pleaded the girl to the Irishman.

"No!" he thundered. "There will be no more trickery here. And you'll stay here too, under lock and key, until your new friend speaks."

The two women were helpless, and they knew it. Already Tricot's sharp talons had closed on Piquette's shoulder, but with an effort at composure she shrugged him off and entered the door beside which Barry Quinlevin stood, bowing with ironical politeness. Piquette caught just one glimpse of Moira's white face before the door closed between them. Then the key was turned in the lock, the other key also, and she sank rather helplessly into a chair, a prisoner.

"This locking of doors is a game that two persons may play at, madame," said Quinlevin easily in French. "Our friend the deserter locks me in with Monsieur de Vautrin while you rifle my papers, and now I keep you prisoner until they are found. Where are they, madame?"

His voice was soft, but even in the dim light iridescent fires played forbiddingly in his little eyes.

Piquette was silent, her glance passing about the obscurity as though in search of a resting-place. She feared Quinlevin, but more than him she feared the evil shape just beside her shoulder. She could not see Tricot, but she felt his presence, the evil leer at his lips, the bent shoulders, the vulturelike poise of his head and the vengeance-lust that burned in his little red eyes. For whatever Monsieur Quinlevin owed her, here, she knew, was her real enemy.

"The papers, madame," Quinlevin repeated more brusquely.

Still no reply.

"You took them from behind the bracket yonder. What did you do with them?"

"They are gone," she said quickly.

"Where?"

"That I shall not tell you."

She felt the claws of Tricot close upon her shoulder until she shrank with the pain, but she made no sound.

"One moment, Tricot," said the Irishman, "there are first other ways of making Madame speak. Release her."

Tricot obeyed.

"Of course, Tricot and I can search you."

Piquette laughed.

"Search me, monsieur. It is your privilege. I am not squeamish."

The Irishman frowned. There was no doubt that what he had proposed had no terrors for a life-model. But there were other means at his disposal, to find out what he wished to know.

"I should have remembered your métier, madame," he sneered. And then: "Our friend Tricot has a long memory. He is not a man who forgets. If you will look at him, you will see that this chance meeting is much to his liking."

Piquette did not dare to look.

"It seems," the Irishman went on, "that the betrayal of the secrets of the small society to which you belong is a grave offense."

"I've betrayed no secrets," said Piquette, finding her voice. "No one knows of the affair of the rue Charron—"

"Except Monsieur Horton, who will tell it when he is less busy."

"No. He will tell nothing."

"Tricot is not willing to take that chance. Eh, Tricot?"

"No," snapped the vulture. "Piquette knows the penalty. She'll pay it."

"And if I pay it," said Piquette bravely, "you'll know no more about what has become of your papers than you do now."

Quinlevin made a sign to Tricot.

"There's something in that—but I'm in no mood to be trifled with. That ought to be pretty clear to you."

"It is. I'm not trifling."

"Then speak, or—" Quinlevin paused significantly.

Piquette continued to glance around the room as though in a hope that something might happen to release her from her predicament. It had now grown dark outside, but her captors showed no disposition to make a light. Yet it seemed impossible that they would dare—

She tried to gain time.

"And if I could tell you what has happened to the papers," she asked uncertainly, "will you let me go?"

"Yes. Speak."

"And if I cannot tell you—"

"I will tell you, madame. You will be left here alone in this room with the good Tricot." And as Piquette shrank down into her chair: "He is a very ingenious rascal, Tricot. Never yet has he been caught by the police." Quinlevin stopped suddenly, his gaze on the rectangle of the open window, as though listening. "An open window," he mumbled. "I left it so—perhaps. But do you go, Tricot, and look out. Perhaps there is some one below."

The man obeyed without a sound, vanishing outside the window on the portico.

"No one can help you, madame," Quinlevin said in a threatening whisper, "for at my word Tricot shall be quick and silent." He caught Piquette furiously by the wrist and twisted it. "What have you done with my property?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"You are lying."

Tricot's silhouette appeared at the window.

"Monsieur," he whispered tensely, "there's a man—below."

"Horton!" said Quinlevin. "What is he doing?"

"Crawling in the bushes, monsieur."

The clutch on Piquette's arm grew tighter.

"What did you do with the papers?"

"I burned them in the fireplace," she said desperately.

Quinlevin rushed to the hearth and struck a match, examining the ashes minutely. Then he straightened quickly.

"You lie, madame. I burned some letters here this morning. The ashes are just as I left them." In one stride he was at her side again, a pistol in his hand.

He caught her roughly by the arm, *(Continued on page 90)*

AN AMAZING RECORD

of what befell one woman in Red Russia will be published in the December number of this magazine. She saw her fiancé executed by the agents of the Czar and recently beheld her husband destroyed by Bolshevik officials. And yet she believes in Russia. Her own story is a document of horror, yet of tremendous human appeal.

Mother and the Movies

By BURNS MANTLE

THIS month Mr. Mantle concerns himself with the moving pictures, because of the fact that between the writing of his last month's review of the new plays and the date necessary to complete his regular review for this month the "Actors' Strike" was being produced in New York. Thus Fate—and the players—left him no alternative but to concern himself with the spoken drama's celluloid sister—the Films.—THE EDITORS.

IT probably would be hard to convince Mother that the movies are really improving, or that the resolutions adopted by her club a few years ago have had their effect. But it's the truth. The resolutions themselves may not have been responsible, but they were at least a contributing factor. Therefore I salute Mother.

It will be recalled that the exhibitor, the proprietor of the theater in which the movie was shown, was not at that time a friendly person. He cared considerably less for the uplift than he did for his indigent cousins, and he refused to consider seriously the criticism of so unimportant a minority as Mother and her club—"a lotta old hens," I believe, was his familiar characterization of them. He was giving his people what they wanted, he averred, and anyone who did not like his pictures need not come to see them.

But Mother kept on protesting. True, she frequently appeared to belie the sincerity of her protests by attending the movies. They offered the only cheap entertainment in the neighborhood, and they were one of the few places to which Father could be dragged without a struggle. But she kept on protesting just the same, and frequently, after seeing a picture herself, she kept the children and the neighbors' children at home.

These protests against the character and quality of the average movie—they were directed mostly at their unclean subjects and brazen inanities at that time—filtering through the exhibitor to the manufacturers, made more of an impression on the manufacturer than he himself realized at the time. He was not in the picture-business for his health, he was frank to say, and so long as the returns were greatest from those pictures that were most frequently condemned by the mothers' clubs, *he* should worry! Money was his ideal,—his only ideal, if you were to question him persistently,—and the success that brought the money was good enough for him.

Photograph by Hartsook, San Francisco

Gloria Swanson was so successful in "Don't Change Your Husband" that she became a favored leading lady in a day. Her new part is that of the female in "Male and Female."

But deep down somewhere in the least-used corners of his mental storehouse another idea was stirring—that if it *were* possible to produce an occasional picture that the mothers of the country could, and mayhap would, indorse, and one that would still make money, that would probably be worth while.

He was toying with this idea when the exhibitors began to suffer another reaction. Mother was really responsible for this too, but the exhibitors did not realize it. They had been buying pictures in groups, contracting with the manufacturers, through the distributors, for a full year's program. By the terms of the contract they were bound, usually, to take all the pictures sent them, to exhibit them in the order sent and not to deal with any other firm handling a similar class of features.

Eileen Percy, who will be seen with Robert Warwick in the film version of "In Mizzoura."

That is, if they wished to control the showing of a Mary Pickford picture in their territory, which they most certainly did, they were forced to sign a long-term contract with the Pickford distributors, obligating them to take also "eight Tommy Fullfaces" and "seven Sarah Frecklenoses" as well. If they wanted to show the Douglas Fairbanks pictures, or the Bill Harts, or the Theda Barebacks, they had to agree to take a number of cheaper pictures to pay for the privilege. This, they finally decided, was not only unfair to them but stifling to their business, and eventually would react on the producers of pictures themselves—which it certainly did.

The exhibitors were backed in their righteous objection to the program-arrangement by the big stars. Neither Miss Pickford nor Mr. Fairbanks nor any of the other best-sellers of the screen could see just why their popularity should be used to build up the interests of a firm in which they had little if any more than a salary interest. And so it came to pass that the issue of "selective buying," about which Mother has undoubtedly heard a lot, was forced upon the manufacturers. Backed by the encouragement of the stars, the exhibitors banded together and spoke their minds.

"Here," shouted the little fellow who runs the "store show" around the corner, in chorus with the pompous fellow who manages the gorgeous new movie temple with the plaster front, "this thing has got to stop, or we are ruined men!"

"What thing?" blandly queried the picture makers.

"This program thing," the exhibitors explained; "you can't go on rushing pictures through your mills, turning them out cheap and unfinished to get them done on a certain date. Our people wont stand for them. They're all alike, and they are all bad. You gotta do something."

"All right," agreed the manufacturers, knowing in their hearts that the complaint was just; "but you gotta help."

It was thereupon agreed that the program method of disposing of pictures in wholesale lots should be abandoned. Beginning with the first of last September, every manufacturer was to come into the open market with a dozen or more sample copies of advance releases, pictures made ahead to meet the test. These would be shown in the various centralized exchanges around the country, and the exhibitors, sitting in judgment before them, would select only those subjects that were worthy and suited to the taste of their particular public.

These sample showings were to be made by all grades of picture-producers, including the high and the low, the big and the little. Even the lowly independent, making a feature picture on borrowed capital, was to have a chance to exhibit his work.

Irene Castle in a scene from "The Invisible Bond."

Immediately thereafter a spirit of feverish competition set in. Each firm of producers, confident that in any fair test its pictures would be judged superior to any others in the market, set about making the best showing possible. "Fewer and better pictures" became the slogan of one concern and the ambition of all.

Directors were taken in hand and impressed with the idea that no longer would they have to finish a picture in a specified time in order to meet contracted dates of release. Better two, three, even four weeks' additional time, and a few thousand additional dollars

spent on a picture, than that it should reflect discredit on the organization that fathered it. All-star casts were employed to work in "specials" that ordinarily would have been mere "feature" pictures.

In order to have a sufficient stock of new subjects on hand, the bigger concerns were obliged to invest millions of dollars in productions from which there could be no return for several months. But even they were enthused by the possibilities of the new order. Thoroughly confident that with their prestige and their great resources they could outsell and outbid each other, and practically negative the efforts of the little fellows, they were keen for the test.

Finally September came, and the selective-booking plan went into effect. The exhibitors were thrilled with the reform they had forced upon the business. Beamingly they traveled singly and in groups to those central exchanges in which the better pictures were to be shown. For the first time in the history of this "infant" industry,—I think it was Julian Johnson who said a year ago that the motion-picture industry was not only in its infancy, but also in the hands of infants,—for the first time they could select those subjects they knew their respective publics would pay most to see, and sniff at the others they did not like. They were at last masters of their fate and their fortunes; their star of hope was in the ascendant and as luminous as a harvest moon.

The manufacturer, too, was more pleased than displeased at the promise of the new idea. It had given him a chance to prove the superiority of his output. It had put new life into his business and new ambition into the personnel of his studio staff.

As a result the pictures that were made last summer, and which are being shown now, should be, and many of them are, the very best pictures that have ever been turned out of American studios. More time, more money, more care were spent on them than have been spent on any others.

But so far as the success of the selective-booking scheme is concerned—it was not a success at all. And the first man to admit it was the exhibitor himself. The little fellow who had brought all this promising reform about and was so happy in assuring the mothers and others who had complained of the quality of his showings that it was to prove the panacea for all the movie's ills, found himself facing a dilemma with a toss in either horn.

Photograph by Campbell Studios, New York

Violet Heming is to play the title rôle in the screen version of "Everywoman."

Pauline Frederick and Frankie Lee in the new photoplay by Louis Sherwin, "Bonds of Love."

In the first place he discovered that it was not nearly so easy as he had thought it would be to select one or two or even a dozen pictures from forty or fifty submitted. He did not enjoy the responsibility of the choice thus put upon him. He found himself face to face with the necessity of depending upon his own wits and his own judgment, and the thought irked—not to say awed—him. Frequently he would select a feature picture he was sure would "go big" with his public, only to find that it had previously been offered to his competitor in the next block, or across the street, and that if he wanted it he would have to outbid that competitor for it. This meant that he would have to agree to pay twice, three times, often four times as much as he had paid under the old blanket-contract arrangement.

Secondly he felt he could not be sure of a steady supply of quality pictures without buying ahead, and if he bought ahead, what assurance had

he that some independent producer, with whom the woods were filling up, would not come to market with a startlingly new subject, or a "popular special," which he (the exhibitor) would be unable to show, because of his previous purchases?

The exhibitor did not want to go back to the old hurried and unsatisfactory program arrangement, but he was not at all happy with the new selective scheme. So he proceeded to compromise. He bought a "franchise" from this company or that one, by the terms of which he agreed to take a certain number of their pictures each year,—forty or forty-five of them in some instances,—or he contracted for his pictures in blocks of eight or twelve and trusted to luck, as he had done with the programs, that they would equal the demands of his following.

This is the situation as we find it to-day. Pictures are better than they were, and they will be better than they are, because, despite the franchise arrangement, a healthy competition has been created among the producers, not only in the sale but in the making of pictures. This is certain to establish, as permanently as such things can be established, new standards of quality. Nor is this the only hopeful sign of the movie times. With this new competition the independent producer feels that his great opportunity has dawned. Usually he is a graduate director from one of the larger studios who has made several popular pictures under the old arrangement, and because of their popularity convinced himself that he is the party responsible.

"Why should I work for a salary," says he, "when I might just as well be sharing in the profits, or taking the better part of them for myself? I am not naturally a conceited person, but I know, if I had a free hand, I could make the best pictures in the world. So, why should I work for anyone else?"

Echo answering "Why?" with encouraging persistency, the director determines to start out for himself. At the expiration of his contract he leaves the firm, incorporates himself into a going concern, rents or builds a studio and produces a picture. And be it said to his credit, usually he sells it. And usually, too, it is a better picture than he had ever made before "he went on his own."

At the right is Madge Kennedy in "Strictly Confidential."

Betty Compson and Thomas Meighan in "The Miracle Man."

Pauline Stark in "The Life-line," which is taken from an old-time Drury Lane melodrama.

Nazimova in "The Hermit Doctor of Gaya."

Personally I believe that herein lies the reasonable correction of much that has been responsible for bad pictures. A picture demands, even more than a staged production demands, the individual stamp of the producer—not of the salesman, but of the man whose creation, as a picture, it is. If, through him, the author's ideas are adequately and creditably visioned, the best results humanly possible have been obtained from that particular subject.

When the director is only one of a working crew and is able to shift the responsibility for a poor picture from himself to the production-editor, who passes it back to the continuity-writer, who blames the head of the scenario-department, who insists the firm had no business buying the story in the first place, he lacks incentive. But given even a fair talent, a free hand and the knowledge that his reputation is at stake, the director will have all the incentive in the world. Also, working alone, he will keep in closer touch with the author of the story, which serves to preserve the originality of the idea, if any it has.

Another development that may reasonably strengthen the hope, not only of Mother but of the whole blessed family, that the moving pictures of the future will be of better quality than those of the past, is the new interest being taken in them by many eminent authors.

It was not so very long ago, not more than a year or two, that authors of standing had suffered such painful experiences with the producers and directors of moving pictures that they refused to have anything more to do with them—refused flatly and in such emphatic terms that even the picture men were shocked.

In some instances the authors had tried to write scenarios of their own stories, and found they could not do it—not, at least, to the satisfaction of the men to whom they submitted them. Then they rather reluctantly turned their plots and ideas over to the scenario-departments of the various firms, never to see or hear of them again. When one was produced as a picture, it might still bear the original author's name, and occasionally his title was used because of its advertising value, but story and characters were seldom to be recognized. They were no more than a whisper from the departed, and as unsatisfying as Aunt Effie's attempts to get the idea across that she is happy in heaven and that the lost daguerreotype of Sallie has fallen between the boards and the plaster in the attic.

With the new competition, the demand for good stories has grown tremendously. Now it is a fixed conviction with four fifths of all the producers of motion pictures (and this is a good thing for embryo cinema-authors to remember) that a story printed in a magazine offers better material for screen-purposes than the same story could possibly offer submitted as an original idea for a scenario. There are frequent instances on record, in fact, where a scenario, refused by the readers of the best firms of motion-picture producers at a market price of a few hundred dollars, has later been written and sold as a short story and then resold as a scenario possibility for two and three and as high as five thousand dollars. The publishers of magazines have agreed with certain motion-picture con-

Alice Lake, once a Sennett bathing girl, and Bert Lytell in "Lombardi, Ltd."

cerns to submit to them all stories on hand, prior to their publication, and at least one firm has its readers stationed just around the corner from the press-room of a popular publication, instructed to beg, buy, borrow or steal the first copies of the magazine printed and rush through the table of contents, in order that its competitors may be forestalled in bidding for the motion-picture rights to all available material therein contained.

Rupert Hughes, all of whose novels are first published in THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, has testified that he has been paid as high as ten thousand dollars for the rights to a story that was later so mutilated that he was tempted to sue the offending company for damages to his reputation as an author. Rex Beach, who escaped similar experiences by directing the screening of his own stories, was among the first to realize what this meant to the future of the cinema, and with the coöperation of the firm of picture-makers with which he is associated, he organized what is known as Eminent Authors' Pictures, Inc. In this organization he interested novelists of the standing of Mr. Hughes, Gertrude Atherton, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Gouverneur Morris, Leroy Scott and Basil King by promising that they should have "the final say in the filming of their creations just as they have with the proof of their books." They were not only asked to approve the "continuity" or screen-version of their stories, but were invited, with expenses paid, to go to the California studios of the Goldwyn company and take a hand in the filming process itself. As a result Mr. Hughes helped with the screening of "The Cup of Fury," his last year's RED BOOK novel; Miss Atherton spent weeks in Los Angeles during the making of "Perch of the Devil;" Mary Roberts Rinehart approved on the "lot" the liberties that were taken with "Dangerous Days," and Basil King himself worked with the director who made "The Street Called Straight."

A dozen other authors have visited or are on their way to visit either the Eastern or Western studios of the firms that have bought the screen rights to their books, and the experiment is naturally being watched with the greatest interest, not only by the writers but also by those who have for some time been complaining that pictures were getting "worse and worse." A familiar phrase, agrees Mother, but extravagant. How could pictures continue to be worse and worse, when most of them have been as "worse" as they could be for so long a time? She was reminded of the small son of the village doctor who, asked to compare the adjective "bad," answered: "Bad, worse, dead."

The play-market, too, is now being fairly besieged by the makers of pictures—where, formerly, the Famous Players organization was the only picture-concern that was interested in play-material, they are now all in the market, and bidding their heads off. Ten and fifteen thousand dollars are frequently paid for the motion-picture rights to a play that has been an acknowledged failure on the stage; and just last week I with my own ears heard and with my own eyes saw the representative of a company that stands no better than third in the list of picture firms offer one hundred thousand dollars each for three plays that had been big Broadway suc-

Photograph by Hartsook, San Francisco

Above is a new portrait of Mabel Normand.

Peggy Wood and Will Rogers in "Almost a Husband."

Viola Dana on one of her days away from the studio.

cesses the last three seasons.

In fact it is quite amazing the degree of interchangeability at which the stage and the screen have arrived, these last two or three years—amazing, because it is so very easy to remember when for the average playgoer the State of Disgust was bounded on the north by moving-picture policemen in pursuit of moving-picture freaks, on the east by society-drammer as the screen-directors had never seen it, on the west by such an assortment of hoop-la cowboys as never were by peak or prairie, and on the south by a soul-torturing assortment of red-light propaganda telling little Mary Smith just what she might expect when she left home.

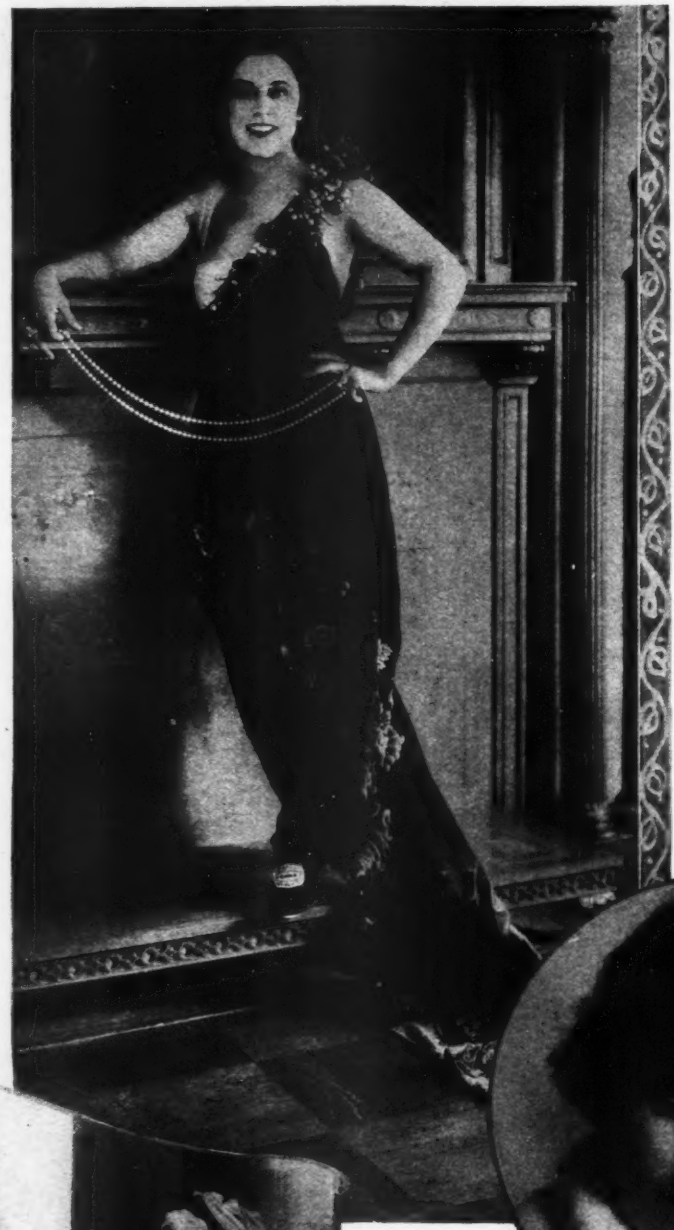
The belief was then freely expressed that the spoken and the silent drama had little in common, that the actor personalities of the theater were not "photographic personalities," and that comparatively few of the plays that were popular as plays could be stretched successfully to fill in the four or five reels necessary to the feature picture. These few, it was said, would soon be used up and then the screen would be forced to depend exclusively on original ideas submitted by a new group of writers especially trained for the task.

The records prove the contrary to be true. In proof of which we have the recent combination of the Famous Players-Lasky group of motion-picture interests with the Charles Frohman, Inc., company of play-producers, followed a few weeks later by the joining of Messrs. Shubert and their principal allies of the theater, A. H. Woods and the Brothers Selwyn, with the Goldwyn Pictures corporation—a neat little *coup de théâtre* that increased the capitalization of the Goldwyn company from a paltry three million dollars to an important twenty million.

If these combinations meant no more to the future of pictures than that the cinema-companies had secured first rights to the screen versions of such plays as their associate managers produce, they would mean practically nothing at all. But they mean much more than that. They mean, in effect, that the producers of motion pictures, after ten years' experience, have come to realize their dependence upon the theater, its drama, its authors, and its producers, as well as its actors, and that they have deliberately sought an amalgamation of the two interests. Having the capital with which first to lure and then to convince the hesitant stageites, they have had their way.

Hereafter motion-picture capital will be back of many a play-producing enterprise,—it is back of several already, in fact,—and many a manuscript intended by its author for screen use is very likely to find its way to the stage first, or the other way about. A year from now every producer of plays will have his moving-picture connections definitely established.

Amalgamations and combinations in any business are not interesting in themselves, except to the few whose lives they touch. It matters little to the family, for example, whether the Famous Players company takes over the productions of Charles Frohman, Inc., and hereafter *(Continued on page 101)*



Photograph by White, New York

At the right is a new studio picture of Geraldine Farrar.

Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen in a screen story of the desert that is as yet unnamed.

Miriam Cooper, at the right, has the title rôle in "Evangeline."

Photograph by Evans, Los Angeles

Borrowed Lives

By CLIFFORD RAYMOND

Illustrated by H. WESTON TAYLOR

THIS is the story of a spiritual vampire—of the strange young-old man Sidney Cotter who was beloved of women, who never did them obvious harm and who yet somehow fed his soul-thirsty spirit upon them. Only wise Dr. Sent perceived this, and understood how he had mentally and emotionally ruined Mrs. Grenville, who had loved Cotter. So Sent feared the result of Cotter's friendship with the widowed Mary Burr, whom Sent himself loved, and feared the adoration felt for Cotter by Mary's three daughters Grace, Alice and Ethel. And then, while on a visit to the north woods, Sent learned from his guide, Ad Fellows, of a girl whose friendship with Cotter had driven her to suicide. Sent hurried back to Burr Place — only to find that Ethel had fled with Cotter and that Alice had disappeared in a fit of jealous dementia. Sent and Mary found Alice wandering in the woods late at night, clad only in her nightdress. Ethel's brother Alfred came home and promptly set out in pursuit of Cotter and Ethel—and was killed in an automobile accident during that pursuit. Cotter and Ethel were married and went to the north woods. Ten days later Dr. Sent received a wire from Ad Fellows: "Come at once."

FELLOWS met Sent at the railroad station in the early morning. It was mid-September, with the dim light of a gray day. Fellows was in the bright Mackinaw jacket in which Sent first had seen him—the morning when he leaned against the station wall and had a twenty-mile walk as the alternative if he were not acceptable to the people in the car.

He came to greet Sent with a gracious diffidence, and Sent saw that he had been in perplexities, moral perplexities which had worn his physical self down suddenly and violently—the evidences of the work of great moral and spiritual forces which have instant effect upon the superficial tissues.

Fellows' eyes were glazed, and his cheeks were— They could not be called sunken; that would indicate a ravage, and it was not so violent; but his cheeks revealed nervous and physical exhaustion.

What showed in Fellows' face was an acute anxiety, not a wearing physical trouble of long duration. In the woods people develop reticences which are more profound than the reticences of the city.

In the city, people socially disciplined refrain from doing things because if they did them they would annoy each other. In the woods people refrain from doing things because the doing of them would annoy, not others, but themselves. The reticence of the North American Indian, for instance, was not a part of human stupidity or of established and arbitrary custom. It was a habit of isolation in the woods in which the language is not of an articulate tongue but is of the signs and suggestions of a more reticent order.

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Sent had enough sense of Fellows' habits not to expect that he would say or want to say directly what had caused him to ask the physician to come back into the North Woods. Sent knew that Fellows, in twenty years, had acquired something of the silence of the woods which might be more perceivable—certainly would be the more revealed and significant—as it had a background of unrevealed action.

The more Fellows had to tell, the greater difficulty he might have in telling it. Sent knew that Ad had the advantage of the literary sense, unconsciously, but that in his approach to a subject the reticences of the woods-life would be more powerful for the while. He could not come running as a runner with tidings. The greater and the more intimate their import, the greater his reluctance and hesitation. He had needed Sent, or he would not have asked him to make the trip. If instant action were needed, he would say what was needed. Sent knew him well enough not to stress the peculiarity of this hurried trip to the woods, not to indicate his own anxiety.

Fellows' liking for Sent was indicated in the greeting. That was the significance in his welcome. The urgence of the summons was lost in the affectionate casualness of the welcome. Ad might have been a causeless visitor in town, Sent's an unexpected arrival.

"I am glad to see you," said Ad. "I never was more glad to see anyone."

"I am glad to see you," said Sent. He did not ask a question.

"There's no hurry—now," Fellows said. "We'll get some breakfast. We'll go across the tracks here to the National Hotel."

There were several hotels in the town. As a distributing-point for what the town called tourists, people going to the fishing-resorts on the various lakes, it needed accommodation for transients. The people who lived in the woods and who came to town for supplies went to the National Hotel for meals and bed.

"The tourists never dream of going here," said Fellows, smiling, as he led the way across the tracks. "It looks like a tough saloon. It isn't what a fastidious person would call gentle, but McCarthy, who runs it, is tougher than any of the tough fellows who come in to get drunk. They can get drunk in his place if they want to,—he wants them to,—but they got to go some place else to be disorderly. The other saloon don't think McCarthy gives a square deal. He gets the money, and they get the drunks.

"Tillie, his wife, is the best housekeeper and best cook you could find in a hundred miles. If you put her in an Indian camp, she'd have it clean in a week. She has a passion for cleanliness. It's her art. She is as strong as a horse, and work is the only enjoyment she has. McCarthy not only has a lot of respect for her because she feeds him so well, but he's a bit afraid of her. If she ever hit him with an ax-handle, the only question would be whether he went to bed for six months or into a pine box. Maybe I wrong Tillie. She might give him a better funeral.

"And cook! She has a genius for the coarse meats we get up here, the beef and pork, and she knows, better than anyone I ever knew, how to handle the game. Tillie can cook a duck. Up here they take a duck and fry it. Tillie puts her mallard in the oven, and it's cooked, but the blood follows the knife. I think venison is a poor food unless you know how to cook it. Tillie knows. Up here you expect to have a lot of tough, greasy food thrown at you, and Tillie is a phenomenon. That's why we are going to the National Hotel for breakfast."

It was a two-story frame building, revealing unexpected reaches and dimensions within. Sent observed the immaculate cleanliness in the bar fixtures and glass, the white floors, the great wood-burner, the white curtains, in every aspect of the big rooms which were used for the bar, the office and the dining-room.

Tillie was behind the bar for the moment. Sent had been prepared to see a stalwart woman, but Tillie was muscular beyond expectation. Her massive forearms were bared. Her face was full and ruddy. Three sleepy men sat in the cane chairs by the wall. Tillie was polishing glasses.

"Ready for your breakfast, Ad?" she asked.

"I think, Tillie, I'll have a couple little drinks first," said Ad. "This is my friend Dr. Sent, Mrs. McCarthy—and I don't think he'll want a drink. He hasn't our bad habits."

Fellows filled the time with genial comments upon the beauties of the September scene.

"I haven't got the endurance for them, Mrs. McCarthy," said Sent. "I'd probably do it if I had."

"I'm glad to meet you, Dr. Sent," said Tillie; "and don't be sorry about something that ought to make you glad. None of them have the endurance for the booze. They are licked before they start."

She set a whisky-bottle and glass before Fellows.

"Help yourself," she said, "and I'll get your breakfast ready."

"I always like to take a drink," said Ad, "when Tillie sets out the bottle and is just about to get breakfast for me."

"I'll admit he always likes to take a drink," said Tillie. "There's only one thing he likes better than taking a drink, and that's taking two."

She smiled at Ad and went to the kitchen.

"Tillie is the remnant of my conscience," said Ad. "She is the last whisper of the still small voice. I'll take two."

Tillie gave them wall-eyed pike with salt pork, fried potatoes, fried eggs and buckwheat cakes. This robust system which fitted the appetites of the woods amused Sent, whose normal breakfast was a little fruit, a little toast and a boiled egg.

Fellows explained that his way of getting out to the lakes was dependent on Scott Joyce's coming in from his potato-patch ten miles north of the town, coming in with the small car he used, or on one of McCarthy's horse-rigs.

"I came in late last night," Ad said, "and Scott and I had a drink or two over here at the National. I had to tell him that I had a little bit of trouble. If his potato-diggers don't come today, he's coming in to take us out. Mr. Williams has gone into the city, so we haven't got Tom and the car to rely on this time."

Sent nearly asked why Fellows had sent for him, but restrained himself, respecting the indirection and reticence of the woods.

"If Scott isn't here in a half-hour," said Fellows, "he can't come. Then we'll take a team from McCarthy, who'll let us have it. It's slower, but I don't think you'll mind, because the woods are so wonderful now that it's almost wicked to go through them in an automobile. We ought to walk out and belong to them."

John Sent finished his preposterously robust breakfast, and with Fellows went to sit and wait in the office of the hotel. Twice Fellows went to the bar. The second time, when he came back, he said:

"I guess Scott can't come, because he'd have been here by this time. So I've told McCarthy we'd take a team and his buckboard. We'll start in ten minutes. Tillie is hitching up. McCarthy is putting up a few bottles for us, and Tillie will give us a little lunch of cold chicken."

Tillie brought the team around to the hotel door and tied it to the iron rail at the walk.

"Your lunch—and other refreshment," she said with a smile, "are under the seat."

"Then we'll start," said Fellows. "It's a long trip with a team. The horses can't go fast through the sand."

The woods were in a conflagration of glory—a glory of burning maple and oak, torchlike in the deep green of the pine, fir and spruce.

"The buds are on the arbutus," said Fellows as they drove into the first depth of wood, having cleared the outskirts of the little town. "You know I am trying to find a way of telling you why I asked you to come up, but it is important that the buds are on the arbutus. You have been considerate, Doctor, not to press me for reasons for this sudden call on you."

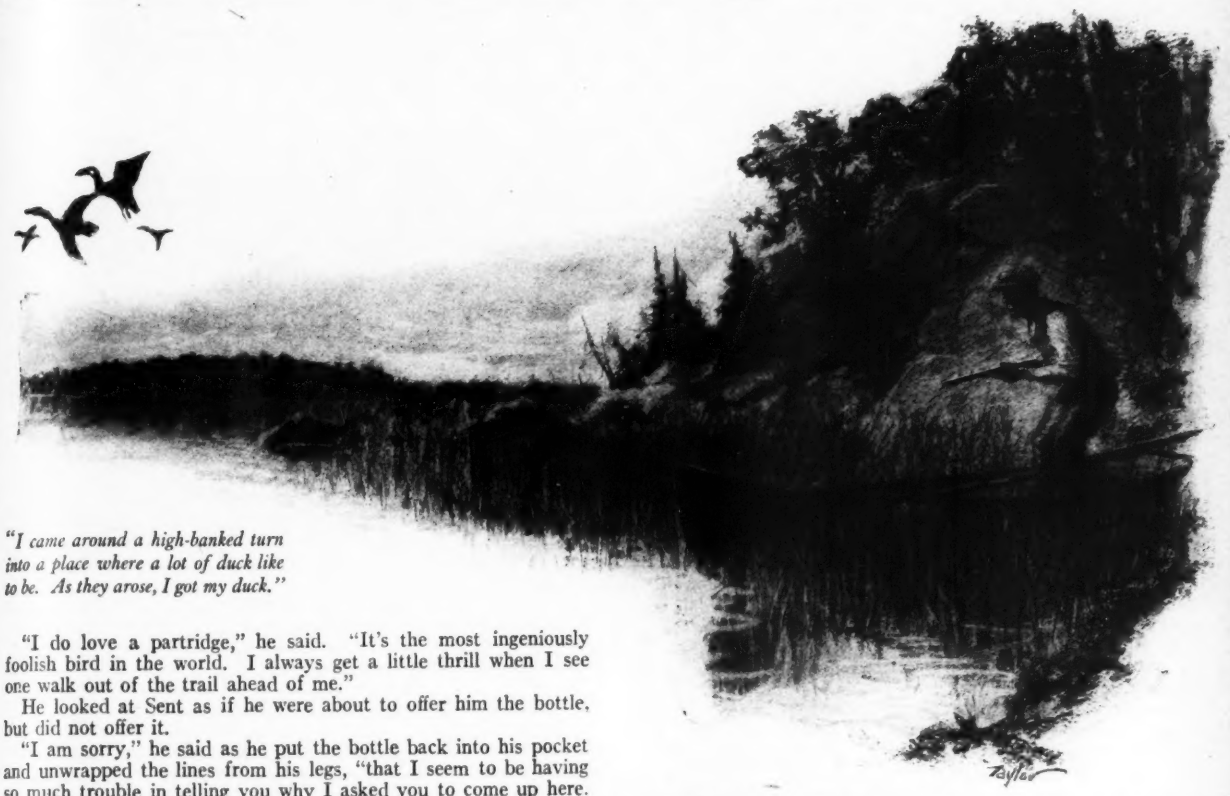
"I knew you had a good reason," said Sent, "and that you would tell it."

"It was considerate," said Fellows. "I love a patch of oak and maple with a fringe of birch at this time of the year when it stands against the spruce and pine. Look at that hill. I love the buckwheat stubble. Look at that little clearing on the other hill where there's a ruddy sort of glow. That's the buckwheat."

Sent thought that Fellows would pull out a bottle to the buckwheat stubble, but he did not. He did not get the bottle out until they had been driving for a half-hour, which time he filled with genial comments upon the varied beauties of the September scene.

It was when a covey of partridges, with a strutting cock, stepped out of the clover at the roadside ahead of them and walked in file along the trunk of a great windfall which lay in a thicket of birch, that Ad took his drink.

"I can't resist that," he said. He wrapped the lines several times about his leg and took out his bottle.



"I came around a high-banked turn into a place where a lot of duck like to be. As they arose, I got my duck."

"I do love a partridge," he said. "It's the most ingeniously foolish bird in the world. I always get a little thrill when I see one walk out of the trail ahead of me."

He looked at Sent as if he were about to offer him the bottle, but did not offer it.

"I am sorry," he said as he put the bottle back into his pocket and unwrapped the lines from his legs, "that I seem to be having so much trouble in telling you why I asked you to come up here. But when I sent for you, there was something to be done. Now there isn't anything to be done. It's been done. Cotter came back up here—and he came with a girl."

"Where is he now?" Sent asked abruptly. "Where is the girl?"

"I'll tell you about it," said Fellows, "but there's nothing to be done about it. It's all done. The account is closed."

"But Ad!" Sent exclaimed. "The girl! Where is she?"

"Did you know her?" Fellows asked. "How did you know her? How did you know about her?"

"I have known the girl who was with Cotter," said Sent, "and have known her since she was a baby."

"I think I'll take a drink because I need it," said Fellows, "and you'd better take one—because you'll need it."

At Sent's gesture of refusal, Fellows exclaimed: "Take it, or I sha'n't have the courage to tell you."

Sent took the drink.

"What happened to the girl?" he asked.

"She's dead," said Fellows.

Sent's habit of self-control kept him steady. Fellows looked at him apprehensively.

"I'm sorry to have said it that way."

"What happened to the man?" Sent asked.

"Cotter is dead," said Fellows.

THE lean ponies pulling the buckboard came out of the sand, which had made their going slow to the top of a slope from which the road went ahead by rise and fall, visible into the far distance at the crests of its rises, over a hard ground specked with white stone. The ponies, released from the drag of the sand, took their natural running stride.

As the wheels hit the stones, the two men on the seat were shaken and jarred. The ponies ran for two miles, and neither Sent nor Fellows said anything. The cleared hilltops to right and left blazed in the colors of scrub oak and maple. The little lakes were silvered in the valleys. The green masses of hemlock and spruce and pine were background for this blaze. The ponies came into the sand again at the rise of a hill, and dropped their pace to a walk.

"You'd better tell it," said Sent.

"When I sent you the telegram," said Fellows, "it hadn't happened. After it had happened, it was just as necessary, I thought, for you to come—if you could.

"I had decided to shoot a mallard. That was about—I'd guess—two weeks ago. I think I have been out of my head part of the time. I've lost calculation of time, I know—but I think it was two weeks ago.

"I thought I needed to vary my diet a little. To do it, I kill a few mallards and partridge, and once a year a deer. It was a very beautiful morning, and I remember how I enjoyed pushing the boat off the sand of the beach into the little ripples that helped the wind keep the sedge nodding out in the lake. I didn't want to kill anything, and yet I did.

"I knew that there were duck at the end of the thoroughfare into Emily's Lake. It widened just before it got to the lake, forming a considerable body of water protected by high banks of aspen and birch. I had planted wild rice along the shores years before. The duck liked the place. I liked it because it was so near to Emily's lake. I never fished in her lake, but I would go into it—liked to best at sundown, when Venus was just above the western rim of the world.

"I got my mallard, as I thought I would, by coming around a high-banked turn of the thoroughfare, poling quietly with the current. That turned me right into a place where a lot of duck usually like to be. They were there, and as they arose, I got my duck.

"Then I had a drink and watched the clouds, the white, terraced and pinnacled cumulus, sailing across the sky, looked at the blue intervals and the red and yellow colors on the hills. There's no such other lazy place as a boat in a thoroughfare, and no such other serenity as September. . . . . I'm sorry, Sent, but I really believe you want to find them as I found them. You really want to come upon them as I came upon them—because you want to really understand."

"I've got to understand," said John, "if I'm to tell her mother."

"Then you'll let me go ahead. I know it's rotten narrative, but I believe if you see the place you'll see the people better.

"I've had a real timidity about going into Emily's lake at all, but usually after I've loafed about in the thoroughfare, I just push the nose of the boat over the sandbar at the mouth and take a look at it.

"With what I know of it, it is lonesome beyond anything you could imagine. I've sat in the mouth of the thoroughfare at sundown, with the sun, just the rim of the blazing globe, above the hill, and nothing living to be seen except a kingfisher near by, or a duck, or a flight of ducks far away.

"The kingfisher might be noisy and intimate. The duck might

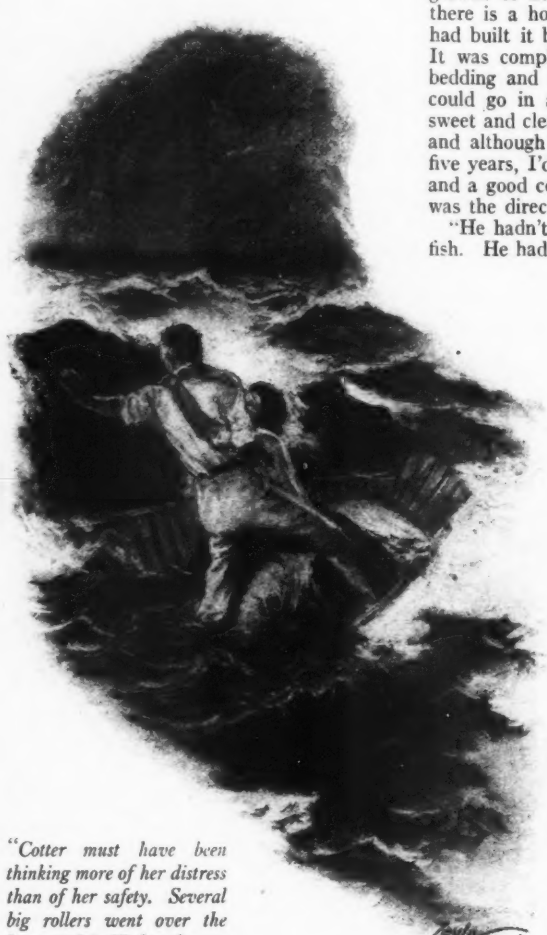
be silent and far away. But the lonesomeness was always close to you, overhead, at every side, everywhere—because that was the lake into which Emily jumped from the stern of a boat, and her death took all life out of it.

"Generally I carry with me fieldglasses, really good glasses. I had them with me, and when I had the boat over the sandbar at the mouth of the thoroughfare, I got them out of the case to take a real good look at the lake.

"The place where Emily put off the boat that evening was a mile around the shore. With the glass I could see the bit of white sand where she had pushed off—that evening. The Brown clearing was a mile from the lake, and they didn't have even a wild-hay marsh within a half-mile of it. All you could see was the bit of white sand, and a wild duck going west, and Venus, if it was the right time of the year, and the rim of the sun at the edge of the world.

"You must be patient with me, Sent, because I can't tell it any other way, because you must know a little more about me to know what happened. I sat there in the boat in that significant loveliness, looking around the shore with the binoculars, when I saw that there were two people on the lake in a boat—a man and a woman.

"That was unusual. People did not come to Emily's lake. Her own folk lived back of it, but they fished in another one. They had that much delicacy. I had kept the casual tourists out of the lake. I was so astonished that I rowed over the bar and out into the lake before I realized that even up here a direct approach is not always wise and seldom necessary. They were trolling by a bar in the lake, the man rowing. I could approach closer, unseen, by keeping in the weeds by the shore, and on the general principle that it is just as well to see and be unseen when you are very much interested and mystified, I headed into the weeds and came as close to the people in the boat as I could without being seen.



"Cotter must have been thinking more of her distress than of her safety. Several big rollers went over the boat, and it filled and went down."

"Then I looked again through my glasses. The man was Cotter. The woman was a young girl. I knew I could not be mistaken regarding the man, but I could hardly believe what I saw. Mr. Williams had closed his house the week before. I knew that, and knew that Cotter could not be his guest. He was in Emily's lake with another young girl, and I suddenly found that I was growing murderous."

"She was his wife," said Sent.

"I didn't know that," said Fellows. He took out his bottle.

"I think I'd better take another drink," he said, "and I think maybe you had—to the blackbirds flocking over in that clearing where there is a big maple."

"What then?" Sent asked.

"I was confused for a minute," said Fellows. "You can't see a thing like that exposed to your eyes through binoculars and not be upset for a while. Then I recovered and used caution."

He guided the ponies out of the way of some large stones.

"They trolled for two hours by the bar," he continued, "and I watched them from behind a point of the shore where some cattails made a screen. Part of the time I watched them through the glasses, and part of the time I just watched them.

"I'd never been that way before. I never had so fixed a determination to do a thing. The thing was to kill Cotter before he killed the girl. I had a horror of Cotter that I can't quite explain.

"Once in a while he let the boat drift while he cast into the weeds of the bar. He could cast beautifully, and I could see that he caught some fish.

"The sun was on a slant, and the wind that had been ruffling the lake died down. Even the aspen on the banks were as quiet as they ever can be. The sun began to color the clouds in the east and west, and then Cotter pulled away. I didn't know where he was going. He might head for the thoroughfare to the Williams place. That was the only likely place. He might have opened it up.

"It was to the south; and as I watched, I saw that Cotter was turning north. To the north about three hundred yards off the shore there is a small island—about five acres of land with a growth of hemlock and a small clearing to the northeast where there is a house. It hadn't been used for years. Mr. Williams had built it before he built the place he has been using up here. It was completely furnished, roughly but comfortably, and had bedding and table-linen, sheets and dishes and everything. You could go in after one of our dry summers, and find everything sweet and clean. Two hours in the sun would do for the blankets, and although the house hadn't been open, so far as I know, for five years, I'd guess it was as sweet as clover. It had a fireplace and a good cookstove and a number of comfortable chairs. That was the direction in which Cotter pulled.

"He hadn't merely brought this other girl into Emily's lake to fish. He had brought her up here to live—with him—for a while. You know I didn't know she was his wife. And I wonder if that could have made much difference to me.

"I'm morbid, and I don't care a great deal about the human race. It's an abstraction to me. I don't like its necessities, its processes, its method of living and giving life, and I've succeeded in keeping away from it. But I did like Emily. I loved her. She never died for me. She could die. Everything else might, but this little half-open wild rosebud had to live in fact or in memory. She wasn't alive in fact, but her lake was the mirror in which the memory of her face was reflected when evening hushed the aspen and quieted the hemlock and only little ripples came up on the sand."

Sent had observed that Fellows generally tried to correct and control any tendency toward supremacy of his emotions. Frequently he did it by outraging them.

"There's a partridge," he said, "running along that windfall. We'll drink it."

The drink he took from the bottle seemed to reduce a quaver in his voice and a lump in his throat.

"That was the direction in which Cotter rowed," he continued, "and he rowed well. He was muscular and expert. I'm good myself; I ought to be. It was astonishing to see how well he did it. The evening chill was coming down; it comes very quickly on the water. That was what drove them in.

"I sat behind the screen of sedge and cattails and watched them through the glasses. When they were far up toward the north end of the lake, I rowed out and followed, but kept close to the shore and made the long detour of the shore-line so I couldn't possibly be seen even by the best eyes at such a distance.

"I was several miles away when they landed on the little stretch of sloping beach at the island. A good deal of its shore-line was rocky, wooded bluff. The house had been built where there was an easy approach from the lake. I rowed close to the shore of the lake to the north of the island, beached the boat up a creek

and waited for dusk. When I was sure I couldn't be seen, when it was so dark that the island itself was only a dark mass standing out of the lake, I took off all my clothes except my trousers. I rolled them up to the knees and swam over to the island.

"I WAS comfortable enough in the water, and I am a fairly good swimmer, but it was cold when I crawled up the bank and worked my way around toward the house. I wondered whether they had a dog or not. They might have got one for company. If they had, he could make it very awkward for me. I got into the clearing without raising an alarm. Then I did not know why I had done it. I wanted to kill Cotter, but I couldn't peek in the windows at him.

"So I stood at the edge of the clearing for a while and looked at the house, all lighted up; then I swam back to the shore and got my boat and rowed home. Am I boring you with all these details of what I saw and did and thought?"

"You are not," said Sent. "I want to see what you saw and feel as you felt."

"That's what I thought—and it is important, I think. I don't know how I got home or when. I must have been in a sort of dementia. I know I did not put my clothes on. I left them in the boat when I got to my beach.

"I had my fire going and my lamps lighted and had several drinks before I realized that I was naked except for a pair of turned-up trousers. And it's a good two hours' row from where I started on Emily's lake to my shack, and the thoroughfare isn't so easy to go through in the dark. Thank the Lord it was too late in the year for mosquitoes, but I don't believe I'd have noticed them.

"I knew I was not rational, and yet I tried to be. What I had to do, I thought, was to kill Cotter. I knew that very few people, even if they knew the whole story, would see the justice of killing him, but I wasn't concerned with what unapprehending people thought of justice. Every time I thought of Cotter, I thought of Emily standing up in the stern of the boat and pushing it away from her as she jumped. Then I thought of this other girl, and I knew I had to kill Cotter.

"When it began to get light, I took some food to the boat, took the rifle and started back through the thoroughfare. I had sense enough to put my clothes on again, but that was about all.

"When I was back in Emily's lake, I posted myself on the shore across from the island, as close to it as I could get, in a cover of spruce, on a hillside, with the boat hidden in the weeds—and waited, with the rifle and my fieldglasses.

"It was several hours before Cotter appeared. He came out in a bathing suit. I had thought I was going to shoot, the moment I saw him; but when he appeared, all I did was to watch him. I did not even pick my rifle up. That might have made me doubt my purpose, but it didn't. I was convinced that I was going to kill Cotter.

"He came out from his swim and ran up and down the beach, where there was a smooth stretch. Then he went into the house, and presently the smoke began coming out of the chimney.

"I took a drink to something I'd never before drunk to—to something I hated."

"I disliked Cotter," said Sent, "but I wonder if I could hate him? You don't like a coward. You may pity him, or you may despise him, but we all have cowardice. Cotter was not a physical coward. He had a spiritual malady. I don't know that I could hate him. I certainly disliked him."

"I don't hate him now," said Ad. "I'll take another drink to him. Emily's lake has him, if Emily hasn't. I went back into the woods, where the smoke of my fire couldn't be seen, and cooked some bacon. Then I came back and lay down in the spruce cover again.

"Cotter and the girl came out on the lake late in the morning, and he tried to teach her to cast. He was expert himself. I almost forgot to hate him when I saw him cast. They came over toward the weeds not so far from me, and I remained there in the spruce.

"The lake was smooth and radiant in the sun. The girl had her sleeves rolled up, but Cotter must have said something to her about it. I was looking at them through the glass at the time, and I saw her pull her sleeves down. Even in September you can get burned on the lake if you are not accustomed to the water and the sun.

"Presently they rowed over to the bar. That was far enough away so that they could not see me. I got the boat out and went over to the island. I didn't want to do anything mean, but I did have to see what they were doing.

"I didn't like to go into the house, but I felt that I had to. It had been comfortably furnished, and the girl and Cotter already had made it homelike. Her picture was on the mantel of the fireplace. She was lovely, wasn't she?"

"The youngest of three beautiful girls," said Sent.

"The youngest, of course," said Fellows. "She was not wistful and shy, like Emily, but she was lovely. I didn't stay in the house long. I went back to the shore and had a drink to a heron that looked up above the weeds. I caught a pike, and went back into the woods again to cook my dinner.

"I must have been crazy, because I still thought I was sure to kill Cotter. I was serene about it, and patient. I would kill him and save this girl. He would destroy her as he had Emily, if I didn't prevent it. There would be another girl coming back to this lake to row out at sundown and throw herself into it. And Cotter would be indifferent—as he was to Emily.

"I had been back in the spruce-cover several hours—it was toward evening again—when they came back with their fish. They landed on the island, and Cotter took the fish up the beach, directly opposite me, to clean them.

"He stood by a windfall, and when he had cleaned the fish, he took them to the water and washed them. Then he stood up and was still a minute, looking toward the west.

"I took my rifle and put the sights on him. It was the chance. The girl was not near to see it. He was a good object; I am a good enough shot. But I couldn't pull the trigger. I couldn't even put my finger on it. I could keep the sights on him steadily, but I couldn't put my finger on the trigger. I know that if I had felt the touch of the trigger, I'd have pulled it; but I could not, with all my hate, get my finger on it.

"He stood there for maybe two or three minutes, looking at the colors in the west, and then he went into the house with his fish, and soon the smoke was coming up out of the chimney again.

"I stayed there late into the night. I had failed, but I didn't know my whole purpose had failed. I thought that was strong enough yet; but the paralysis when the opportunity was there dismayed me. It made me feel ashamed of myself. I couldn't feel on the square with myself.

"I had been threatening, and then, when there was a chance, I had done nothing. I just failed; I couldn't put my finger on the trigger. And Cotter stood there, the best object in the world, looking at the colors in the lake and in the sky, at the dark masses of spruce and pine and hemlock. He senses such things, doesn't he?"

"As much as any man I ever knew," said Sent. "It is a part of his reality."

"I knew that—I was sure of it. I couldn't shoot him then, but I lay there late into the night, hating myself for a weakling. A great horned owl a quarter of a mile away hooted, and much farther off, a wolf yelped, chasing a rabbit, or maybe a deer. The

THE "WHY" OF HIGH PRICES

THERE'S a lot more to it than buying something, or making something for ten cents and turning around and selling it for ten dollars. Just how much more Mr. Rudolf A. Clemen tells in the article he has written for the next number. You will be better informed after reading it.

moon came up. The little wash of the lake rippled up on the sand, and I lay there. The lights in the house were put out, and still I lay there. It was early morning when I rowed home.

"The next day, after noon, I went back with more food and two bottles. I worked around the bank of the lake as quietly as I could. Cotter and the girl were not on the lake. I hid the boat in the weeds again and got back to my place in the spruce. I watched there all day, but the two were nowhere in sight."

THE Indian ponies did not need any driving. They made the best time they could with a seeming prescience as to the distance to be traveled and an easy adjustment to the changing character of the road.

"Day by day I watched the two," Fellows said, "always intending to shoot Cotter and never doing it. I had my rifle-sights on him at least a half-dozen times, but each time something held me back. There was some drag on my trigger-finger

"Several times I was conscious that it was a thought of the girl. It was for her sake and for the memory of Emily that I wanted to kill Cotter. Yet it was for her sake that I could not shoot him. And yet I always waited for a favorable opportunity to do so.

"I lay in cover by day and night. I stalked the two. I was hidden at the edge of a cranberry marsh one afternoon when they gathered berries. I went partridge-hunting with them. I followed them when they fished in other lakes. Several times when they went out for the day, I went to the house on the island. There was no idea in doing this—just an attraction which I couldn't explain.

"I did not disturb any of their things, and there wasn't anything I wanted to find out. I didn't want to invade or violate any sanctuary, but I was impelled to go to the house. It was a curious insanity.

"Of course, they never knew that they were hardly ever, in the daylight, out of the sight of a man who was determined to kill him, who was waiting for the chance and who never shot when he had the chance, but who always intended to and who clung to his intention.

"I have thought of myself as an emotional atrocity afflicted upon this episode in human life. But they didn't know it. They never knew that I spent two weeks—I think it was two weeks; it may have been a week or ten days—never without my rifle and never without the intention of killing Cotter.

"The paralysis, I don't understand now, but I know that the purpose never really stopped. I was stalking him to kill him—and I never shot. I had ever so many chances. I worked for them all, but as each one was offered, didn't take advantage of it. I don't know how many times I had the sights on him—sometimes when he and the girl were in a boat out in the lily-pads and I was hidden behind the weeds; sometimes when they came along the trail, I was in the bush a hundred feet back of a clearing. But I never pulled the trigger because I never could pull it.

"Then the whole thing happened without my having anything to do about it. I had had a rational impulse. I had gone to the nearest telephone—the one over at the dam—and had sent a telegram to you asking you to come. That was the first sensible thing I had done. I had begun to realize that I was not acting reasonably and needed help. I knew you knew Cotter. I thought you might know what to do about it.

"That was day before yesterday. I came back to Emily's lake and spent the night in a little lean-to of beech saplings I had built over beyond the crest of the spruce hill—where they couldn't see the smoke from the fire I built to cook my potatoes and bacon and fish. I had got tired of that row home. So I had brought over supplies and had built a lean-to with a canvas cover and a balsam-fir bed, and when they had turned out the lights on the island, I crawled into my blankets in the balsam; and if I hadn't been so distracted, I might have been happy, sleeping out where you could hear the owl and the wolf, smell the fir and hear, far away, the wash of the lake. I know all of this, but it never seemed nearer and more intimate than it did when I was in so much distraction.

"Late the next morning Cotter and the girl went out on the lake to fish. One of the ugly little squalls that we know here in these little lakes came up.

"The morning was bright and warm, but there was a fringe of bad-looking clouds in the east, under the sun. Our bad winds come from the east and northeast. When they set out, there were a few whitecaps on the water, but it wasn't bad—not for a good man in a boat, and Cotter was a good man.

"I lay up in my covert and watched them as they got out two miles away. All of a sudden, just as I have seen it do time and again up here, the wind came up like fury.

"The lake turned upside down in ten minutes. It was really bad. It was a kick-up that none of the experienced woods-people up here would have chosen to be out in—though we could have gotten through it. There are tricks which aid strength, and skill which makes it safe.

"Cotter was a good oarsman, but he never had seen a little lake just stand on end all of a sudden and rage under a great wind all about a small boat. A wind like this one simply beats the water into ridges of froth-topped power. And it takes only a few minutes for the water to get into complete sympathy with the wind. Then there is a toss.

"To anyone unaccustomed to the thing it is bad. Cotter, evidently, had to keep his mind on the boat and the girl at the same time. What he wanted to do, I suppose, was to go over to her and put his arms about her and tell her there was no danger. What he had to do was to sit trimming the boat against her starts, and row with all his might to keep the waves from washing in and swamping them.

"If you've never seen one of these sudden storms come up, here, you'll not know how vicious they can become in a few minutes. I was watching the boat through my glasses, and I knew that Cotter was having a desperate time. The girl was frightened, and with the waves tossing the boat, she was not acting sensibly.

"Cotter must have been thinking more of her distress than of her safety. He must have allowed the boat to swing into the trough. Several big rollers went over it, and it filled and went down. I was two miles away.

"Cotter tried to get the girl, but he must have been overpowered by the waves, or she must have sunk inertly. So far as I could see, he did not get her, and presently I could see that he was swimming for shore alone.

"It was two miles and terrible water to swim in, with the storm raging. Through the glasses I could just see him, occasionally and indistinctly. There was the man that I had wanted to kill, making a fight for life. I was glad of it. I forgot that another girl had died in Emily's lake because of him. I only thought of him dying there. That was just.

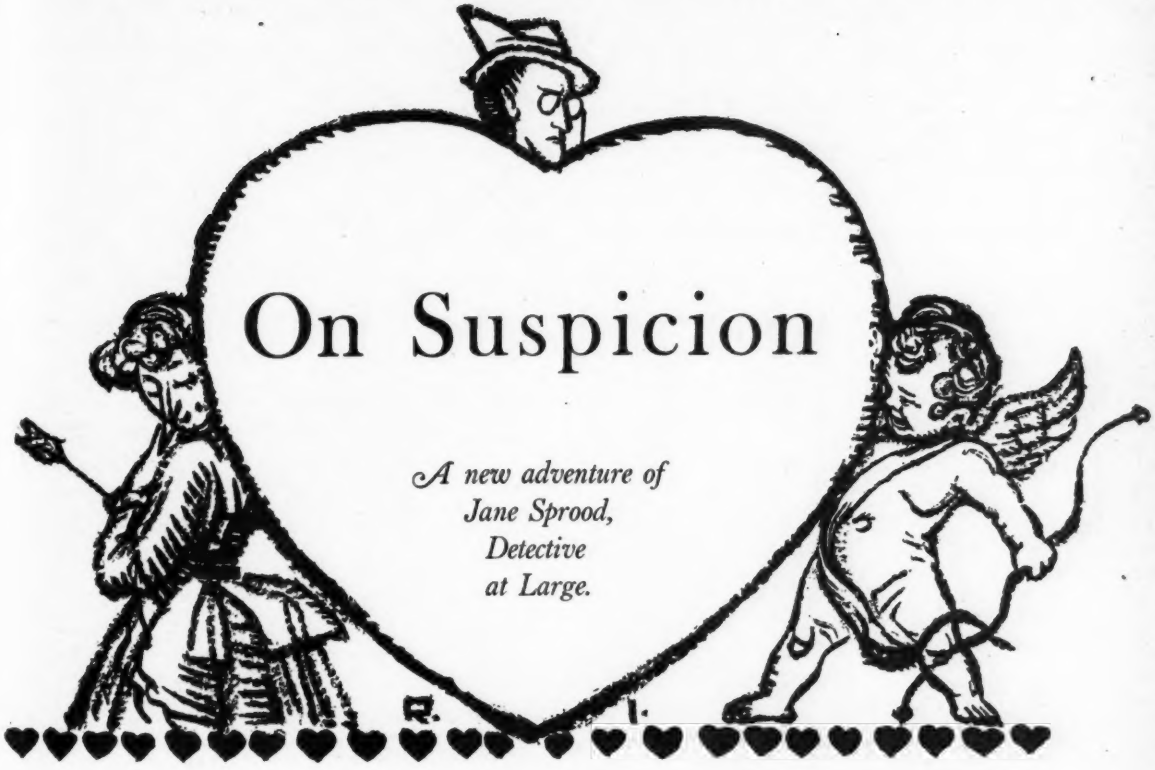
"Through the glasses I could see the black speck, which was his head, tossed about in the rollers. I watched it with satisfaction at first. Then I began to get uneasy.

"He was making desperate efforts to get to shore. I had a boat and knew how to use it even in the storm. I watched, but I couldn't stand it. I had to start out to save him. I pushed the boat out into the waves, and I was able to go through them. I rowed out to save the man I had wanted to kill."

(The conclusion of this remarkable story of a spiritual vampire will appear in the next, the December, issue of The Green Book Magazine.)

AFTER ALL,
IT'S A WOMAN'S JOB

FEEDING two thousand people a day is some undertaking, but a certain competent young woman is handling the task successfully—and receiving a commensurate reward. Only a little while ago all similar big restaurants and club dining-rooms were managed by men, but people have discovered that woman's instinct and training and temperament particularly qualify her for just such undertakings. For—after all, it's a woman's job.



On Suspicion

A new adventure of Jane Sprood, Detective at Large.

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Illustrated by REA IRVIN

DETECTIVE JANE SPROOD opened her front door herself in order to save time, for she knew that Susan Perk, who had just hurried across the street, would take more than enough when she began talking, and Miss Sprood was about to go out. Her paintless flivver—known in Westcote as Jane Sprood's Jazz Band—stood at the curb, waiting to be cranked, its sides camouflaged with splotches of reddish rust, and a long tongue of loose rubber hanging from one wheel where the tread of the shoe had peeled from its under-fabric. This injury to the tire had occurred only this morning, adding a rapid, melodious *flap-flap-flap-flap* to the other noises of Jane Sprood's Jazz Band when it was in motion.

As a vehicle for a detective Jane Sprood's Jazz Band had one good quality and one bad one: it never failed to carry Jane Sprood where she wanted to go, but it made so much noise that people in Westcote said, "If Jane Sprood wanted to sneak up on a criminal, she'd have to pick up that automobile of hers and carry it." This was not exaggeration. I myself have said, more than once: "If Jane Sprood wants to sneak up on a criminal, she'll have to carry that tin Liz of hers under her arm, wrapped in an old shawl." My meaning was that if she did not wrap it in something soundproof it would rattle like a fistful of glass marbles in a baking-powder can.

The fact that the so-called automobile stood at the curb was evidence that Miss Sprood meant to go forth on some detective mission, for she never used the car when on ordinary journeys to and fro, because it was such a jolty car. As poor, stiff-backed Susan Perk put it, "It jounces a body."

By "stiff-backed" I do not mean that Susan Perk suffered from curvature of the spine, hardening of the joints of the spinal column, or anything to excite your pity. She was stiff-backed in the meaning of perpendicularity and thinness, her general architectural scheme being that of a lead pencil, but with a larger nose. When seated in Jane Sprood's car, Miss Perk was, from the base of her spine to the base of her brain, a straight line, and every whack of the wheels of the car on the stones of the road ran up her spine and thumped her brain. After a short ride in Jane Sprood's Jazz Band Miss Perk's brain felt as if it had been spanked from below by a rapidly repeating brain-spanker.

Jane Sprood, grim-jawed, efficient and relentless, was therefore surprised to see Miss Perk appear at her door since, by appearing at such a moment, Miss Perk opened herself to the danger of being asked to accompany Miss Sprood. Although Jane Sprood was a rather large and cruel-looking woman, with mannish clothes and a hat that might have beeen taken for a discarded bird-nest, Susan Perk (who was thin and unmarried) was no less a detective. The sign on Jane Sprood's door—"Jane Sprood and Miss Susan Perk, Detectives"—was proof of this. By coming across the street just as Jane Sprood was drawing on her driving gloves, Susan Perk seemed to invite a jouncy ride in the flivver. It was quite as much Susan Perk's duty to hunt criminals as it was the duty and pleasure of Jane Sprood.

Since Jane Sprood and Susan Perk had embarked upon the detective profession, they had become nationally famous and, indeed, had deserved to become so, for they had made some remarkable captures and had solved some almost unsolvable mysteries. In all of these Miss Perk had taken quite as much part as was taken by Jane Sprood herself, but for a week or more now Susan Perk had asked to be excused temporarily from such labors.

"Goodness knows, Jane Sprood, I'm not one to shirk," she said to her partner, "nor have, although unladylike this detective work I do, and must, call, as I have many times told you, and will again so tell, if the Lord preserves my health so to do."

"Well, what is it? What do you want this time, Susan Perk?" Jane Sprood asked. "Can't you ever learn to ask for what you want without telling me the history of the world from Eve to everlasting?"

"Unladylike I call it, whether it is biting a burglar or strapping a revolver on the calf of my limb, which to you seems less than nothing, if not an actual pleasure, you being so constituted and having, as I will say for you, Jane Sprood, an ankle that you need not be ashamed of, mine being otherwise."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Jane Sprood.

"If you so wish to call them," said Susan Perk rather resentfully, "I have no way to prevent your so doing, although I have always found them perfectly serviceable, not needing them to

support a grand piano. Ankles are not all, Jane Sprood!" she added tartly.

"My stars!" exclaimed Jane Sprood. "Did anyone ever see such a woman! Susan Perk, you are enough to drive me crazy! I have not said ten words to you, and here you are all riled up and fighting like cats and dogs over a pair of legs that nobody has mentioned but you! What do you want of me? If you came over to get me to say you are a Venus Adonis, or whatever the name is, I wont!"

Miss Perk was somewhat surprised by this return attack. She often talked herself so far from the idea originally in her mind that even she was amazed when she discovered how far she had traveled.

"Why, Jane!" she said. "Jane, I only asked you—"

"You asked me nothing, Susan Perk," Jane Sprood said. "If you wish to ask, ask! Don't go chasing yourself to Beersheba and back like a—like a centipede!"

It appeared, when Miss Perk was thus nailed down to a simple statement, that she desired to be omitted from any detective plans Miss Sprood might have on hand for immediate attention.

"For you know as well as I do, or should, that when a person's mother's second cousin's only son, even if from a place no better than Billtown, Iowa, as I dare say it may be, although I have no means of knowing," said Susan Perk to Jane Sprood, "still, even if it is, her duty remains the same."

"Whose duty remains what same?" asked Jane.

"My duty to my relation," said Susan. "To Orlando M. Biddlebury and his sister."

"Never heard of them," said Jane Sprood.

Neither, it seemed, had Susan Perk directly. She had known there were Biddleburys and Kipps and Dolsens in Bill County, Iowa, all more or less related to the Perks, and with all of whom Susan's mother had corresponded rather irregularly. As soon as Susan Perk received the letter from Desdemona Biddlebury, however, she had looked up the family connections in the book her mother had used for such things, and found there were indeed an Orlando and a Desdemona Biddlebury, and that they dwelt on Rural Free Delivery, Route 6, Billtown, Iowa.

With this in mind, it was natural enough to expect that when Orlando and Desdemona felt called to visit New York they should propose a short visit with their somewhat, if not very, distant connection, Susan Perk.

It was for this reason Susan Perk had asked to be excused temporarily from taking part in any mystery solutions, crime detecting or criminal capturing that Jane Sprood might have on hand while the visitors remained, and Jane had granted Miss Perk this favor. For that reason, too, it seemed quite safe for Susan Perk to cross the street, even if Jane Sprood's Jazz Band stood at the curb ready for departure. She was, we may say, temporarily immune from danger of spine shocks. She was on vacation from detective duties. She was not on vacation from her inbred and insatiable curiosity.

"Well, Jane," she said, "I see you're at it again. Land knows it's none of my affair, being at present free from a business I don't like and never did like, but am still a partner of, for which reason I dare say I have a right to know what is going on, if anything, although I have little enough hope you will tell me unless you choose to do so, being so tight-mouthed."

"If you mean you want to know what case I am working on," said Jane Sprood, "there is an easy way to find out. Send that coffin-faced cousin and his goo-goo sister packing, and get back to work."

Miss Perk looked at Jane Sprood resentfully.

"Goo-goo the sister may be, Jane Sprood, although what it means I do not know, unless eyes, but coffin-faced you have no right to say, although Orlando's chin may be too long and flat for beauty, which is no test of manly merit, when you come to that."

"If his face is not shaped like a coffin, what is it shaped like?" asked Jane Sprood with a bitterness that was not usual with her.

Miss Perk, thus questioned, defended Mr. Biddlebury's face with the first words that came.

"Handsome is as handsome does," she said.

"Indeed!" said Jane Sprood. "And what, may I ask, Susan Perk, does his face do? All I have seen it do is grin like a monkey."

Susan Perk had seated herself in a leather chair. She sat on the extreme edge, for sinking back comfortably into the depths of a chair had, to her mind, something immoral in it. Now she folded her arms across her stomach and looked Jane Sprood in the eye.

"Jealous!" she said.

Jane Sprood put up her hand and gave her hat a whack. It sent the hat over one eye, giving her a dangerous, piratical look.

"Desdemona's a terror when she gets up on her hind legs," Orlando told her. "We got to elope." Another delicious thrill passed through Susan. Elope!

"Fiddlesticks, Susan Perk!" she said.

"If not, what?" asked Susan.

Jane Sprood looked at her partner steadily for a few moments.

"Susan Perk," she said finally, "there are times when I wonder whether you have a single gill of brains in your head, and there are times when I know you have not. This is one of them."

And with that she went out of the room and out of the house. She strode to her car, gave the crank a mighty whirl, climbed into the car and drove angrily down the street. When the rattle of the car had faded in the far distance, Miss Perk tossed her head.

"Well!" she exclaimed angrily, and she went across the street again.

Orlando Biddlebury was resting comfortably in a hammock in the shade created on the front porch by the climbing vines. He had a magazine in his hand, and as Susan appeared, he yawned and tossed it to the foot of the hammock. He let his vast feet come slowly to the porch floor and straightened his long body to a sitting posture.

"Well, Susan?" he queried.

He had long since begun to call her Susan.

Miss Perk seated herself in a porch chair. She was agitated. Mr. Biddlebury reached out one of his huge, hairy paws and took one of her hands.

"Did that old she-bear claw ye?" he asked soothingly.

"Outrageous!" said Susan. "Outrageous is the only name for the treatment I have received, Orlando, and, as you well know, I am not one to speak harshly of man, woman or beast, being otherwise brought up. But outrageous I was treated and outrageous I will say!"

"She spoke to you like that, did she? Drat her!" Orlando said angrily. "You wait till I get face to face with that fine lady, Susan. I'll outrageous her. I'll give her a piece of my mind she wont forget! Now, don't you go and cry—"

Miss Perk had had no thought of crying, but since he mentioned it, she dabbed her eyes with a handkerchief, using her free hand.

"There! There!" he said, patting the hand he held. "It aint right you should be hitched up with no such she-bear. If you say the word, Susan, drat me if I don't get right out of this hammick and go over and scratch your name off that sign. Drat me if I don't! If you say the word!"

"Friends from childhood," said Susan Perk woefully, for being comforted intensified her feeling of injustice. "Friends Jane Sprood and me have been from childhood, Orlando, and could be yet but for her manner of brutality, than which a more so I have never seen, hard as the world is in general to a person alone and unmarried—"

"But you wont be long," said Orlando. "Not if I have my say-so."

"Alone and unmarried," continued Susan Perk dolefully, "although I may say, and those who say different do not tell the truth, I've had chances in plenty."

"I'll bet you have," said Orlando. "All that I can't understand is how it comes some of them even didn't just up and force you to marry them. That's all I can't understand. No spunk; that's what ailed them."

"There wasn't any of them as—as spunky as you are, Orlando."

"I bet you!" said Orlando, rising. "Spunk's my motto, Susan. I wonder if you've got a hunk of that gingerbread nobody wants. I get so blamed hungry when you aint right here where I can look at you, Susan."

"You flatterer!" Susan simpered, and went into the house to get a plate of her famous gingerbread.

It was wonderful gingerbread, thick, lightly porous, stickily glistening on top and fragrant with an appetizing fragrance. Orlando Biddlebury was passionately fond of it, so fond of it that every day the enticing odor of freshly baked gingerbread permeated the house. He liked it best when fresh, and that may have been why he ate all there was every day. He was sure, then, to have it fresh the next day.

As he stood beside the hammock, looking through the vines at the street, Orlando Biddlebury was no common stature of a man. He was very close to seven feet tall and something like eighteen inches more had been turned under to make his feet. His feet were enormous. They were not only long but wide, and, judged by his shoes, they were thick.

His hands were huge, too. If one looked at his hands or feet one would reckon him a powerful man, but looking him up and down, one lost this impression. A full view of him suggested, for some reason, a tall, fatigued sheep. He was, probably, the laziest-looking man in the world. When he moved, he seemed too lazy to lift his big hands and great feet, and all his actions suggested a sufferer from the worst form of permanent ague. A glance at his face was disillusioning, too. It was a flabby, coffin-shaped face, with a long, flat, weak chin and pale, watery eyes.

Orlando had been thin from top to toe when he reached the home of Susan Perk but the good feeding he was receiving there was beginning to show, especially under his vest, for he was expanded in the manner of a serpent that has swallowed a rabbit.

Desdemona Biddlebury, of the goo-goo eyes, was far livelier.

"While I'm near New York, I'm going to see New York," she had said, and she wasted little time at Susan's.

"New York aint nothing to me," Orlando had said. "I'm all tired out, and I'm going to rest up while I have the chance."

In this, which might have been truthful enough, for rest he certainly did, he was not entirely free from guile. Desdemona seemed to know, instinctively, and with a sister's keenness, that Susan Perk had "intentions" toward Orlando.

"She's that way," Orlando told Susan. "She's jealous-like. The first sign of anything, she'll snatch me back to Iowa quick as a wink."

For this reason the courtship of Orlando Biddlebury and Susan Perk was conducted sub rosa. There was no holding of hands or passing of fond glances when Desdemona was about. Then one might have taken Orlando and Susan for strangers or, at the worst, newly met distant cousins. For Susan this added to the piquancy of the courtship. It cannot be said it added piquancy of any sort to Orlando. He was about as piquant as a piece of wet leather. He was as snappy as a cold buckwheat cake. Orlando had, at the best, just about as much fervor as a dead clam.

"That Miss Sprood," he drawled, when Susan returned with a plate of gingerbread, "aint no fit companion for a person that's going to be Mrs. Orlando Biddlebury."

Miss Sprood strode to her car, gave the crank a whirl and drove angrily down the street.

Susan put down the plate hastily. Her heart actually stood still. Although Orlando's back was still toward her and he still looked out at the street, this was the supreme moment of her life. Not before this had Orlando spoken so plainly. Although he had shown his affection in many ways, he had not before said in plain words that he intended marriage. Having stopped for one or two beats, Miss Perk's heart beat with tremendous rapidity.

Susan liked his masterful way of speaking of her as if she had already consented to be his wife. It was not namby-pamby trifling such as might be indulged in by boys and girls. Both she and Orlando were old enough to know their own minds; that was certain.

"You know best, Orlando," she said weakly.

"You keep away from her," he said, turning and picking up a thick chunk of gingerbread. "I wont have the wife I'm going to be married to insulted right and left. It aint fitting."

Susan Perk was proud at that moment.

"Orlando," she said softly,—for a woman ever loves to make tests of love,—"are you sure you want to marry me?"

"I'm sure of one thing," he said in a tone that sent a thrill of joy through Susan's being; "I'm sure I'm going to. And if that don't prove it, I don't know what does. And I aint going to shilly-shally like a moon-calf, either. Matter of fact," he said, biting into the gingerbread, "it wont do to."

"No, Orlando?" queried Susan weakly.

"It wont," he mumbled, for his mouth was as full as Miss Susan's heart. "Jealous, that's what Desdemona is. Naggin' me to go away from here."

"The spite-cat!" said Susan.

"I guess so," said Orlando. "Anyway, that's how it is. What I'd like," he continued, "would be a swell wedding—all the neighbors in, and everything; but there wouldn't be any wedding. You don't know Desdemona like I do. She's a terror when she gets up on her hind legs. Claws and bites, yells and raves. There's only one thing to do. We got to elope."

Miss Perk had had no thought of crying, but since he mentioned it, she dabbed her eyes with a handkerchief.

Another *(Continued on page 100)*

Golden Apples

The life-story of an American business woman, as told to

IDA M. EVANS

Illustrated by
ALICE HARVEY

EVA RANKIN'S rebellion was provoked by poverty—the poverty of her father's house, wherein she had to share room and bed with her sister and that sister's two children; and the poverty of the young men who paid her "attentions," and offered the ultimate prospect of marriage on a clerk's small salary and another ménage like her father's. So Eva took the only work she could find—a clerkship in a delicatessen store. She soon tired of this, however, and by answering an advertisement obtained work as a "back-door saleswoman"—offering a patent can-opener. She did a little better at this, and after much curious experience undertook to sell in the same way sets of aluminum kitchenware. From this she was graduated to wholesale groceries.

CHAPTER XI

A MUCH overworked word—*personality;* but when you chuck it to the cannery, you don't find another that fully replaces it. So right here it must be used in the statement that we all take off our hats to anyone possessing it.

Therefore I took off my hat to Heywood Bland—and still do, with reservations.

He did not belong in the prosaic chief executive's chair of a prosaic wholesale grocery-house. His rightful place was on a Chautauqua circuit, or the field of recitative poetry. Beaming from a lecture-platform, those violet eyes of his would have held a whole world of impressionable women spellbound.

I was not very impressionable—regarding men as mere men, instead of employers who held the salary-bag; I never was. Besides, Wilbur Howell occupied most of the rear recesses of my heart and mind. The bulk of whatever small affection I was capable of—oh, the smallness of it has been bitterly recognized by me at length, God knows—went to that quiet, undemanding, inefficient person. I knew all his incapacity; I was—and am—perfectly aware that if at eighteen I had married him and his twelve or fifteen dollars a week, I would have developed, irritated by his inefficiency and by my own limitations, into merely another of those wretched, nagging, shrill-tongued wives that, like wild bees, infest noisily the poorer streets of any city. Positive that Wilbur could hardly provide me with chuck-steak, I had cared not at all to intrust my daily life to his keeping. But, sneakingly, I had always pictured myself, sometime when I had made enough money, or was too old, perhaps, to care for much, spending my days right along with Wilbur somewhere. I visualized the end of my life and the end of his taking place together. Funny, isn't it? I deliberately chose to travel a road here on earth without him, but I didn't hanker after the idea of making tracks into eternity without him around me somewhere to stave off any possible dreadful loneliness among the spheres.

This, I carefully explain, was the real state of the bottom of my heart. But hearts have tops as well as bottoms, and leaving Wilbur aside, I came nearer making a burnt offering of my young affections at the shrined feet of Heywood Bland than before any other masculine feet met in the course of my busy business years.

He did not look his nearly middle age. Though he was large and courtly of build and of voice, with an attractive, genial, full-featured countenance, he had a soft mop of bright brown hair that tempted any woman to run her fingers through it, and that pair of wonderfully violet eyes that just naturally invited you to pour your soul into their clear lustrous depths! That is, at first you felt and eagerly answered this invitation. Later—well, that is another story.

I might as well admit that for quite a long time after attaching myself to the Bland wholesale grocery-house I sullenly envied Mrs. Heywood Bland. Frequently she came down to the office toward evening, about the time we sales-people were reporting after a day's work, and waited to drive her husband home in her big, sleek electric car.

She was pretty—so satin-skinned as to be suitable subject for sonnets, with lovely brown eyes, and with that sleek, unmistakable, cared-for-kitten air that bespeaks close acquaintance with masseurs, silk underwear, charge-accounts, electric motorcars, tapestried drawing-rooms, pink pearls, scented-aired tea-rooms, Orange Pekoe, satin-lined carriage-shoes, monogrammed toilet articles, Palm Beach winters, orchid-decorated dinner tables and ermine-lined coats.

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Even her name was a handsome-syllabled affair. It contrasted unkindly with my briefer, more dissonant one—*Eva Rankin.* I felt this petulantly.

And I can confess now, after some years, that at the end of many a hard, wearying day spent in talking storekeepers into adding more Bland canned vegetables and spices to shelves already usefully full, I stalked moodily home to our crowded and usually rent-due flat, and wondered on my stalking way how the good Lord could have the heart to shower all good things, even a handsome name, on some little kitteny women, and send us other poor devils out to hunt and scratch for every bite of our daily bread, like harried cats prowling up and down alleys. Especially did I brood thus if the day had been wet and sloppy, so that my feet were soaked, or very hot, so that my shirt-waist lay stickily tight to my tired shoulders.

ONE Sunday afternoon when, walking with Genevieve and Lina, I came face to face with Wilbur Howell, who was also walking aimlessly, and he half paused hesitantly, I cruelly contrasted him with Heywood Bland, and wondered pettishly why the Lord made some men all resourceful, successful and prosperous, with violet eyes to boot, and made others diffident, shabby, unassured and unprosperous. And I sauntered on past, with a brief, unsmiling nod at him.

It was Wilbur's and my luck that whenever we happened to meet, one of us was not in the mood for meeting! Possibly both of us had more temperament than in our circumstances it was healthy for us to have. He reddened, raised his head high and stiff, went on past me. I regretted it afterward—wished I had stopped and learned what he was doing nowadays, told him about myself. The day was added to my list of bad ones, moody, unhappy ones.

But of course there were many other kinds of days on my calendar. Much of the time, as the days went on, I thanked my lucky stars—and Della—that at last I had a chance to take out a line of goods that justified any encomiums that eager salesmanship cared to shower upon it.

The commission allowed on the Bland goods was far lower than what fat, flippant Albert Ruddell agreeably offered his sales-people. And my territory was smaller, for the Bland city sales-force was large. But it was a case of the less being the more. I began to make good money. At the end of four months I had had three twenty-five-dollar weeks. Twenty-five dollars! Remembering that once I had gratefully accepted five-fifty, I at times held my head rather conceitedly high. But for the most part I realized that my own salesmanship wasn't the largest factor in my good fortune. The Bland line was "standard." By that I mean it had an old, proved reputation. I did not need to devote much of my precious energy to making retailers understand that they were ordering worth-while stuff. They knew that, without any explanatory talk from me—that is, most of them. The case with Ruddell's stuff was reversed.

Nevertheless we saleswomen—I don't know about the salesmen—called all our power of energy to help our days. We women, I say!

In my first interview with him, Heywood Bland told me, in the genial, personal tone of voice which intimated that he was honoring me with confidence not given to other women, that he much preferred women to men for his city sales-force. They took care of the necessarily restricted territory more conscientiously, it seemed. They were more responsive than men. Well—perhaps they were, to him.

But there came a time when I learned that the Bland city sales-force changed its entire personnel every five years. The road force had a better record, I learned. But even it differed from other houses' forces. I myself was with the Bland establishment four years and a half—two years in Chicago, two and a half in Indiana and southern Michigan. I came to be considered one of the long-stayers!

Also, at that first interview, Heywood Bland told me admiringly that he could see I had a do-or-die personality. I eagerly admitted the charge. And with the admission, ambition fairly radiated from me. Very proud and straight I sat up in my chair, and longed to get right out and prove to this agreeable gentleman that his trust was not misplaced. When he added earnestly that the Bland company would do what was right by me, if I would do what was right by the company, I rather chokingly assured him that I would certainly strain every fiber of my being to do all that was desired from me.

And so naturally I fairly dripped this-day-have-I-received-good-news when I went back through the anteroom of waiting women. I must have offensively exuded my sense of thankfulness and benefits-about-to-be-received, for the one girl to murmur "Parsnips!" Later I knew just why she murmured that.

"Oh, you only son!" said I, chuckling. I felt not a mite disposed to be merciful.

As soon as I could find Della Cooper, I thanked her warmly and enthused to her over Heywood Bland. Her eyes twinkled. She said: "Yes, I know about him. In fact, my father once traveled for him."

"I'll certainly enjoy working for him!" I exclaimed.

Della said: "Sure. But keep track of your commissions."

I did not pay especial attention to this. I always kept good track!

For some three months my high-strung mood of I-am-working-for-a-prince-among-men continued. My gratitude to Della leaped daily. She had made known to me the name of Bland!

And it was very pleasant, Heywood Bland aside, to walk into

a store and get at once a respectful, free-from-disdain reception from store-owner or buyer—quite different from the glacial snub I was wont to incur when I handed over Albert Ruddell's business card, and some change indeed from the usually hostile attitude of housewives whom I summoned to back doors to consider the charms of New Utensil stuff.

My self-esteem grew—not unjustifiably, either. Faster than I knew, and more thoroughly than I knew, I was becoming specialized in the selling business.

Then at the end of the fourth month under Heywood Bland there occurred a four-dollar difference between my statement of sales-commission due me and the Bland bookkeeper's statement.

I carelessly reported it—asked for a restatement. I was informed that the eight-per-cent commission allowed on a certain brand of spices had been cut ten days before to four per cent.

I protested that most of my sales on that item had been made some two weeks before.

"Any cut in sales-commission takes in the entire preceding month," glibly explained the bookkeeper.

"But that isn't exactly fair!" I exclaimed.

The bookkeeper—a tall, lank, pessimistic-profiled man—smiled ironically at me.

"Too bad!" he said. "But you'll find that lots of things in this world are more sad than fair."

"I'm sure Mr. Bland doesn't know about this," I began angrily.

The bookkeeper grinned again, as though with great mirth. "Another! Say, it beats the Dutch what you women all see in that man!"

"I guess he's a kind and just person," I retorted with dignity. "I—"

The bookkeeper smiled wearily. "You haven't been here long, I know. Say, do you know what he does to the clerical force?"

"No. What?"—bluntly.

"This: He gives us all a beau-u-utiful Christmas present—box of ten-cent cigars or three pounds of the eighty-cent candy. And then—*he docks us all for Christmas Day.* Also for New Year's, also for Thanksgiving, also for Fourth of July!"

"I don't believe it," I said.

He curled a longish nose—looked at me pityingly. "Believe it or not. I don't care. It happens to be sadly true."

Later I learned that indeed it was true. And other little idiosyncrasies — to use a charitable word—of Bland's I learned in time.

I, and the other employees, got other cuts which were most decidedly unfair. But there was this point about them: none was ever large enough to be worth throwing up an excellent position over. We fumed, fussed, fretted over our treatment. But it was not bad enough treatment to inspire a leave-taking on our part.

The bookkeeper smiled ironically. "You'll find," he said, "that lots of things in this world are more sad than fair."

And even after some years of wits-sharpening I cannot say that I really understood the man Heywood Bland. He was such a mixture of the big qualities and the little. To any saleswoman who came in at the day's end tired and somewhat blue he was all solicitude. In ten minutes he could talk away all sense of discouragement, send you out of his office invigorated, feeling that after all the world was a fair enough place for ordinary folks to live in.

But his stenographers reported that he seldom began to give them dictation till four-thirty in the afternoon, thus keeping them at work till eight-thirty. And never a cent did they get for overtime. Yet he was always punctilious to order coffee and sandwiches sent in to them—after six o'clock.

"And then of course we feel rankly grateful—and forget that our own coffee and pork chops and mashed potatoes are cooling at home!" commented a slim, black-haired expert with the keys one day.

He had a sign up:

WE DO NOT EXPECT OUR WOMEN EMPLOYEES TO DRESS LIKE ANNA HELD. BUT ON THE OTHER HAND WE DO NOT CARE TO HAVE THEM LOOK LIKE POOR RELATIONS WEARING CAST-OFFS.

Anna Held! Were any of us, pray, trying to rival sartorially that pretty, famous and elegant person? But—poor relations! Did any of us, pray, look like one of that despised tribe? We wondered, fumed secretly, sulked.

But we—every last mother's daughter of us—were finically careful to keep our gloves, shoes, hair and hats, at least, in immaculate condition—brushed, mended, trig. Perhaps the sign, like quinine, was as beneficial as it was bitter—to me, at least, who have an innate tendency toward slovenliness! Under the Bland rule I formed habits of quick and careful personal grooming that have stayed with me.

In time I tried to distinguish between Heywood Bland, the wholesale business man, honest, broad-minded, clear-headed, who demanded that all Bland goods should be superexcellent and every Bland customer satisfied though it meant money lost to the wholesale house, and who likewise insisted that his force of employees be as trim and trig of appearance as his best brand of red canned tomatoes—between this man and Heywood Bland the petty, small-contriving, tricky person who passed the hat among his employees for various charities and had himself credited by the newspapers for giving the amount gathered by the hat.

For the one I worked with fair satisfaction. I counted myself well placed, in spite of the frequent little cuts of commission and other irritations. As Della said lightly: "Eva, no one's cake can be all raisins!"

From the other I presently took back the part of a heart that I had partly given him. His violet eyes in time came to affect me no more than the violet-paper covering of Bland's Premier Bantam Early Corn. And in time I thought that occasionally over Mrs. Heywood Bland's satin-skinned countenance, as it was turned toward her mate, there came something very like a flicker of blasé disgust—though this may have been my active fancy.

Soon I forgot to spend time envying her even for other items than a personable husband. My own existence was becoming very comfortable, thank you. Home had taken on some higher notches of rent and desirability. And though Heywood Bland might be petty with an occasional commission dollar, he allowed everybody on his payroll to purchase groceries at wholesale rates.

And this made a considerable difference in the Rankin bill of fare! I do not feel like giving away many trade-secrets. But I will say this: my mother ceased to look with awe at a gallon-can of sirup, and came to handle one with unreverential fingers. In fact, the whole Rankin family began to take on a plump, almost fattened look. Strain in eyes and at mouth-corners, all the dreary, bitter hieroglyphics of pinched days, began to be erased somewhat—though not entirely on the older faces of the family; there they had been written with too heavy a pen ever to be erased wholly.

CHAPTER XII

ACQUAINTANCE with Della Cooper changed my life in more ways than one. Della did not believe in working too hard, but she believed in playing hard—too hard for me. There was not much of the butterfly in my make-up. Drudging came more naturally, and I had learned through experience that my sales days were mediocre ones unless some nine hours of sleep-preparedness came before them. But Della counted that week ill-spent that did not hold for her at least four bright evenings at the cabaret or the theater.

Alone or with me merely? Not pretty Della!

She declared that a party of four insured more gayety in an evening than a mere man-and-woman twosome. So she spent much of her spare time rounding up a second man for me. She did not need to round up one for herself; her pretty brown eyes and dimpled chin accomplished that for her. But since my eyes were lightish gray and sparsely lashed and my chin was sharp instead of dimpled, she was compelled to hunt a good many second ones.

Sometimes I liked one of the men well enough; sometimes I didn't. A small fraction of them liked me well enough. But none of them ever seemed to lose heart or head over me—or clamored to spend a second evening with me and good dollars on me. I guess I was too prosaic for gay acquaintance. My small-talk often dragged; I was not sentimental; and I yawned over much of the cabaret stuff—not because it bored me; I loved to watch a velvet-clad ice-skater or a pretty, impudent dancer; but I was usually sleepy after the day's sales-hunting with its strenuous talk and large amount of outdoor walking; and I was not minded to follow Della's wakefulness-producing trick, which was one cocktail followed by another.

Once, while Della was doing her hair, I answered her phone. The gentleman calling, whom I remembered as pompadoured, gray-spatted and delicately addicted to gin rickeys, supposed that my voice was hers. Whereupon he ordered: "Say, Del, don't bring along that slow fish that you saddled me with last Thursday!"

I giggled. But Della really was grieved because I did not "take."

ONE evening, before I had my dinner, she telephoned me excitedly and imperiously. I should array myself in my gladdest rags, be sure to powder my nose and ears as well as the rest of my face, and meet her at seven-thirty in the Green Fountain room of a certain hotel, a big gay place. She had a man whom she wanted me to meet with absolutely no delay—the young, gentlemanly, only son of a wealthy Eastern shoe-manufacturer. Ward Fox, a good-looking lawyer who was claiming most of Della's evenings that summer, had got acquainted with him only a day or two before. He was certainly a catch. The father was known wherever leather soles are used or income taxes are paid.

"And you know, Eva Rankin," earnestly Della admonished me, "you don't want to spend all the days of your life trudging around to sell old groceries!"

"Well, but maybe I do," I returned. "Anyway, maybe I've got a plan or two for my life that—"

"Piffle!" uncourteously sniffed Della. "Tell that to your grandmother. Say, wear that pale blue georgette waist I made you buy last week."

"Anyway, I'm simply dead-tired to-night, Della," I persisted. "This afternoon I spent three hours helping a new retailer arrange his shelf-stock and decorate his windows. My calves are so stiff from those stepladders—he had shelves clear to the ceiling."

"And for the love of heaven, curl your hair down over your ears," she ordered. "Don't stretch it back tight, as if you're afraid you'll lose it."

"I'm really tired," I pleaded.

"I'll have rouge to fix your face after you get downtown," calmly said Della, and hung up her receiver.

I yielded to a stronger will. Wearily, calves aching, I put on that blue georgette blouse, curled my dullish brown hair dutifully,—burning the tip of one ear too,—powdered my tired face and made a reluctant way downtown to the loop hotel, feeling myself a martyr to friendship—and without the faintest premonition that the evening was to prove one of the few mirthful spots in a dull six months.

In ten minutes he could talk away all sense of discouragement and send you out of his office invigorated.

Della was anxiously awaiting me in the women's lobby. She whisked me forthwith to a dressing-room and "touched up" my face while I stood obediently limp under her ministrations.

"I wish you'd put a dash of henna on your hair," she remarked severely. "You could stand it."

"But could the henna stand me?" I queried meekly.

"Shut up," commanded Della. "I want to rouge your lips."

I got a small mouthful of the carmine when I unwisely parted my lips to ask: "Why don't you keep him yourself, Della?"

"I would," she sighed candidly, "but Ward Fox is too good-looking to give up—at least for a while."

Then we sallied up to the Green Fountain room, a pleasant place, not green at all, but pink lighted. And there, with Ward Fox, we met— Well, if my smallish, lightish eyes could always be as large, wide and glowing as they were upon beholding the rather pompously satisfied young man with thick, wavy brown hair, thick-lidded light gray eyes and a thin, sensual mouth who stood beside Ward Fox, I would be a far handsomer woman!

Wide, wide—bright, bright, went my orbs. Red, red—sheepish, sheepish, went that young man's face.

Ward introduced us—me and Frank Porter!

"Oh, you only son!" said I, chuckling. Yes, I admit it. In my natural disposition is a streak of genuine meanness, not to say cruelty. I felt not a mite disposed to be merciful. But surely there are few women who would have lost the chance to pay back a man who dubbed you, not one of the pretty ones, but "you others."

"How is your father, Mr. Porter?" I asked sweetly.

Red-faced, he murmured something, while Ward Fox, who was not a stupid man, began to stare suspiciously.

"And where is your brother Percy?" I wanted to know vivaciously.

In a way, Frank Porter always was rather stupid. Now he walked right into the pit.

"Percy? Why, I never had a brother named Percy."

"Percy Hallroom," I murmured gently. "Isn't Percy your brother, Grant?"

He murmured something constrained about its being a little joke.

But I was the only one of the four who really enjoyed the evening—which the other three managed to cut short. Della avoided my eye, though her lips occasionally twitched. Frank Porter avoided Ward Fox's eye. Ward Fox regarded him contemptuously.

I laughed all the way home. The next day I told Della that Frank's only father had long been night watchman at Frusch's brewery on the West Side. And I expected to have a bright week or so teasing her about her and Ward's gullibility. But the next day my sales-career was abruptly moved from its old haunts to new.

IF one of the Bland company's road-salesmen hadn't suddenly capitulated to appendicitis, doubtless all my days would have been spent taking orders from Chicago retailers. As it was, Heywood Bland had to send some one at once out to the empty territory, southern Ohio, or lose business. It was one of the most "selling" months of the year—no time at all for a thoughtful person to indulge in appendicitis.

"But Mr. Coffman in many other instances has proved himself quite thoughtless," complained Heywood Bland querulously.

"I'm sure he could not help it," I murmured in behalf of the hospital-held Mr. Coffman.

"Perhaps not!"—grudgingly. "But this is one of the best months for road men; and I may as well tell you, Miss Rankin, that while I prefer women, in a way, for the city trade, the men handle the outside trade far better."

I was silent. The six weeks to be spent in another person's territory did not hold any great attraction for me, either.

"But I do not know whom else to send," he finished.

So I was sent. At the end of the six weeks I came in from the road—and declined my old city route. In the future I too would be "on the road." For I believed that instead of twenty-five dollars a week to me, it would mean twenty-five hundred a year and perhaps much more.

CHAPTER XIII

WHEN Coffman's case of appendicitis sent me out to look over his territory during his six weeks in the hospital, I was not particularly enthusiastic over the prospect. City-born, city-raised, a city saleswoman, the great beyond—beyond Chicago's familiar windy boundaries!—did not beckon me with any rosy compelling fingers. I liked my own city home, my own bed, my own beloved family, my own regular city days and ways—days to which had come a nice regularity of sales, returns and satisfactions of various kinds.

My trade was known to me and I to it. No awkward stalking through new pastures! For two years I had sold groceries for the Bland wholesale-house till I was almost a walking directory of the city retail groceries. I knew them, their wives, their days for shaving, their clerks, their weights, their scales, their religions, their favorite brands of tobacco, kitchen cleansers and aldermen.

She touched up my face while I stood obediently limp under her ministrations.

No, I was not yet in a rut. But another year might have put me there. It is dangerous to come to regard one's work too comfortably. So I can return thanks that no other member of the Bland sales-force was available, or if available, held worthy to go.

Not that Mr. Heywood Bland held me entirely worthy, he querulously continued to let me know. His handsome countenance was uncomplimentarily fretful as he handed me my first week's expense-check. He had always let it be inferred that he really preferred saleswomen to salesmen for the firm's city customers. But now he told me petulantly: "The North Side of Chicago isn't Main Street. Neither is the West Side—or the South."

"Aren't they?" said I, not knowing what else to say.

"Certainly not!"—more huffily than Heywood Bland was wont to address a woman. Usually he purred to us, even when uttering reproof.

He added darkly: "You've got to be mighty careful how you handle Main Street. Don't forget that."

This fell lightly on my ears. I was a cityite. Used to long, mighty State Street, should I be abashed by a mere Main Street? Later I found out what he meant.

Main Street! It is as institutional as pie à la mode, the Fourth of July, the *Congressional Record* or the fourth estate. So short a thoroughfare, yet so long that many sales-folks have never been able to reach the end of it. So straggling a street, yet so painfully straight! Often unpaved, but so treacherously sleek to the careless of foot.

The longer you know Main Street, the more fearfully you respect it. Tinging your respect are irritation, and some seventy-seven other feelings. But the respect is predominant.

I found, quite soon, that it has two keys. You've got to have both to unlock it; and sometimes neither of the two will work by itself. One is the quality of your wares. The other is a personal equation. The first key, of course, a sales-person must get ready-made. The Bland wholesale grocery-house obliged me on that score. Though Heywood Bland personally had his own share of faults,—perhaps more than his share,—I have always realized very clearly that the Bland canned tomatoes, teas, spices and cereals ranked high among other brands on the market. The second key, naturally, a sales-person must mold himself—or herself—out of himself, all by himself. And then, even if you have both keys, and very good articles of their kind, you may find at times that the lock of Main Street is so rust-filled that even the right keys cannot turn it.

There is this difference between a retail grocer in a big city and one in a small town: William Jones, grocer, say of 2224 Lincoln Avenue, Chicago, cares very little indeed what Alfred Anderson, grocer, of 2224 Clark Street, a few blocks east, has in his window or on his shelves. The few blocks are a wide separation. William Jones does care somewhat at what price John Smithson, 2234 Lincoln Avenue, sells butter, eggs or potatoes. In the same block a cut of a cent or two diverts trade. William takes pains occasionally to stroll past the Smithson door and note the prices chalked on the wide windows.

William Jones cares not a whit who is Smithson's chief clerk, delivery-boy, cashier, sister, mother-in-law, brother-in-law, cousins-in-law, niece or nephew. These have little to do with Smithson's patronage. But if William Jones were on the east side of Main Street and Smithson were on the west, all such connections of either would be taken into account by both.

In the first month that I was out on the road, four small-town grocers refused to give me an order because I had taken an order from the fellow down or up the street; three refused to give me an order because I had not been able to get one from a fellow down the street—or up or across! The first mentioned belonged to the jealous retail tribe and wanted the exclusive right to handle

the Bland products in that town. The second belonged to the hesitant tribe that, not trusting their own judgment, will handle no line till a competitor has put the seal of his approval on that line.

In that same month five storekeepers refused to buy from me because they liked Coffman and preferred to wait till he got out of the hospital. But three refused to talk to me because they did *not* like Coffman, and hence did not like the one taking his place.

A blithe old dealer gave me a double order because his daughter had married the most popular fellow in town.

In that same month one sad man pessimistically told me that he would have to go entirely out of business soon—reason: His mother-in-law was a loose-tongued old lady who made enemies for herself and her family by the score every time she attended a sewing-bee. And a blithe old dealer gave me a double order because, as he jovially explained, his daughter the week before had married the most popular young fellow in town, who heretofore had clerked in the store across the way. Now that he had come into the family, a lot of trade would follow.

One man, I learned, had to keep a cashier who always made seven and eight equal nineteen. "But darn it, I hired her in a foolish minute, and now I can't fire her, because she is related to half this town, and I'd lose sixty-seven customers. And Weems, down the street, would give her a job in a minute just for the sake of her folks!"

When I had been out on the road five weeks, I had about decided to be glad when Coffman got well. The train-trips had proved wearying, the small-town hotels nothing like home, the small-town twist and double-twist of retail psychology a perplexity and a trial; and I had not sold enough Bland goods to feel able to jubilate.

I became, in fact, homesick. I was a stranger in a strange land, and not even a chambermaid seemed inclined to do me deference. Those Main Streets simply irritated me; many of them snubbed me; most of them had disdained me; some of them distrusted me. Coffman could have 'em! I wanted my own city pavements and matter-of-fact dealers who on a regular day of the week had an order ready for my coming. And one bitter evening while the City Hotel's hard-coal burner smoked fearfully and the water in my wash-bowl had frozen, I wrote Heywood Bland so.

I tore up the letter, of course, after having relieved my soul by writing it. Della had put me onto that emotion-relieving habit. And it was lucky for me that I tore it up, for a week later I changed my mind about many things: in that one week I got three big orders.

When I say big orders, I mean orders such as on my palmiest city day I had never dreamed of! It was made known unto me that when a prosperous small-town merchant stocks up, he does some stocking, for he takes into account freight-charges, the month's discounts, cartage from the small-town depot, a filled-ahead appearance for his shelves and several other smaller items that the city dealer, who has no freight-charges to consider and who can get stuff delivered at an hour's notice, has no need to take into account.

I can take no special credit for the orders. The storekeepers had been giving similar ones to the Bland firm for many years. They merely transmitted them through me, who happened to be there. But I got the commissions allowed on them.

At the end of the week I went into Chicago, as it was my time to go, Coffman being ready to take back his territory; and I calmly told Heywood Bland that I wanted small-town territory.

He was not pleased, but I was determined. And it happened, to my advantage, that the territory embracing Indiana and southern Michigan was not claimed for the next year by any of his tried salesmen—two had left to go to other firms. So he finally grudgingly let me have it.

I kept it for two years. The last year I earned nineteen hundred and sixty-two dollars, all pure earnings, commissions—not a cent of the straight salary plus commission that some of the Bland road men, the top-notchers, were receiving.

But of course it was in addition to my weekly expense-check, which was fairly generous. So, in a way, I could consider myself quite a moneyed person. I had enough to indulge in the sirloin steaks, pink roses and white kid gloves for which once my young soul had so sadly yearned. But I had about forgotten those young yearnings, and had learned that sirloin can be tough, when served at some small-town hotels. Also white gloves had lost their hold on my soul. I would have found several pairs an annoyance, had anyone ordered me to wear them daily. Dark suède was more convenient.

AT the end of the two years there came a month when Heywood Bland played his old trick—slashed a commission after I had turned in several sales containing the slashed item. By that time I was too sure of myself and my place in life to stand the petty injustice. So I slashed my connections with the Bland house and walked over and made other connections with the Nevins people, whose goods had as excellent a reputation as the Bland.

Old Mr. Nevins gave me the same territory that I had had with Bland; and besides, I was given fifteen hundred straight salary besides a nominal commission on the line. So in two years more I was making about twenty-seven hundred dollars a year, besides my expenses.

I traveled for the Nevins wholesale house three years and a half. By the end of the five and a half which I spent altogether selling groceries, I knew the hills, hamlets, station-agents, chambermaids, railroads, time-tables, seasons, fruits, habits and Sunday-hotel-dinners of northern Indiana and southern Michigan a little better than I knew my own features.

The time was coming when this knowledge was to be of inestimable advantage to me. And the time was coming when twenty-seven hundred or even three thousand dollars a year wasn't going to loom before me as a frightfully large sum for a year's earning.

I was to learn that beyond Michigan lies South Water Street. (Next month a proposal of marriage and other episodes make Miss Evans' narrative specially interesting.)

I became, in fact, homesick. And one bitter evening I wrote Heywood Bland so.

The Girl Who

THE pot of gold was not at the rainbow's foot—it was right back in her own home town! You will find this faithful chronicle of one girl's business career illuminating indeed.

I furnished my suite in a style seldom seen in offices and designed a new set of gowns for myself.

AS I sit in my office,—if the richly furnished place I keep to impress my clients can be properly called an office,—I can look out from my window directly over the scenes of my childhood. Right in the block across the way where the Metropolitan Bank now stands, there was then an old school with a big yard in which many an afternoon raced away while I played. When I go out on the street, as I shall in an hour or so, I shall greet some one I know the moment I step out from the office building. I shall be kept busy nodding to acquaintances and friends as I drive to my next appointment, which happens to be at the home of Mr. S., one of the seventeen thousand millionaires created by the late war. Mr. S. has built a mammoth mansion in one of our outlying suburbs, and I am to attend to the decorations.

I like it all so, the friendliness of it, the fact that Dad knew Mr. S. when he hadn't a dollar to his name (Mr. S. hadn't a dollar, not Dad). I like best of all the fact that over in the new Metropolitan is piling up a bank-balance that puts to shame any bank-balance I ever had in any bank of our Metropolis—in New York. And as I think of the hundreds of girls and women who have tackled that great city as I did, and who are still there, with slim bank-balances, with a hunger for the very acquaintance and friendliness which my home town—I beg its pardon, city, extends to me, I wonder why they do not do as I did and come back—to fortune.

I must admit that it was the merest chance that led me to come back. When I left home fifteen years ago, it was with the firm determination to conquer New York or die. I did neither. I did not fail, else I would not be a success where I am to-day, but neither did I achieve what could honestly be called a conquering success in the big city. *And I don't care.* I never dreamed I couldn't care, but I do not. My city is *my* city in a way the Big City could never be, and I have no regrets.

When I left home at eighteen, Dad was able to start me. I had it all planned out. I was to study interior decoration at a first-class school, start my own office and at it make a success so startling that Charles Schwab and Andrew Carnegie would at once see how very poorly their homes were furnished and would wire me to come regardless of expense to do things over. I actually dreamed such happenings nights. Many a time have I stood in the dining-rooms of John D. Rockefeller, both Senior and Junior, and have told them sternly what was wrong. Stern and unrelenting I was in those days, committed to theories of art and decoration that took little stock of the personal preferences of the people who happened to own the houses and pay for their furnishings. I knew the Rockefeller houses and the houses of other millionaires very well from the magazines and books which make a business of photographing and describing interiors, and in my dreams I handled those millionaires as their ignorance merited, and instituted perfect schemes of house-furnishing in their desecrated dwellings.

In this frame of mind I came to New York. It was an exalted frame of mind indeed, that took little notice of the fact that Dad's start merely gave me funds enough for a bare hall bedroom or a coöperative girls' club. I tried both, alternately, in the years I was at school. When the hall bedroom froze me out in winter, I resorted to the girls' club and when in the summer the numbers and close quarters of the girls' club grew too much for me, I hastened to engage a new hall bedroom.

I wouldn't want to deprive any girl of those uncomfortable, glorious days, those days any girl who has tackled New York will never forget. I have turned my back on the big city; I have what I prize more, but I acknowledge its fascination. I think I feel very much like the reformed rake who marries a good and sweet wife; I admit my former love was desirable, but I desire her no longer.

But those were glorious days indeed. I remember one hall room I had, on Twenty-second Street, where romance blossomed before my very eyes. Next to me—that is in the next room—was a plump and pretty little school-teacher. I went into her room one evening and found her bed full of dainty dresses, frilly things, dimities and lawns with tiny figures and one "best" silk, just the kind of things a country girl takes when she goes to the city.

"I've been trying them on," she said, flushing a bit and looking at me with wistful eyes.

"Yes?" I said, not understanding at all.

"I can't wear them," she burst out passionately. "I don't know a soul. I came here from a small town in Vermont, and I teach school all day. I haven't met anyone—not a man, anyhow. And I never get dressed up."

I didn't much either, but I was so busy dreaming, day and night, of those millionaires with whom I was to be kind but stern, that it troubled me little. Besides, I had no money to buy clothes with; it all went for instruction and rent and food. My clothes were apt to consist of a middy or a smock and an old skirt, for universal wear.

But my little teacher in the next room was different. And the part of my heart that was left from my work ached for her. Now, the next part of this romance needs explanation. Our rooms, the little teacher's and mine, each had a big window which opened on long back yards. On the other side of these back yards there opened the windows of an apartment-house. In the summer when all windows were opened wide, that little court thus formed was a friendly place. There was a young tenor somewhere who sang arias divinely, and when he practiced, there was often a round of applause from the friendly open windows. Then

Went Back

By THE GIRL HERSELF

Illustrated by
HILDA HANWAY

came the man with the phonograph. It was a phonograph of parts, that machine, and he played the best record. He, the man, had it right in the window of his little apartment, and when he finished a record and we applauded, he sometimes came to the window and smilingly bowed. I noticed he seemed to bow directly to the window next to mine, often. And one night when I happened in the next room to borrow some pins, I found the little teacher sitting, with the light full on, by the window. She was in a pink dimity, with clusters of rosebuds!

I wasn't too lost in art to appreciate that. When the phonograph played, I listened. Before an hour had passed I knew that the little teacher in the next room was being courted—on the phonograph. And one night, when the phonograph had played quite boldly, "Tap, tap, tap, are you coming out to-night?" three times over, some bored individual below me called out, "For heaven's sake, if that girl has hearing let her give us peace!" And right after, I heard the little school-teacher's door open softly—and shut. I never knew the details, but I give you my word that by next fall she was washing dishes in the little flat, and the room next to mine was empty. The windows were closed then, but I met her on the street and she referred to "my husband" very prettily. She was wearing the "best" silk she had brought from Vermont.

It was always like that in the big city. I was at a women's school, but even our girls seemed to meet men. There are actually more men to the square inch in New York than anywhere else, and one cannot help knowing a few. I escaped romance during my school days somehow, possibly because of the middies and smocks, possibly because I was too interested in my work, possibly because the art type of man, whom I met most, did not appeal to me in the least. By some strange kink in my mental make-up men and art seem far apart to me. I want all artists women.

Well, in time I finished school and went to work. So did the other girls. Most of them, having no dad able to supply them with a start, took jobs at so much a week. And although these jobs were humble enough,—assistants in some decoration place or even in the department stores or in some wall-paper or curtain-manufacturing establishment or a rug house,—they had one merit. They brought us close to the things we loved, to rich colors and soft fabrics. And a job in this business is often a lead. I knew one girl who took a job at helping an interior decorator, who was quite the vogue, to write some articles. This girl of whom I speak had no training at all in matters of decoration; she had not even seen the inside of a school of art. Neither would she have made any reputation as a writer, although she was fluent and could make straight statements. The articles which she wrote and the famous decorator signed, appeared in a magazine with a circulation of a million, and as most folks are keenly interested in home decoration even if their incomes are so limited that they buy their cretonnes at the five- and ten-cent stores, there was a vast number of inquiries as a result. The girl had to consult the famous decorator to write the replies. So she learned.

The next thing I knew, she had persuaded a well-known architect to let her collaborate with him on a book. She learned from him, and she used her name with his on the book. Then she decided she knew enough to open a "studio." It designed anything from children's everyday dresses and fancy-dress ball costumes to whole houses. I judge it was hardly a financial success, but the girl had advertised herself well, and people had begun to hear of her name. She then began writing magazine articles over her own name and filling private orders—without the expense of a studio. In a few years, she had succeeded in getting a clientele, but her income still was small. So she tackled a big department store which made a feature of decoration. She went to it as an experiment. In a few months she was permanently employed at a huge salary. She visits Europe occasionally; she supervises the department at home. She wears Parisian clothes; she is quoted as an authority. The last time I saw her in the big city was at a ball. Her beautiful auburn hair was drawn across her forehead in a flat band almost covering her eyebrows and she wore a slinky serpentine green gown that fairly wriggled of itself. She had plenty of partners and evidently enjoyed herself. I should say in all fairness that she has conquered her job and the big city, and I should think her income would be about fifteen thousand a year.

I have never known a milliner or a dressmaker who did not have dreams of finally becoming a decorator. And often they do. I know one girl who first made hats, then costumes and just quietly worked up a trade as a decorator among her customers. She had no training whatever in decoration or art, but she had the real things that count—the knowledge of materials and fabrics, the sense of color and of line. She was also an expert at bargaining, and when an antique vogue is in progress, the ability to get old pieces at low prices means money in this game. When I last saw her, she was making hats, gowns and doing houses and making a big income at the triple business.

And of course there are many girls following what might be

"I can't wear them," she burst out. "I haven't met anyone—not a man, anyhow. And I never get dressed up."

termed the "straight road"—that is, coming out of schools of decoration as I did. The last few years there has been a huge impulse all over the country toward decoration, and teachers are in demand in both public and private schools. Some of the girls who studied with me and many of the older women were specializing for this teaching. Some of them went to colleges where decoration is now part of the curriculum, at good salaries.

I stayed in New York and opened my office. I had, as you may imagine, practically no acquaintance; and I merely opened an office. No one came. I hadn't been a year in my office before I realized that if those millionaires of whom I dreamed were ever even to hear of me, I had to know more than how to decorate their homes. I wish everyone would understand that. In writing this article I am offering no apology for my ability in decoration. I am as firmly convinced that I could show these dream people of mine how to make their homes lovelier than they ever were, as I was when I first came to New York. But in that first year of office I learned that this game of interior decoration demands more than artistic ability: it demands a keen business sense and a social acquaintance. Clients may be acquired socially; they may be acquired through the houses handling materials or furniture; but they must be acquired—they do not just walk in. If it hadn't been for Dad, I should have starved those first years, I am sure.

As I am a genuine artist, my heart has always been in my work. If you know art people at all, you must have wondered at the women who paint wonderful pictures glowing with color, and who live in paint-daubed khaki smocks all day and are apt to appear at social functions in gowns that might have been artistic when fresh and new but which are so mussed and worn and generally frazzled that they are plain dowdy. I lived through that stage. I might still be living in it, if it had not been for a man, not an artist, who rescued me. As I said, I did know a few men. This young man I met—well, I suppose I never did meet him in the social sense of the term. He lived in the same house as I, and one day when I was coming downstairs in the dark, I tripped on a hole in the old stair carpet, fell and found myself in his arms. After that, introductions seemed out of the question. He picked me up, steadied me to a low-lit hall light and examined me with more curiosity than concern.

"Oh, you're the girl on the fourth floor," he said.

I was too breathless to reply. He insisted on knowing where I was going, and on learning my errand was to buy sandwiches, he went out and got them himself, sending me up to my room. Our landlady, being wise in her day, furnished all her rooms with camouflage beds as is the New York custom; so when the young man returned with four sandwiches, I was able to ask him in, and we ate together. He was a disconcerting person, that young man. His keen eyes roved all over my shabby room, took in the curtains I had made, the covers I had also made for the unspeakable chairs, the many little shifts I had contrived for turning a furnished room into a thing of beauty. And half through his second sandwich he gave voice to his conclusion.

"You understand your job," he said, "at least as far as your room is concerned. But why stop there? What about yourself?"

"Why," I stammered confused, "I—

The young man looked at me mercilessly.

"I've been watching you for weeks," he said. "I knew you had an office somewhere and were an interior decorator; they told me downstairs. And I also knew that unless you were a miser you didn't live in a place like this because you were making a mint."

"You live here yourself," I retorted with heat. He laughed cheerfully.

"Well, I'm saving money for a purpose," he said. "I'm going to get married next fall, and you can bet we're not going to live in any hole like this. But I can stand it while I wait. Now, my girl—she looks a little like you, and that is why I was watching you. But she knows a thing or two about clothes. And so, from the looks of this room, do you. Now, why on earth a good-looking girl like you wants to look like a bunch of rags bothers me. And look at your business. It can't help get clients, to look as you do. Why, I wouldn't have one if I dressed like that."

"And what may your business be?" I inquired icily.

He laughed again.

"You might know I was in the business that took the most nerve in the world by the ragging I'm giving you," he said. "I'm an insurance solicitor. But honestly, it's a shame to spoil good looks just as much as to spoil a house or a room."

When he went out, I examined myself carefully. I was good-looking. I had a good figure and good hair and good eyes and not a bad nose and mouth. And my complexion had stood city dirt well. I thought it over. I hadn't had a client in a month and Dad's allowance would not cover office rent. The next day I took every cent I had and invested in materials. I hired a machine, brought in a seamstress and designed a wardrobe for myself. It was not "in style;" it was a purely personal wardrobe. But it was as beautiful as the rooms I decorated, and it suited me. I worked hard for three weeks, during which time I kept on as a dowd and had never a client. And then, when the wardrobe was complete, I destroyed every stitch I had and burst forth in my glory. I shall never forget the young man on my first evening in splendor. He was sitting on the stoop when I came home from the office (where I had made the change), and he jumped up delightedly and seized my hand.

"You understand your job," he said, "at least as far as your room is concerned. But why stop there? What about yourself?"

"Well, you've done it!" he said. "I've been waiting for you to get to it."

"But did you expect me to do it?" I asked, incredulous.

"Little girl," he said, "I am a good insurance solicitor now and I'm going to be one of the best. I've learned to make most talk pay and to always believe it's going to pay."

The next day a woman followed me from the elevator to my office.

"Oh, you are an interior decorator," she said with evident disappointment. "I thought you were a costumer. Your gown is so fetching I wanted one like it."

I declined to undertake the gown. But my mind, stimulated by a talk I had had the night before with the young insurance man was unusually alert.

"But I might let you take this to your costumer or to some one who could copy it," I suggested. The woman brightened.

"Oh, that would be too sweet of you!" she cried. "But I do not know you. You must let me pay you in some way. Perhaps I—well, I know Mollie is going to be married." Here her eyes took in every detail of my "office" which was furnished for that very purpose. "I feel certain you could do her house."

Mollie was her sister, and I did Mollie's house. And that was

the beginning of a real income. After Mollie's house came other houses and some social acquaintance. I felt quite secure after a year, but after five years I did not feel secure at all. I was still doing houses, but my clientele did not seem to increase nor my charges to rise like those of other women in the profession. My insurance man had married and I had no one to help me analyze this time, but I worked it out bit by bit for myself. I would never be a success, a big success, where competition was so keen. I did good work, but I had neither the business ability nor the social ability to get clients before the other fellow got them.

I have known people in this business, men and women, to angle for weeks for an invitation. I have known them to pay poor society folks to keep them in touch with people who were going to put up new country or town houses, to pay for introductions to such people. I didn't want business that bad; I wanted to succeed in a big way, on merit. And either my merit was not sufficient, or there were people of equal merit who did not mind doing business in this way. And there were in addition to these, real society people who were in business who had by birth and training all the necessary social connections to insure success. I did not have those. I saw before me years of moderate income, with sufficient work to enable me to keep up a good front but not enough to keep that bank-balance other than slim. Dad's allowance had ceased, as Dad had grown no richer but older and needed the money himself. And I was ambitious; there was no question of that.

I suppose I might still be there pondering the matter if it had not been for the man from Ongolopolis. He was not the first man from a Midwestern city who had visited my studio, by a score, nor was he the first who had given me an order; but he came at the right time.

He knocked at my door and walked in quickly without waiting for an answer. He was a stout man in perfectly fitting made-to-order clothing, with a look of opulence quite distinct about him.

"Miss W.?" he inquired, puffing slightly.

I bowed. He dived into a pocket and produced a set of blueprints. These he spread before me.

"This is my new house," he said with obvious pride. "It's going up now, in Ongolopolis. You did the Mavers house, you know, out in Car City, and they wrote me not to have anybody but you. Nice house they have, too. Now, I don't mind telling you I don't know a thing about this, but I want a good house, something no one can say aint done right and something that is a home just the same. You did it for Mavers, and you can do it for me. When can you come out?"

I considered.

"I can come out next month," I said.

I went and did the house in Ongolopolis. It was a city of more than two hundred thousand, and there were three other houses given to me during my stay there. All three of the orders came from people who expressed themselves as thankful to find me on the spot. I was very thoughtful when I returned to New York.

These folks in the Middle West had not questioned me. They were not finicky. They wanted comfort combined with taste. They paid whatever I asked and did not quarrel with a single charge. I had everything my own way, which was not usual in New York, where every woman who has a dollar for a lampshade is quite certain she knows all about interior decoration. The department stores make a specialty, I believe, of catering to these women, and their half-baked ideas had often driven me nearly wild. There had been a number of well-to-do people at Ongolopolis; it was near half a dozen other fairly large places, and office rents were low. It was, in fact, very like my home town—right here I got a jolt. Why not? My home city was not a hundred and fifty miles from Ongolopolis. It had boomed since I had left; industries had come, banks had opened; there must be money there, new houses, new possibilities. When my Ongolopolis man, who was one of the most successful business men in that section of the country, came in one day to see me, I put the matter before him frankly.

"Oh, you are an interior decorator," she said with evident disappointment. "I thought you were a costumer."

"In New York," I said, "I can hold my own for years. But I cannot save what I want. What do you think of my chances at home?"

"Why, Miss W.," he said, "I think you could do a business that would surprise you. There is money in the Middle West, as much in all of it, I guess, as in New York; and as far as I know, the interior decorators are as scarce as hen's teeth. And we're ripe for it. The magazines have educated us up to it; we travel, and we see it done, and we want it, and we have to come to New York to get it. You've got enough of a reputation to start, but even if you hadn't, I believe you could pull it off."

I suppose I had developed some business sense by this time; at any rate I moved carefully. I collected a set of statements in letters from pleased New York clients; I wrote to my home Chamber of Commerce, to Dad and to the new bank.

Six months later, I moved. I took one of the best office suites in town at a rent which exceeded my New York office by a little, for I was determined to get to the top this time. I furnished it in a style seldom seen in offices, with Venetian and Florentine genuine antiques that cost me a small fortune, in hangings that were modern but which harmonized. I designed a whole new set of gowns for myself. I got the local papers to give me as much publicity as possible. I looked up all my old friends—it was amazing how prosperous they had grown—and frankly asked for their patronage.

They seemed genuinely delighted to have me back. They were proud of me as an eccentricity that belonged to them. In a year they had forgotten that I was eccentric. I had been invited to lecture before the women's clubs, before the State university, the near-by city university and half a dozen other organizations. I went to them all. I did not *(Continued on page 109)*

Qualms of Conscience

By COSMO HAMILTON

Illustrated by
ROBERT W. STEWART

What Has Already Happened

THESE are stories of the web of life into which we are all woven—of the effects upon many people of the wealthy Quaker Hill colony which followed an infraction of the social code by Julian Osborn and Margaret Meredith. The lawyer Hicks cleared Margaret's name at the expense of a girl named Mary Miller. Margaret's husband was reconciled to her. So too, Julian's wife Daisy forgave him. But the ball kept rolling. Wealthy Mr. Mahan was about to consent to the engagement of his stepdaughter Elsa to Gilbert Carlton, when he received an anonymous letter accusing Carlton and Mary Miller. Thereupon Mahan sought out Mary Miller and was told by her that she had really saved Margaret by lying in her behalf in payment for kindnesses Margaret had previously done her. And then gossiping Mrs. Hicks spread difficulties by carrying the story to Mr. and Mrs. Peterson, the parents of Mary's fiancé Eric.

ALMOST always you may tell a woman's character by her rings. In nine cases out of ten you may form accurate conclusions as to her antecedents by the way she eats asparagus. Without any exception you may not only be certain of her character but her antecedents as well, by her house. If, of course, she doesn't possess rings, lives in other people's houses and eschews asparagus, then it is necessary to make her acquaintance and delve, or place her among those nebulous people who have neither character nor antecedents. In that case your course of action depends entirely upon her face.

No one lucky enough to see Frankie Mundy at home could make any mistake. She wore one superb pearl on her right hand, and on her left not one of the ultramodern camouflages which women of flippant minds are affecting, but an old-fashioned, unmistakable wedding-ring. Her charming house provided the other key. High up among rocks, with a drive designed by a man whose thoughts ran to plutocratic cars, it was long and low. It had gables and windows that opened outward. It did not pretend to be anything but a little house, but its living-room was as large as the whole floor-plan of most houses, its dining-room was a worthy relation, and there were a dozen surprising bedrooms in unexpected places. The ceilings were low and beamed, the furniture old cottage stuff from rural England, mellow and unreplaceable, and there was a lushness of color in all the chintzes. Everywhere books. The finical and conventional hand of the interior-decorator was conspicuously absent, and the result was individuality. Merely to stand in that ample and cheerful living-room with its wide window-seats and its hodgepodge of dear old simple bits of oak was enough to assure one of its owner's gift of sentiment, sense of courage and feeling for form and color.

With a deep and sympathetic knowledge of commuting, Frankie chose Saturday nights for her dinner-parties. This enabled the men of Quaker Hill not only to do justice to her excellent wines but to continue to do justice to them until the wee small hours without thoughts of that cursed morning train. As soon as the news of Eric Peterson's engagement had spread, the leading spirits of the community found themselves round Frankie's hospitable table again, with a Sunday between them and the daily grind. The party was given to meet Mary Miller, a fact which, seeing that she was a complete outsider, brought everybody to the little house filled with curiosity, excitement and preconceived ideas.

It is a great moment in the lives of women to sit in judgment of one who is not remotely known to them and who will probably take her place in their midst as the wife of its most decorative and most eligible young man. To men, also, who have done the deed which places them either in contentment or unholy regret, it is a stirring thing to meet the girl who has it in her power to do the same thing to a hitherto happy and unfettered fellow-male and to endeavor to form a conclusion as to what she may have in store for him. There had been, therefore, enough loose electricity in the air during dinner to light up the room, which Frankie preferred to keep cathedral-like in its dimness. The soft light of shaded candles was not essential to her complexion, but she preferred to take no chances.

"Be very good to my friend Mary," Margaret said with a little quiver in her voice. "It shall be the work of my life," Eric replied, and would have slipped away.

Gilbert had eyes for no one but Elsa; and she, being secured, pretended to flirt with Kenneth Holbrook. Having been happily married for nine years and lost a good deal of his hair, Kenneth played ball with all the more gusto because he was within hearing of his wife, and she was already rehearsing some beautifully scathing things to say on the way home. Egg-flip Mahan sat next to Mary Miller and told her, with that nice touch of exaggeration which belongs to the Irish, the full story of his life. With the inverted snobbishness of all self-made men, he gloried in having sold papers in the streets.

Frankie saw, as she expected, a cunning smile on the face of the woman whom she had hoped to terrorize. "I see. Margaret has been talking to you," Mrs. Bartle scoffed.

Nina Hopper had had a birthday recently, her twenty-fifth, and with the check presented to her by her admirable and earnest husband had bought the sort of evening frock which, on the smallest provocation, was likely to continue on its way to utter indiscretion. There had been hot words with Felix before leaving the house, and relations were strained. The worst of it was that Nina had known from the moment that she saw herself in the dress that it was precisely what Felix unhesitatingly dubbed it. But what is miscalled pride demanded that she should put herself through an evening of untranslatable self-consciousness under what seemed to be one huge universal eye. She sat on tenter-hooks for fear that she might sneeze and become completely discovered. Even the sanest women, it appears, can be affected by the drama of spring and the studied lunacy of dressmakers. There was a certain element of the comical, in the way in which Felix tried to make out that his wife was not even his sister-in-law.

Allen Scribner Rumsey had had a wearing and anxious day in Wall Street, and with the laudable intention of stringing himself up to his usual level of social fascination had taken four cocktails before dinner. His imitation of Charlie Chaplin after receiving a stunning blow on the head with a crowbar was painful in its excellence. The Rubenesque Olive, his joyous and loyal spouse, was obliged to be merry and bright for two. Her too frequent laugh rattled the old Chelsea on the dresser. The Peterson family was fully represented—the worthy mother, in a dress designed by herself and carried out by a terrorized local seamstress, might have stepped out of an illustration by Du Maurier in the mid-Victorian pages of *Punch;* the father bore a more than very disconcerting resemblance to the President; and Eric was, as he put it, "fullabeans." He had made a sensational innovation in evening clothes for the occasion by having bone buttons on his coat.

The Kesters and Doris Clayton were strictly normal. So was Bob Meredith, who made it his business to draw Mrs. Peterson out on her pet subjects, servants and geraniums. Margaret had brought her sister, Mrs. Howard Bartle, and succeeded in letting only Frankie Mundy see that a new crisis was making her break into hot waves of terror. As for Mary Miller, in a frock that stood nicely between Greenwich Village and the Ziegfeld Follies, she was having the most uncomfortable time in her life. But she listened with deep attention to George Mahan's eloquence with one ear and with the other to the cheery whispers of young Eric. The hostess, glistening with silver sequins, was in her best form, and on the face of it the party was a great success. If the state of mind of Lilla Bartle had been generally known, however, it would have added just enough to the already superfluous electricity in that room to make Quaker Hill a beacon to all the surrounding country.

The men followed the ladies into the sitting-room almost at once. Mr. Peterson was full of gloomy forebodings as to the future of the world; and such things, after a good dinner, do not go well. It was a hot night, with only an occasional puff of breeze. A virginal moon shone in a diaphanous sky. Nothing broke the calm silence but the egotistical frogs, who were vying with each other to give imitations of irritable footmen blowing whistles for taxicabs.

The women had gone out on to the veranda and were sitting in a semicircle round Mary Miller. Her simplicity and absolute lack of side had already made a favorable impression. Her frankness now in reply to a hundred eager questions won all hearts. Mrs. Peterson beamed with quiet pleasure. Eric was the last out of the dining-room, and on his way to add his decorative person to the group, he saw Margaret hovering in the sitting-room like a white moth near a lamp with a blood-red shade. She had been waiting for him, and beckoned him over.

"Be very good to my friend Mary," she said with a little quiver in her voice.

Ordinarily Eric would have disguised sincerity beneath a veil of epigrammatic flippancy. It had become a habit. But this time, having rounded the corner that turns from undergraduatism to manhood, and knowing how easily Mary's connection with Margaret's story could have wrecked his happiness, he spoke as he felt. "It shall be the work of my life," he replied, and would have slipped away.

But Margaret laid her hand on his arm. "Stay a moment. I've been in town with my sister since that morning in the studio. I've not had a chance to talk to Mary yet. Tell me what happened afterward."

It was an awkward moment. Eric had had to know the truth about Margaret. It was spreading swiftly through Quaker Hill. With Mrs. Hicks running amuck, the Eleventh Commandment was difficult to keep, it seemed. "Well," he said, treading like a cat on hot bricks, "a good deal has happened. I spoke to Mary that night. She did me the honor to say yes—as you can see not only by looking at me but because of the party here. Mrs. Mundy's playing the fairy godmother as usual. J. M. Barrie ought to have been her brother. Two mornings later I took Mary home to break the news—and Mrs. Hicks was there."

"Mrs. Hicks!"

Eric nodded. "I don't know how she had got hold of it, but it was obvious that she had turned up to put things on the blink. Mary beat her in that round, but being dead certain that a barrage of 5.9's would lift her chances clean out of the earth if she wasn't in first, she came back after dinner to put herself right with my father and mother."

He had rushed his story up to this point, but now, seeing a look on Margaret's face which was like that of an animal hunted by dogs, he paused to choose his words. He was infinitely sorry for this unfortunate girl whose one false step seemed to have left an indelible mark. It was not for him to ape the Pharisee.

"Do *they* know too?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "There was no way out. But they have forgotten, Mrs. Meredith, and all they and I are going to remember is your God-sent kindness to Mary. I may say, with everlasting pride, that my father and mother rose to the occasion. Never let anybody tell you that old-fashioned people haven't got hearts as well as scruples."

He gave a short laugh, and for the first time since his early school-days, actually blushed. "Forgive this filial enthusiasm," he added, hoping that she would understand that he was also apologizing for an indirect and unmeant criticism of herself.

But Margaret remained as still and as white as Lot's wife after she had been turned into salt. "They know too," she said. "Where will it end?"

Eric was moved to an optimism in which he didn't believe. He knew that she was thinking of Bob. "With us," he said. "Don't be afraid. I've got a scheme for the utter removal of the devil's sister, and then there'll be peace." He had no scheme, but the impromptu remark planted a seed in his hitherto inactive brain. He owed that mischief-maker something. He would see that it came to her.

"But there's a new danger," said Margaret.

"A new one?"

"Yes—my sister."

"Your sister! But surely you haven't got an enemy in your sister."

"I have—more dangerous than Mrs. Hicks. Will you do something for me?"

"Anything."

"Ask Frankie to come to me here."

Irresolute, the boy bowed before that figure of trouble. He wanted to say something to show how much he was her friend. But his flow of words failed. So he put Margaret's hand to his lips. It was a little clumsily done—not up to the usual immaculate form of the flower of Hill.

Once more the white moth hovered alone and despairing in the light of the lamp with the blood-red shade. Sooner or later Bob must know. That was the fear that haunted her by day and night. And that meant for her the tree-surrounded pool at the bottom of the garden, and everlasting sleep. . . . . Where had been the one wise woman who would have told her without scorn and impatience at the end of her school-days to clear her head of all the girl rubbish which clogged it then—the silly stuff that goes with youth, the itch for intrigue and adventure, the false idea of living only once and leading one's own life, the fallacy of being "free" to taste forbidden fruit, to wander into a sham Eden, to look on marriage vows as easily broken things and the narrow path of duty as dull and out of date?

Frankie Mundy was prepared to lend her sympathetic eye to Margaret that night. She had seen enough in the girl's expression during dinner to know that she stood greatly in need of help. Also she had watched with growing uneasiness the smoke that was rising from the various houses in her beloved Quaker Hill which had been affected by the incendiarism of Mrs. Hicks. Added to which were the whispers brought to her by several little birds. And she had seen Julian driving away from the studio-barn that sunny morning. Something in the nature of hysteria that she had detected about Lilla Bartle, too, had made her ready for an S. O. S. But Margaret, almost alone among her friends, had not yet come to her confessional. She was allowing her trouble to eat into her soul, and her pride was stubborn. Had something new happened to make her break it down?

She put her arm round Margaret, led her into a window-recess, and waited, a sweet and gracious woman tempered into fine steel by her own tragedy, bravely endured.

And at the first sight of those kind eyes Margaret broke down her fourth wall. "Frankie," she whispered, "I *was* with Julian in Baltimore. Mary Miller rescued me, and I got off. But the lie wasn't buried deep enough. Bits of it have been dug up by Mrs. Hicks, and she is taking it from house to house. Gilbert Carlton and Elsa know. Mrs. Mahan knows. Daisy knows. The Petersons know—and there's Bob. Oh, God, if he should know! When I sent Julian away, he said that Lilla, who knows too and helped me, might have qualms of conscience. She has, Frankie. They've been coming to her at night and tormenting her. She sent for me to say that she couldn't look at herself in the glass with the thing on her mind, and I've brought her back to plead with her not to put herself right at the expense of Bob's happiness. But I can't, and the end's near. I can never let Bob look at me again when his faith has gone."

Even the sanest women can be affected by the studied lunacy of dressmakers. . . . . Felix tried to make out that his wife was not even his sister-in-law.

Frankie held the trembling girl warmly in her arms, and soothed her as though she were a child still under the terror of a nightmare. The confession had come at last. Everything that had been suspected was true, with a vengeance! Frankie knew women of Lilla Bartle's type—high-strung, egotistical, superstitious, without self-control and with an unhealthy and irrepressible longing to stand in the limelight. She despised them. Once having been persuaded into condonation, let them stick to their guns—especially when, as in this case, there was such a man as Bob to be left unshaken.

"The end is nowhere in sight," she said. "There are too many decent people about who would prevent that."

"But Lilla says that she must speak to Bob to-night."

"The evening's young yet," said Frankie. "Let me get my thinking-cap on, Margaret, my dear. Luckily, we know something of the temperament of the woman who is the disturbing factor. If we try hard enough, we may guess the rest and work accordingly. Sit down and answer one or two questions."

From where they sat close together in that quiet corner, the voices of the merry group on the veranda came to them faintly. The scent of the flowers drifted in, and the gentle breeze that had sprung up filled the air with the sound of rustling leaves that was like the applause of fairies.

"How much older is your sister than you are?"

"Three years, I think—yes, three years."

"She was married at eighteen, wasn't she, to a jealous and exacting man?"

"Yes, but Howard's awfully kind, really, although he hasn't given her any rope."

"Given her any rope—that's what I wanted to get at. All the precocious notions that you girls picked up at school, and the wish to enter Blue Rooms and all that that means, have been kept under. She has only played a minor part in your—shall I call it adventure?—and is jealous. She would have given her ears to have played the lead. She now sees a way to add another act to this drama of yours in which she can occupy the very center of the stage, and she calls it conscience. I've known women like that before. Being safe, they'll sacrifice anything and anybody to stand in the spotlight, and usually there is only one thing to stop them."

"I've tried everything," said Margaret, "and failed."

Frankie held the cold hand a little tighter. "Wait a minute. I have an inspiration. Am I right in supposing that your sister has ever gone in for the ouija board and palmistry and that kind of thing? Think carefully. It's very important."

Margaret put her hand up to her forehead. It was difficult to concentrate with only one overwhelming idea in her brain. And what on earth could this have to do with it all? "I don't know," she said. "I don't remember ever seeing—yes, last year she had her horoscope taken. Howard had bought a great big house at Southampton. But she was told that if she went there, she would have an accident that would spoil her looks, and so absolutely refused to live in it. Howard was very angry and had to sell the place."

"That's enough," said Frankie, chortling with triumph and excitement. "Then we've got her. You're safe, my dear—at any rate, so far as she's concerned."

"How? I don't understand."

Frankie got up and drew Margaret to her feet. Her face was alight, her eyes sparkling, and there was a wonderful smile playing round her lips. "Come out with me," she said "and let your load fall from your shoulders. If by the end of half an hour I haven't put the fear of God into Lilla Bartle, I'll eat every one of my collection of hats. This thing is easy. I told you I knew the type."

But on the threshold of the door that led on to the veranda Margaret drew up short. She dared not trust herself to hope that even Frankie Mundy, with all her ingenuity and wit, could save her from an exposure to prevent which she had been using every conceivable plea for several days. It was too good to be true. Why, she had been actually on her knees to Lilla, with tears streaming down her face, and all she had got in return were the reiterated words, "My conscience—my conscience."

"Frankie," she said, "I don't know how to thank you, but—"

Once more there was the pressure of a firm hand on her soft shoulder and a whisper of complete confidence. "There isn't a *but,* Margaret. Join the group, be merry and bright, and leave the rest to me. I tell you that Bob is not going to watch any imitation of Sarah Bernhardt to-night or at any other time from your pent-up sister. That I guarantee."

And so they passed out into the scent of flowers and the laughter and the clatter of tongues. The young slip of a moon, lying shyly under the admiring eyes of all the stars, was more golden than before. Frogs were still calling cabs, and a little wind was teasing the sleepy leaves. Doris Clayton, in a Mary Pickford attitude, was sitting on the rail of the veranda. One of her shapely legs gleamed whitely. Her frock was fashionably constructed to achieve this pleasant accident.

Mary Miller's simplicity and absolute lack of side made a favorable impression.

Margaret took the cane armchair, which Eric immediately surrendered to her in his best *Grandison* manner. It gave him the much-desired opportunity to sit on the arm of Mary's and touch her hair surreptitiously with his lips. There is nothing so good in life as being in love. Allen Rumsey had come out of his Martini coma and was proving to Mrs. Bartle how easily he could have solved the intricate difficulties of the League of Nations if he were, as he ought to be, President. Bob Meredith threw a quick and tender smile to his wife and went on talking golf to Olive Rumsey, who was an enthusiast without having lost her sense of proportion. She was still aware of the fact that she had a house, a husband and two babies. But the question was one of the overlapping grip—for and against which whole volumes might be written. The Irishman was astonishing Mrs. Peterson with the old story of his miraculous rise. He knew it by heart, but always managed to vary the details.

Frankie went straight over to Nina Hopper, whose free access to light and air kept her extremely cool to everybody. Especially Felix, who felt that he had spoken wisely but too well. There was that last half-hour before sleep to go through. He had been married several years. She put her hand under Nina's elbow, drew her up and walked her away to the other end of the veranda which was open to the sky.

"Don't ask me why," she said, "but I want you to turn Allen Rumsey out of his seat at once and talk palmistry to Lilla Bartle."

Nina puckered her dark eyebrows. "Palmistry?" she asked.

"Yes, coupled with my name. Get in as quickly and as deftly as you can that I am perhaps the most wonderful exponent of the science of reading hands in the country."

"Are you, Frankie?"

"No, my love, but you will say so and add that you yourself have lately been guided through a very delicate matter by what I told you, and that sometimes, under great pressure, I can be persuaded to treat people who are not on the most intimate terms with me. Be mysterious and enthusiastic and hint at occult powers. I want Mrs. Bartle to consult me—I think that's the word—within ten minutes. I shall be in the den to the left of the hall."

"What's the idea?" asked Nina bluntly.

Frankie faced the girl of the indiscreet frock with sudden gravity. "I want to save a poor dear friend of mine from suicide," she said.

Nina nearly jumped out of her exposed skin. "Good heavens! But suppose I can't get Mrs. Bartle interested."

"Then you wont be the girl I take you to be. Look. Allen's on his feet. Now's your chance." She watched Nina go swiftly back and slip into the vacant chair. Then she went into the house, gave an admirable order as to Scotch whisky, of which she had laid in a number of cases in an endeavor to mitigate a law specially designed to undermine the self-control of the country, and went into the den which had belonged to the man who could never come back. In this intimate and comfortable room, lined with books and hung with sporting trophies, she waited with confidence and patience with her hand on the telephone. She must do something to convey the impression of having left her guests for a reason.

She was beginning to wonder whether Nina had let her down or she herself had overestimated Mrs. Bartle's fund of superstition, when there was a quick step in the hall. She pushed the telephone away, turned toward the door and saw Margaret's sister standing there irresolutely. The light was strong enough to show a rather pretty young woman with a mass of loosely done brown hair, a somewhat petulant mouth and brown eyes which had a disconcerting way of watching the lips of the person to whom she was speaking. She conveyed the suggestion of repressed flightiness.

"Oh," she said, "I hope I'm not—that is, Mrs. Hopper has just been telling me— Of course, I'm not an intimate friend, but—" She gave a nervous laugh and held out her hand. "Will you, *please?* It would be so kind." *(Continued on page 110)*

At the End Of a Hollow Tile

By MARGARET FOLEY

"ASTRID S. ROSING, dealer in sewer pipe, hollow tile, fire brick, and sand and gravel."

An unusual business for a woman and an unusual woman in the business! Yet Miss Rosing has been called the "best sewer-pipe man in the county" by broad-minded competitors. One derives some idea of the amount of business she takes care of from the fact that in her office she has her own private switchboard with five incoming trunk lines and seven terminals. Miss Rosing is not a manufacturer, but takes the output of several factories which have no sales departments and markets their products for them through her central sales organization. She owns a number of yards and warehouses, horses, wagons and motortrucks.

If one should ask this clever woman what constituted success in business, the answer would no doubt be short and terse—*service*. The fact that service meant long hours of hard work, countless deprivations and discouragements, she would never even dream of mentioning. Yet few women have had more obstacles to overcome than she. To her they are all just part of the big game!

Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, Astrid S. Rosing came to America with her widowed mother when only twelve years of age. Poor in money—but rich in ambition, determination and initiative! In the Danish schools she had been taught to speak French and German fluently, but her knowledge of English was limited. She at once entered our public schools and at fifteen felt that she had mastered American ways, stenography and the English language sufficiently to permit her taking a position. Then followed a year's employment in a hardware store at a salary of $7.00 a week. There seemed small chance of her receiving a voluntary raise, so she set about seeking a more promising opening.

Her second position was in a small factory, and the salary was $8.00 a week. Here she acquired stenographic proficiency and some much-needed self-confidence, but having a goal in sight and being determined to advance quickly, she finally came to the conclusion that such a small factory did not offer large enough opportunities for one as ambitious as she. So she quit work and advertised in the Sunday paper. After much deliberation and figuring of family budgets Astrid had decided that she could not afford to work for less than $12.00 a week—this amount being absolutely necessary to cover living expenses. One lone answer came to the advertisement, and on reporting, Astrid found that she was only one of several applicants for the position. The tryout was a miserable failure, owing to nervousness, timidity and an unfamiliar typewriter. Yet she still insisted as she left her name and address, that she could not work for less than $12.00 a week because she had to have that money to help support her mother and the children!

There must have been something about the little Scandinavian girl with her long yellow braids and dauntless blue eyes that touched the heart of the would-be employer. At any rate, in a few days she received instructions to report for service—at the coveted salary. This was her introduction to the sewer-pipe business, for the new employer was a dealer in sewer pipe and clay products.

Having secured the position, the ambitious girl determined to master every detail of the business. It interested her from the beginning. The other employees were all years older than the little stenographer, and her grit and enthusiasm appealed to them. Naturally, she made good, and within three months her salary had been increased to $15.00 weekly. Some months after, the bookkeeper resigned, and his position was offered to Astrid, provided she could handle the work satisfactorily. She was to receive the same salary that he had been drawing, $100.00 a month. This seemed a Heaven-sent opportunity to her—and a tremendous amount of money!

While mastering office detail the farseeing girl had not overlooked the sales end of the business, which had a decided attraction for her. Gradually expanding, the firm grew to be the largest dealing in its line and then began manufacturing its wares. More hard work for little Miss Rosing, as she was determined to learn everything possible about her own job and the rest of the plant as well. But the reward came—and in her early twenties she was so valuable an adjunct to the business that she was being paid a percentage of the profits. Then came a disagreement over her percentage of the earnings and the happy, profitable business relations were severed.

Miss Rosing entered into partnership with a promoter almost immediately, but the enterprise failed and the savings of years were lost.

Discouragement but no defeat!

"After many efforts to retrieve my losses," said Miss Rosing, "I launched out as a wholesale dealer, single-handed. I was determined that my valuable knowledge of sewer pipe and clay

products should benefit me. My friends and business acquaintances tried to dissuade me; they felt that the odds were too great—that I never could succeed, no matter how hard I worked. It was a year of financial panic—I was seeking to enter what was conceded the world over to be a man's field and would have to overcome a great deal of prejudice. My competitors all predicted a speedy failure. It was really a logical conclusion in view of the fact that I had to start with neither money nor credit. But I gritted my teeth and determined to succeed—I would not allow myself even to think failure. Many a time during those first strenuous months I wept myself to sleep. Many a time I was hungry, but I only worked the harder and desperately schemed new means for drumming up business.

"How well I remember my first office!" Miss Rosing smiled reminiscently. "I was afraid that if I merely took desk room people would not take me seriously, so I went into what, at that time, was considered the best office building in the city. I took a little office all by myself—bought the best desk and office furnishings that I could find, being determined that I would look prosperous anyway, and hired a girl as stenographer who had just finished her business course. I felt this lavish expenditure for office furnishings would justify itself in the long run, as I had to let people know that I had come to stay. These matters being attended to, I did not have enough money left to pay my next month's rent nor my stenographer's small salary of $5.00 a week. (By the way, this girl now holds a responsible position in my office.)

"The next thing to do was to establish credit. Heretofore I had never bought a cent's worth that I had not paid cash for—I had never appreciated what credit meant until I launched my own enterprise. So I immediately began opening accounts everywhere. My finances were so low that this was absolutely necessary, and it was equally necessary that I be able to give satisfactory references. Early in the game one of the large manufacturers down East, with whom I had placed a small order, asked me for references. I wrote him: 'I could give you any number of names of people who know me personally but not one with whom I have had other than cash business dealings. However, there must always be a first time to establish one's credit, so wont you take a chance on this small account—find out how I make my payments and conduct my business dealings?' The manufacturer saw the point and agreed to take the chance. My bill with that very concern averaged more than $7,000.00 monthly inside of three years. In proportion as my business has grown, my account with him has grown—for I certainly appreciated his action at a time when I was so greatly in need of encouragement.

"The first year," Miss Rosing continued, "I came out a little better than even. The second year showed some improvement. However, I hesitated at no sacrifice of time or energy to keep my little business going. I managed my office, with the help of my stenographer, and did my own traveling as well for nearly two years—it was that long before I was financially able to employ salesmen. I lived on the north side of town then, and frequently would have to leave the house around four or five in the morning to catch an early train and make a small town or two trying to round up an order or look over a gravel pit, and get back to my office in time to handle any inquiries that had come in over the telephone or by mail. I traveled on milk trains, freight trains, anything I could catch to make connections.

"In course of time I gained a few steady customers. I also earned a real degree of credit with the manufacturers. My office force was still small, but well trained and efficient. My machinery was ready for live business if things would only break right! Lying awake nights, I would think out advertising methods, slogans, trade-marks, letter forms. Nothing that cost little was passed by if it offered hope of attracting business. I did not relish making a public show of myself, you may be sure, but I felt it was necessary to appear at trade shows, even exhibiting my wares before curious crowds. I began to seek chances to read papers at conventions so that my territory would, therefore, be extended. I felt myself losing my natural human personality, for I now stood only for a business. You can see how completely absorbed I had become in the creature of my own making—how far I had grown away from the little Danish immigrant girl who had started her business career just a few years before!

"Well, at last things began to break for me. It seems to me they must break right for anyone who has so carefully and wholeheartedly made ready the machinery of success.

"My line of work being so very masculine, I had a great deal of prejudice to overcome with both salesmen and contractors. One day one of my salesmen reported that though my price on a certain contract was low, because the fact that I was a woman had been discovered, the contract would not be awarded me. Whether it was just because I was a woman, or that my ability to deliver the goods was doubted, my salesman did not know. Of course, I took the matter out of the salesman's hands, telling him that I'd take care of it. I couldn't allow him to feel that he was in any way handicapped by being in a woman's employ, and I wanted him to know that the firm he represented did not bid on any work or any sized job that it could not go through with.

"There was nothing to do but call on the man personally; I had never met him, and I realized that I had a very difficult task before me in overcoming an aversion to dealing with women so deep-rooted that an order had been withheld even though the product was satisfactory and the price low. My spirits were at lowest ebb,—so much was at stake,—and the big thing was that I simply had to make good in the eyes of my sales force. The morale of my whole organization was at stake.

"As I sat and waited for this 'enemy' of mine (as I mentally termed him), I saw a number of girls and women walking to and fro in the outer office, and I kept saying to myself over and over to keep up my courage so that I could present my arguments intelligently—'He employs women—why wont he buy from them? I've served my apprenticeship—I've a right to own my business! I'm not like those women—I can't be just one of the many—I've got to *lead!*' Then I'd grit my teeth and determine: 'He's got to buy!'

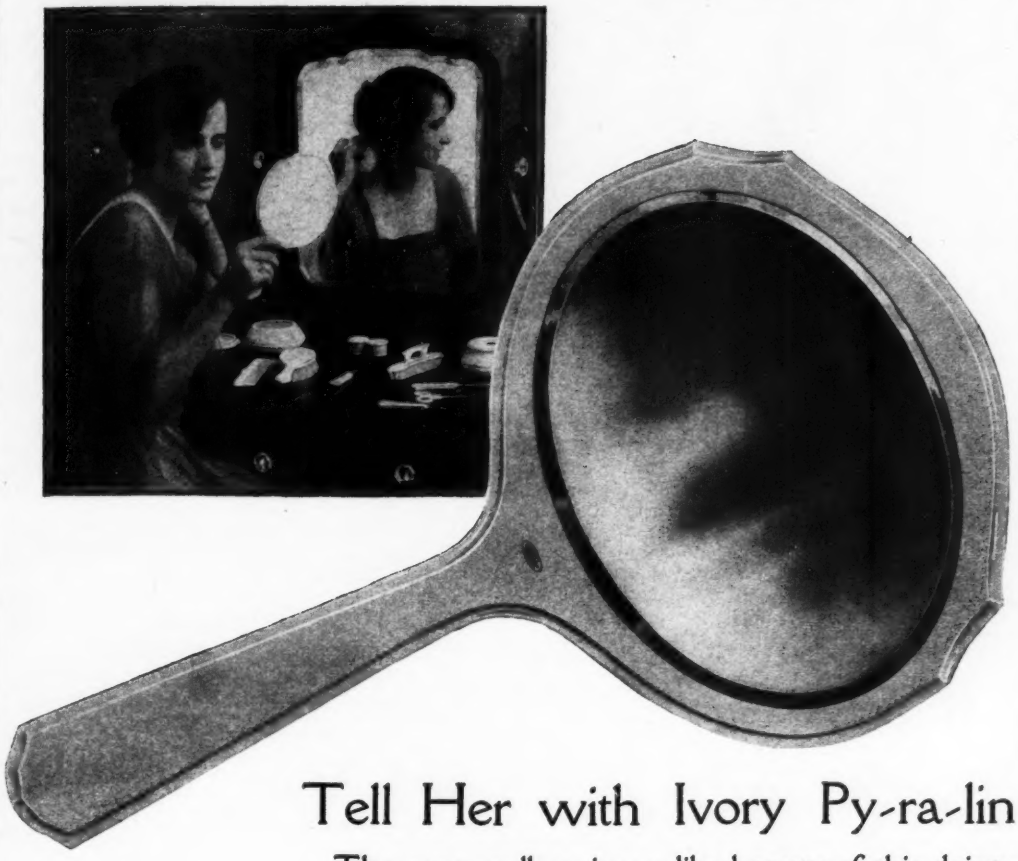
"Let me say right here that it took me many a long year to arrive at a state of mind where I could really feel that I could legitimately call myself a successful executive—capable of leading others. For that is what an employer must be—a *leader*, capable of forming quick decisions and standing by them, of taking his losses as well as his gains with a smile. Danish women are seldom in the public eye, and I had to overcome an inherent timidity and school myself to meet the public. Many people think that a woman in a business like this becomes hardened and masculine—being compelled to deal almost entirely with men—but I have never been able to overcome my timidity. I have acquired a certain poise, of course; one unconsciously does, meeting different types of people daily.

"At last I was ushered into the dreaded presence. My arguments must have been logical and the nervous quivering which convulsed me inwardly not apparent, for the interview ended most satisfactorily. I did not obtain that contract,—it had been awarded before our interview,—but I succeeded in convincing

Photograph by Koehne, Chicago

The woman who found her fortune in a hollow tile.

DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES



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DU PONT

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Because of them the lights of the War Department in Washington blazed far into the night. About their fate was wound the tragedy of a broken marriage, of a fortune lost, of a nation betrayed.

It is a wonderful story with the kind of mystery that you will sit up nights trying to fathom. It is just one of the stories fashioned by that master of mystery

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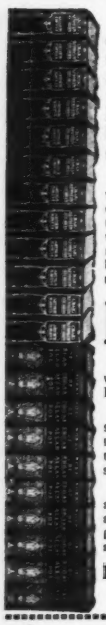

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him of my reliability and secured the promise of future business, which came to us in time. But best of all, I had retained prestige in my organization.

"My business is operated on an unusual plan. I do not want to enter into the manufacturing end, so I contract for the output of a number of factories and market their product, thus making it unnecessary for them to have sales departments of their own.

"A hobby of mine is to keep in close touch with each manufacturer whose product I market and to familiarize myself with his problems. Many people in my line do not appreciate the value of this close contact, but knowledge thus gained makes my promise to a customer of delivery at a stated time absolutely reliable, as it is backed by first-hand information as to factory conditions—and then, as I have said before, having a number of plants to call on in case of emergency safeguards me also."

THE firm of Astrid S. Rosing has supplied building material for numerous mammoth structures in the West, particularly for a large proportion of the schools and other public buildings throughout Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. Business is not confined to these four States, however, as the Rosing products are well known in every State in the Union and Canada.

"Do I consider this my career?" smiled Astrid Rosing, as she swept her busy office with a proud glance. "Most everyone who knows me probably does. Maybe it is. It certainly represents the results of much anxiety, honest effort, determined hope.

"But a woman's career—or a man's career, for that matter—is simply doing the worthy thing that presents itself, to the best of one's ability. The majority of women find a very satisfactory career in home-making; that is really their natural sphere. But conditions impose on many girls the necessity of earning a livelihood, and they are compelled, as was I, to go out into the world at fifteen.

"It seems to me that this bit of advice should be of help to all women in commerce: Don't let anyone limit you by office rules, by hours of work or by any other device which prevents you from being more efficient or of greater service to your employer. A woman is too much handicapped by nature to permit her ever being satisfied with the position that another could fill equally well. Learn the details of your business that you're not expected to know; then some day you'll be thrust into a responsible position, and if you're big enough to hold it, success is in your grasp.

"About my career—" Astrid Rosing hesitated. "There's a little flat in a big city that permits me to delve back into the reality of living which I lost when I was struggling to make ends meet. This little flat typifies the career I choose—the business career was forced upon me. I started home-making rather late in life, but I am determined to succeed."

Photograph Your Thoughts

(Continued from page 29)

nection between a mental image and the chemical change on the film or plate? At first sight there is no conceivable connection.

Let us see if some rational explanation is not possible!

If you shut your eyes and think (say) of a triangle, you form a *mental picture* or *image* of that triangle. A triangle is formed in the mind, that is, and held there by a process of concentration.

How can we *objectify* this, or project it into the outer world?

The medieval magicians believed that they could create "thought-forms," and many persons to-day will tell you the same thing. The analogy used is the following: In the magic lantern we have the *light*, the *slide* containing the image, and the projected image on the screen.

By analogy, the *will*, the driving power, corresponds to the *light*, the *mental image* to the *painted slide*, and the objectified *thought-form* or *phantasm* to the picture upon the screen. Both are projected outward into space; both exist as realities, in a certain sense; yet both are ephemeral and illusory, in another sense.

"But," it may be objected, "in the case of the magic lantern, we have a definite physical mechanism and intermediary,—the light-rays,—but in the case of the mental image we do not."

Certainly, there must be such an intermediary; and we believe that it consists in the outflowing, vital, nervous forces of the body, semifluidic in form, which affect the photographic plate, and may be made to comform, in outline, to the mental image or picture held in the mind. In other words, the mental image molds this outflowing neuric energy into its own form, and causes it to affect the photographic plate, as shown.

These vital radiations have been recorded photographically, independently of the above experiments, and much work has been done toward ascertaining their real nature. The nervous energies of the body can doubtless, at times, and in certain individuals, be projected beyond the normal bodily limits—these vital, nervous currents forming the basis of many remarkable phenomena.

Finally, there appear to be cases in which we pass beyond all this—cases in which *external, individual intelligences* appear and themselves instigate certain phenomena, mental and physical. It may be that these intelligences ofttimes *manipulate* the vital energies which are given off by the body of the psychic—thereby producing other phenomena such as "materialization," still more complex.

"Thoughts are things," the New Thoughters have said. These experiments in psychic and thought-photography seem to prove to us that this old adage is truer than we had ever supposed it to be—that thought is a great reality, and that we can in truth "mold our environment and fashion the world in which we dwell."

"I was astounded at my new power over men and women. People actually went out of their way to do things for me—they seemed EAGER TO PLEASE ME"

The Secret of Making People Like You

"Getting people to like you is the quick road to success—it's more important than ability," says this man. It surely did wonders for him. How he does it—a simple method which anyone can use instantly

ALL the office was talking about it and we were wondering which one of us would be the lucky man.

There was an important job to be filled—as Assistant-to-the-President. According to the general run of salaries in the office, this one would easily pay from $7,000 to $10,000 a year.

The main requisite, as we understood it, was striking personality and the ability to meet even the biggest men in their offices, their clubs and their homes on a basis of absolute equality. This the firm considered of even more importance than knowledge of the business.

YOU know just what happens when news of this sort gets around an office. The boys got to picking the man among themselves. They had the choice all narrowed down to two men—Harrison and myself. That was the way I felt about it, too. Harrison was big enough for the job, and could undoubtedly make a success of it. But, personally, I felt that I had the edge on him in lots of ways. And I was sure that the firm knew it too.

Never shall I forget my thrill of pleasure when the president's secretary came into my office with a cheery smile, looked at me meaningly, handed me a bulletin, and said, "Mr. Frazer, here is the news about the new Assistant-to-the-President." There seemed to be a new note of added respect in her attitude toward me. I smiled my appreciation as she left my desk.

At last I had come into my own! Never did the sun shine so brightly as on that morning, and never did it seem so good to be alive! These were my thoughts as I gazed out of the window, seeing not the hurrying throngs, but vivid pictures of my new position flashing before me. And then for a further joyous thrill I read the bulletin. It said, "Effective January 1, Mr. Henry J. Peters, of our Cleveland office, will assume the duties of Assistant-to-the-President at the home office."

PETERS! Peters!—surely it *could not* be Peters! Why, this fellow Peters was only a branch-office salesman. . . . *Personality!* Why, he was only five feet four inches high, and had no more personality than a mouse. Stack him up against a big man and he would look and act like an office boy. I knew Peters well and there was nothing to him, nothing at all.

January the first came and Peters assumed his new duties. All the boys were openly hostile to him. Naturally, I felt very keenly about it, and did not exactly go out of my way to make things pleasant for him—not exactly!

But our open opposition did not seem to bother Peters. He went right on with his work and began to make good. Soon I noticed that, despite my feeling against him, I was secretly beginning to admire him. He was winning over the other boys, too. It wasn't long before we all buried our little hatchets and palled up with Peters.

The funny thing about it was the big hit he made with the people we did business with. I never saw anything like it. They would come in and write in and 'phone in to the firm and praise Peters to the skies. They insisted on doing business with him, and gave him orders of a size that made you dizzy to look at. And offers of positions!—why, Peters had almost as many fancy-figure positions offered to him as a dictionary has words.

WHAT I couldn't quite get into my mind was how a little, unassuming, ordinary-to-look-at chap like Peters could make such a big hit with every one—especially with influential men. He seemed to have an uncanny influence over people. The masterly Peters of today was an altogether different man from the commonplace Peters I had first met years ago. I couldn't quite make it out, nor could the other boys.

One day at luncheon I came right out and asked Peters how he did it. I half expected him to evade. But he didn't. He let me in on the secret. He said he wasn't afraid to do it as there always was plenty of room at the top.

What Peters told me acted on my mind in exactly the same way as when you stand on a hill and look through binocular glasses at objects in the far distance. Lots of things which I couldn't see before suddenly leaped into my mind with startling clearness. A new sense of power surged through me. And I felt the urge to put it into action.

Within a month I was getting remarkable results. *I had suddenly become popular.* Business men of importance who had formerly given me only a passing nod of acquaintance suddenly showed a desire for my friendship. I was invited into the most select social circles. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for me. At first I was astounded at my new power over men and women. I could not only get them to do what I wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated my wishes and seemed eager to *please me.*

One of our biggest customers had a grievance against the firm. He held off payment of a big bill and switched to one of our competitors. I was sent to see him. He met me like a cornered tiger. A few words and I calmed him. Inside of fifteen minutes he was showering me with apologies. He gave me a check in full payment, another big order, and promised to continue giving us all his business.

I could tell you dozens of similar instances, but they all tell the same story—the ability to make people like you, believe what you want them to believe, and to do what you want them to do. I don't take any personal credit for what I've done. All the credit I give to the method Peters told me about. We've both told it to lots of our friends, and it has enabled them to do just as remarkable things as Peters and I have done.

BUT YOU want to know what method I used to do all these remarkable things. It's simply this: You know that everyone does not think alike. What one likes another dislikes. What pleases one offends another. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there's your cue. You can make an instant hit with anyone if you say the things they want you to say, and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they'll not only like you, and believe in you, but will literally take the shirt off their back to PLEASE YOU.

You can do it easily by knowing certain simple signs. Written on every man, woman and child are signs, as clearly and as distinctly as though they were in letters a foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and to do to please them—to get them to believe what you want them to believe—to think as you think—to do exactly what you want them to do.

In knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of getting what you want out of life—of making friends, of business and social advancement. Every great leader uses this method. That is why he IS a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you. And you'll surely want to use it if for no other reason than to protect yourself against others.

WHAT Peters told me at luncheon that day was this: Get Dr. Blackford's "Reading Character at Sight." I did so. This is how I learned to do all the remarkable things I've told you about.

You've heard of Dr. Blackford. She is a Master Character analyst. Many concerns will not employ a man without first getting Dr. Blackford to pass on him. Concerns such as Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Baker Vawter Company, Scott Paper Company and many others pay her large annual fees for advice on dealing with human nature.

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The Splendid Outcast

(Continued from page 53)

and she bit her lip to keep from crying out with pain.

"He is down there. What did you do with the papers? Answer me."

"Let me go."

"Unless you tell me the truth, I shall shoot him from the window."

"You would not dare!" she whispered in spite of her pain. "The people of the hotel would—investigate? The police—"

"Bah! A burglar comes along the portico. I shoot him; he falls. . . . . Will you tell the truth? Are the papers in this room?"

"I wont tell."

"Very well." And then turning to his companion at the window: "What is he doing now, Tricot?"

"He does not move."

The Irishman released Piquette suddenly.

"A better chance for a shot, then," he snapped. "Here, Tricot." And he moved toward the window, his weapon eloquent.

Piquette sprang up despairingly.

"Monsieur," she cried, "for the love of God, don't shoot. I will tell."

"I thought so. Where are they? Quick."

He had her by the wrists now, one on each side, and Tricot's skinny hand threatened her throat.

"I—I threw them out of the window," she gasped.

It was evident that at last in her terror she had spoken the truth. With an oath Quinlevin threw her aside and ran to the window while Tricot twisted her arm back of her, his other hand at her throat.

"Jeem!" she shrieked in a last despairing effort. "Go! Go!" And then the fingers of the Apache closed, and the sound was stifled as she fell back in a chair helpless.

"Shut up!" growled Quinlevin. "Keep her quiet, you! Not death, you understand. We may need her."

Piquette heard these things dimly. A torrent was roaring at her ears, and her eyeballs seemed to be starting from her head as she fought for her breath, but the relentless fingers pressed at her windpipe.

"And you, monsieur?" she heard Tricot ask.

"I'm going down—into the garden. If she speaks the truth, I'll find it out. But I wont have my trouble for my pains."

Dimly she heard the door open and shut, and the key turned in the lock, while she fought Tricot. But she was no match for him.

"Be quiet," croaked Tricot's voice at her ear, "or I'll—"

And she obeyed. For death was in his voice and in his hand.

CHAPTER XIX

In the Dark

JIM HORTON looked at his watch again. He had kept the visitors in the apartment of Monsieur de Vautrin more than an hour. He hurried cautiously down the stairs toward the doors of the rooms occupied by Quinlevin's party. There was no one in sight, and so he stole along the corridor, listening. Moira and Nora Burke had entered their rooms; but Piquette would of course be in the room of Quinlevin. No sound. So he waited for a moment in the shadow of a doorway, hoping at any moment to see Piquette emerge, reassured at the thought that the Irishman at least had probably not yet come up. But the suspense and inaction weighed upon him; and at last, moving quickly, he went down the back stair and so to the office, where he sought out the friend of Piquette, Monsieur Jacquot. To his disappointment he found that the man had gone off duty for the night and was probably in Nice. Quinlevin, he discovered, had been seen leaving the hotel; so any immediate danger from him was not to be expected.

Jim Horton was plagued with uncertainty. If Piquette had already succeeded in her mission, he couldn't understand why she hadn't returned to her room. Perhaps he had missed her on the way. She might have used the main stairway, though under the circumstances this would not have been probable. During the day he had managed to take a surreptitious survey of the rear of the hotel where the Quinlevin suite was situated, and it was only Piquette's suggestion to keep the Irishman busy while she searched his room that had dissuaded Horton from an attempt to reach Quinlevin's room from the outside. There was a small portico at the Irishman's windows which, it seemed, possibly could be reached by climbing a wooden trellis and a small projecting roof of an outbuilding where a rainspout rose alongside a shutter which offered a good handhold—something of a venture at night, but a chance if everything else failed.

He was sure now that he had missed Piquette on the way, and if she had been successful, she was by this time safe in her room with the doors securely bolted and a push-button at hand by means of which, if molested, she could summon the servants of the hotel.

So Jim Horton waited for a while, lurking in the shadows of a small corridor near the office, watching the entrance of the hotel for the Irishman's return; and he was just about to go out of the rear door into the garden for a little investigation of his own, when he heard the sounds of voices near the office and saw Monsieur de Vautrin, dressed for travel, talking to the major-domo. Horton paused behind a column to watch and listen, the Duke's flushed face and gay mien proclaiming the triumph he had experienced and—while he had packed his clothing—no doubt a short session with the brandy-bottle. This was Monsieur de Vautrin's incognito, this his silent departure from the shades of his beloved Monte Carlo! The man was a fatuous dotard, not worth the pains that had been wasted upon him. His account paid, Monsieur de Vautrin walked toward the door, where an automobile awaited him; but as he was about to get into the machine, a tall figure emerged from the darkness and stood beside him. A passage of words between the two men, and the Duke laughed.

"A great game, Monsieur the Irishman," Horton heard him say, "but you have lost. In a week I shall be again in Paris in the hands of my *avocat*. And then—beware!"

Quinlevin shrugged, and De Vautrin got into the machine, which dashed off into the darkness, leaving the Irishman standing uncertainly upon the step. It was not until then that Horton noticed that he had a companion, for at that moment two figures emerged into the light, and Horton knew that Quinlevin's forces had been augmented by one. Monsieur Tricot had arrived.

The two men came in hurriedly, as though having reached a decision, and went up the stairs.

"There'll be the devil to pay if Piquette has succeeded," muttered Horton to himself. And then in a quick afterthought: "And maybe a worse devil—if she hasn't."

He waited until they had gone beyond the landing, and then hurried to the rear stairway and up the two flights to the door of Piquette's room, aghast at his discovery. She was not there; nor had she been there, for he struck a match and found its condition precisely that in which he had left it half an hour before. He waited for a few moments, then turned the corner of the corridor and went quickly toward Quinlevin's door, waiting for a moment and listening intently. He made out the murmur of voices, a man's and a woman's, but he could not hear it distinctly. But that the man's voice was the Irishman's, he did not doubt, nor that the woman's was Piquette's. Cautiously he turned the knob of the door. It was locked. Quinlevin evidently expected him. There was no chance of ingress here unless Quinlevin permitted it. The Irishman had the law on his side. If Horton persisted, Quinlevin could shoot him (which was what he wished to do), with every prospect of acquittal in any trouble that might follow.

HORTON waited here only a moment and then ran down the stairs, past some guests on their way to the Casino, and out into the garden. At this hour of the night it was dark, for the dining-rooms were upon the other side, and the smoking- and billiard-rooms were deserted. Glancing toward the well-lighted promenade just beyond the hedge, he stole along the walls of the hotel beneath the windows of the first floor, using the

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deeper shadows, until he reached a palm-tree from the shelter of which he carefully scrutinized the façade of the building, identifying the windows and portico of the room of Quinlevin. Then he went nearer, to a clump of bushes, beneath the portico, where he crouched to listen for any sounds that might come from above. . . . . Silence, except for the distant murmuring of the surf among the rocks below the Casino.

He tried to believe that the voice he had heard through the door upstairs was not Piquette's, that it might have been Moira's or Nora Burke's. But if it was not Piquette's voice, then where was she? And why had she stayed so long, venturing Quinlevin's wrath at her intrusion? There seemed to be no doubt that she had overstayed the allotted time and that now they had come in upon her—the Irishman and the rascal Tricot. She was in for a bad half-hour, perhaps something worse.

BUT Horton reassured himself with the thought that Quinlevin desired to keep the tale of his hazard of new fortune a secret. They would not dare do physical harm to Piquette in a fashionable hotel, which if not crowded, had its name for respectability. So Horton crouched in the center of his hiding-place and uncertainly waited, sure that if she was in danger his place was now beside Piquette, who had played a game with death for him in the house in the rue Charron. He glanced up at the trellis just beside him, planning the ascent. And as he did so, he noticed a small object hanging among the twigs just above his head. It was within reach of his hand, and he took it—a letter or a slip of paper somewhat rumpled. He fingered and then looked at it, but it was too dark to see. Near him upon the turf was another square of paper—and a letter farther off, another, and another hanging on the opposite side of the bush.

In his hands idly he fingered the letter. The paper was fine, and it bore an embossed heading or crest. He was about to throw it aside when he looked up the wall of the building at the portico outside Barry Quinlevin's windows—realizing with a sudden sense of his discovery that these papers had fallen from the windows of the second floor or those of the third—Quinlevin's. Of course they were unimportant, and yet— He started up, looked around—and found another paper even more rumpled than the others. He glanced up at the windows on the third floor. Both were still dark; but he waited a moment listening, and fancied that he heard the low murmur of voices, then a dull glow as though some one had made a light for a cigarette.

But the papers were in his fingers! He realized with a growing excitement that they were quite dry to the touch and had not therefore been long exposed to the damp sea-air. Had Piquette—Not daring to strike a light, he turned and crept quickly back to the light of the hallway. And here, behind the door, he read the papers quickly. Their meaning flashed through his consciousness with a shock—a letter from Monsieur de Vautrin, a receipt for money, and the crumpled paper a square printed document bearing the now-familiar name of Patricia Madeleine Aumoy de Vautrin, the birth-certificate upon which all Barry Quinlevin's fortunes hung—and Moira's.

He could not take time to investigate the characters of the handwriting, for the light was dim. And the real significance of his discovery was not to be denied. No one but Piquette would have thrown such papers out of the window into the garden; nor would she have done so desperate a thing unless she had found herself at bay with no other means of disposing of them. He reasoned this out for himself while he thrust the documents safely into an inner pocket and crept quickly back to his place beneath the windows.

There was a slight sound from above. He peered upward. In silhouette against the sky was the figure of a man—he couldn't tell whether Tricot or the Irishman. It was to be a desperate game, then. They had just guessed what Piquette had done with the birth-certificate, and there seemed not the slightest doubt that the man on the portico could have failed to see his figure below the thin screen of winter foliage. Desperate! Yes, but worth it—for Piquette. He owed it to her. And as in moments of great danger, he found himself suddenly cold with purpose and thinking with extraordinary lucidity. Quinlevin would not dare to shoot him out of hand without a cause, but to catch a man climbing the wall of his hotel into the window of his room—that would be a sufficient reason for an obvious act of self-defense. And yet had Quinlevin considered the possibility of Horton's attempting so dangerous a climb? If not, the element of surprise might be in Jim Horton's favor.

But there was to be no choice for Horton, for as he stood, measuring the height of the trellis, from the window above he heard a stifled voice crying his name. "Jeem!" it called. "Go! Go!"

He ran to the trellis and climbed it easily, putting his revolver in an outer pocket as he reached the friendly roof of the little outbuilding, crouching behind a projection of the wing and gazing upward for a further sight of Monsieur Tricot. He thought he heard sounds now, the creaking of furniture and the growl of a masculine voice. Other sounds, more terrible, more significant! They were choking her. Damn them! Cowards!

SCORNING further secrecy, he measured with his eye the distance he had to spring for a hand-hold on the window-sill of the window above him, the water-pipe, his main hope, upon investigation proving unreliable. The window-sill which was his objective was at least two feet above his outstretched arms and to the left, beyond the edge of the projection on which he stood. It was not above him, and he would have to leap sideways from the roof, risking a drop of at least twenty feet to the menacing stone flagging of a path which led to the kitchen entrance. But he leaped upward and out into the dark, his fingers clutching, swinging for a second above vacancy, and then hauled himself up until he got a hand-hold on the hinge of the open shutter; then, a knee on the sill, he pushed the French window, which yielded to his touch.

He hoped the room was unoccupied, but had no time to consider that possibility while he was climbing the shutter. Quinlevin's portico was within his reach now. He waited cautiously for a second, listening and peering upward. No sign of anyone outside, but the sounds within. . . . . He heard them again now—fainter, horribly suppressed. He caught the edge of the portico and swung himself up, close to the wall of the building, and in a moment had gained a safe foothold within the railing.

There was no light within the room, and now no sound. Had they— In the brief moment he paused, gasping for his breath, he was aware of a figure below moving cautiously along the outskirts of the garden. He crouched below the balustrade instinctively. It was just at this moment that the cautious head and shoulders of a man emerged from the French window to peer over. It was Tricot. Like a cat, Horton sprang for him, and the impact of the shock sent them both sprawling, half in, half out of the room.

Neither made a sound, each aware of the hazard of his situation. Horton struck and struck again, felt the sharp scratch of Monsieur Tricot's knife upon his shoulder, and caught the wrist of the hand that held it, twisting, twisting until the weapon dropped clattering just within the door of the room. But the Frenchman was strong and struggled upward, kicking, biting, until Horton with his right arm free struck him under the jaw. That took some of the fight out of him, but he still struggled gamely, while Horton, whose blood was hot, now wondered why Quinlevin hadn't joined in the entertainment. Tricot in desperation tried to reach for another weapon with the arm Horton hadn't pinioned, and it was about time to end the matter. A memory of the night in the rue Charron was behind Horton's blow which struck Monsieur Tricot neatly behind the ear and sent him sprawling out on the portico, where his head came into contact with the cement balustrade, and he fell and lay silent.

Horton took no chances; kicking the knife, a cruel, two-edged affair, into the fireplace, he appropriated Monsieur Tricot's revolver, which he put into the other pocket of his coat, and then turned to look for Quinlevin.

He didn't find him, but Piquette was there, prone in the armchair, and gasping horribly for her breath.

"Piquette! It's Jim," he whispered.

Her swollen tongue refused her, but her fingers clutched his hand.

"They choked you, Piquette!"

"Tri-cot," she managed to utter painfully.

"I've attended to him. Where's Quinlevin?"

She pointed toward the door.

"Good!" laughed Jim. "We'll be ready when he comes back."

HE went out and had another look at Tricot. The man was out of it, and there was a dark shadow on the stonework where he had fallen. So Horton came back into the room, found a pitcher of water, with which he bathed Piquette's forehead and throat, and then gave her to drink. In a moment she was able to

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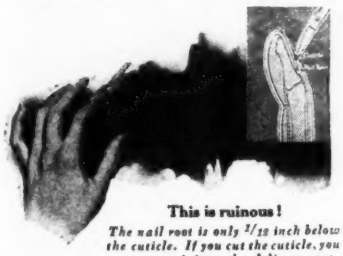
Every time you put your hand to your hair — Every time you powder your nose — Whenever you make a gesture, your hands are conspicuous

YOUR tea cup poised in the air; the attention of the others centered on you — and *then* you caught a glimpse of your nails. The very memory of it still makes you flush.

You cannot put on your hat or fasten your glove; you cannot give your clothes a tiny, settling pat; you cannot make the least gesture without drawing attention to your hands.



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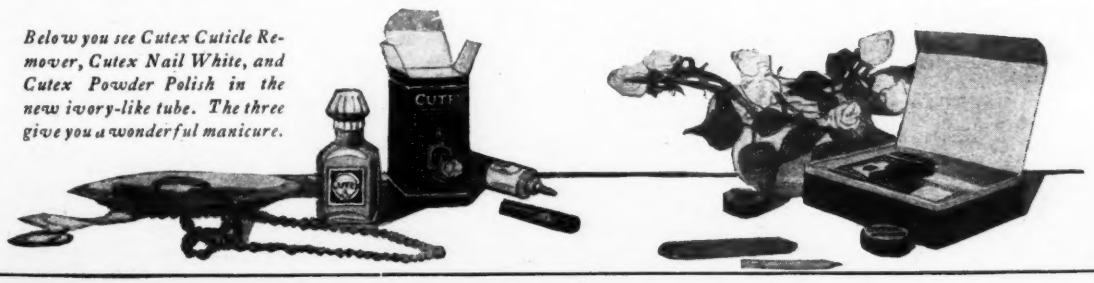

enunciate more clearly, but she was very weak.

"You're sure Quinlevin went down to look for me?" he asked again.

"Yes, *m-mon ami.* Tricot—'e saw you below—in—de garden."

"He knows you threw out the papers?"

"Yes—into de garden."

"Not now," said Horton. "In my pocket."

"*Dieu merci!* It's what I—I 'ope'."

"But we mustn't lose them again now, Piquette, after all this. Is the door locked?"

"I—I don' know. I—"

Horton strode to the door and turned the key.

"Now let him come," he whispered grimly. And then: "Where's Moira?" he asked.

"Lock' in 'er room—yonder."

"You saw her?"

"Yes, mon Jeem."

"But she must have heard all this commotion."

"I don' know."

"Um!" He paused a moment, glanced at the door into the corridor, and then crossed quickly to the door Piquette indicated, knocking softly. There was no reply.

"Moira!" he said through the keyhole. "It's I—Jim."

He seemed to hear sounds within, a gasp, a movement of feet and then silence.

"Moira—it's Jim." There was no sound; so he unbolted the door and turned the knob. It was locked on the inside.

A gasp from Piquette, who had been listening for sounds at the other door, now warned him to be quiet, and he straightened. There were footsteps outside, and then a knock.

"Tricot!" said the Irishman's voice. "Let me in."

"Quickly!" whispered Horton, into Piquette's ear. "In the chair—and gasp as you were doing."

She understood, and obeyed him. Horton went to the door, turned the key, and Barry Quinlevin strode in.

"He's gone, Tricot—the papers too."

So was Quinlevin. The door was closed behind him, and a wiry arm went around his throat from behind, a knee in the middle of his back, and he crumpled backward in Horton's strong arms, down to the floor. There in spite of his struggles Horton held him powerless, quickly disarming him, his weight on the astonished Irishman's chest, his fingers at the man's throat, gently pressing with a threat of greater power at the slightest sound.

Mr. Quinlevin caught sight of Tricot lying upon the balcony. The game was up. And so he resorted to diplomacy, which was indeed the only thing left to him.

"Well, Horton," he muttered, "you've won."

"Not yet, Quinlevin," said Horton grimly. And then to Piquette, who had stopped gasping and already showed a lively interest in the proceedings: "The sheets from the bed, Piquette, if you please."

She obeyed and helped him while they swathed their prisoner from head to foot, binding and gagging him with his own cravats. Then they turned their attention to Monsieur Tricot,—who as they dragged him by the heels into the room, already showed signs of returning consciousness,—binding him first, reviving him afterward.

"And now, Quinlevin," said Horton coolly, "it must be fairly obvious to you that the fraud you've practiced at the expense of Madame Horton is now at an end. The documents upon which you rely are in my pocket, where they will remain until they are turned over to Monsieur de Vautrin. In the morning you and your brave companion will doubtless be released by the servants of the hotel, by which time I hope to be in another part of France!"

He stopped with a shrug at the sound of Piquette's voice.

"We mus' not stay too long, Jeem 'Orton. Some one may come."

"Madame Horton?" he muttered, and went over to the door of Moira's room and listened. There was no sound.

"Moira," he said again through the keyhole, "will you unbolt the door?"

There was a sound of footsteps, but they did not come toward the door.

"Moira," he repeated more loudly, "you must let me in. We are going away from here—at once."

No reply.

"It is as I suppose', Jeem 'Orton," whispered Piquette at his ear. "She does not wish to come."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I saw her, Jeem," she whispered. "I talk wit' 'er. It is 'opeless. I do not t'ink she will come. She is afraid."

"Afraid—of me?" he muttered incredulously. "I—"

"Not of you, *mon vieux,*" returned Piquette. "Of *'erself!*"

"I don't understand. Something must have happened to her," he mumbled. "If I thought—"

"But no," Piquette broke in quickly, "not'ing 'as 'appen' to 'er, *mon Jeem.* She is quite safe."

"I'm not so sure about that."

Moving away a few paces, he rushed the door with his full weight, and it flew open with a crash.

The room was empty, but the unlocked door leading into Nora Burke's room showed which way she had gone. He went in and looked around—then out into the corridor by Nora's door. There were some people at the other end of the corridor, but Moira and her Irish nurse had disappeared.

Uncertainly he came back through the rooms to Piquette, who stood in Moira's room, watching the prisoners through the doorway.

"It is what I 'ave said, mon Jeem. Madame does not wish to go wit' you."

"But why? After all—"

"'Ave I not tol' you? She is afraid of 'erself. She knows as I know. She is a woman who loves—but not as I love, mon Jeem. It is 'er God dat stan' between you, 'er God—stronger dan you and and what you are to 'er. She is afraid. She knows dat if she touch your 'and, she will go wit' you—whatever 'appens."

"What makes you think that?" muttered Horton, bewildered.

"She tol' me so."

"You?"

"I saw 'er—talk' wit' 'er. Dat is why I wait too long until Monsieur Quinlevin came."

HORTON paused, thinking deeply.

"I must find her, Piquette. She's got to go with us," he murmured, starting toward the door away from her.

But Piquette caught him by the hand.

"No, Jeem. You mus'n't. Do you t'ink you can fin' 'er? Where? An' if you do, your friend Monsieur Quinlevin will be discover', and dey will put you in de jail."

"Let them. I've got to take her away. She's helpless, Piquette, with him—penniless if she deserts him."

"Not so 'elpless as you t'ink. But she does not want to see you. Is not dat enough?"

"No," he said, trying to shake loose her clutch on his arm. "I'll find her."

"Jeem," Piquette pleaded desperately, "you will spoil all de good you do. What does it matter if you fin' 'er or not, if you lose de paper to Quinlevin again? You mus' go away now before it is too late an' make Quinlevin powerless to 'urt 'er again. Den, mon Jeem, when 'er future is safe, you s'all fin' 'er. What does it matter now? In time she will come to you. I know. You s'all fin' 'er. An' I, Piquette, will 'elp you."

She felt his arm relax, and knew that she had won. He stared for a long moment toward the open door into Nora's room, then turned with a quick gasp of decision.

"You're right, Piquette. We've got to get away—to draw his claws for good."

"*Parfaitement!* You need not worry. 'E will not 'urt 'er now."

THEY went out, locked the doors of all three rooms from the outside, and left the keys in the doors. Then they went up to their rooms, packed their belongings and descended to the office, where Jim coolly paid their bills, and went out into the night.

There was a garage near by, where they hired a car, paying for it in advance, and in less than twenty minutes, Jim Horton driving, they were on their way to Vingtimille, on the border-line between France and Italy. There they left the machine in the care of a hotel and wrote a postcard to the owner of the garage at Monte Carlo, telling him where he would find his machine. This message, they knew, would not reach him until some time the next day, by which time they would be lost in Italy.

(The next installment of "The Splendid Outcast" will be of no less compelling interest than this. Read it in the forthcoming, the December, Green Book Magazine.)

The Job Baby

THIS extraordinary story, which presents a solution of the fundamental problem of employed women, will appear in the next, the December, issue of —

The Green Book Magazine

Secret of Woman's Success

How You Can Have a Winning Personality

TO WOMEN:

I know there are many, so many, among you who are struggling through life with veritable mill stones around your necks. I mean you women of all ages, married and single. You are tied by bonds of misunderstanding. You are eclipsed by the charming personalities of those who hold the secrets of attraction.

How often you communed with yourself, dear reader, in the privacy of your own little room? How often have you passed into dreamland wondering why it was that women, seemingly possessed of far less natural beauty than you, should dominate all the love, devotion and interest of people you know. You have wanted to know why success literally followed such women around, actually thrusting upon them all the desirable things that can come into a woman's life.

Compel Admiration

How you envy such success, and how you long for the ability to compel the admiration that others enjoy!

"Ah, me," you sigh wistfully, "why wasn't I born with the powers of attraction possessed by Helen—or Jane," or some other you know. "Why am I denied every wish of my heart?" "Oh, why, oh, why must it be?"

And then you resign yourself to what you think is the inevitable, you throw up your hands like a drowning person, not even attempting to grasp at the least straw so that you might save yourself from a drab, gray life of nonentity. And just because you don't know, because you don't understand that it is possible for you also to have a winning personality, one that will attract to you happiness and love as a magnet attracts a needle of steel.

Charming Personality

Yes, dear Friend, it is true. You can have a charming personality if you wish without any great trouble or expense, without plastering yourself with cosmetics, without making a human encyclopedia of yourself, without tedious study on so-called accomplishments, or without dressing like the Queen of Sheba.

While it is true that some are born with a natural endowment of fascination, just as some are born with a genius for painting or playing the piano, yet, as anybody can learn those arts so any one can learn the art of making herself charmingly appealing to all with whom she comes in contact.

Secrets of French Women

You ask how I know these things. I will tell you. For years I lived in Paris. You probably know of me through the magazines, how on the Rue du Foubourg St. Honoré I studied the ways to women's success until I had uncovered the wonderful secrets of the French women, until they showed me from the innermost recesses of their hearts and minds the true knowledge of their alluring charm.

There were others who came and went in the panorama of my Parisian life—women from many countries and many climes, the blasé woman of the world, scintillating and brilliant—the sweet, devoted little wife from the vineyards, softly magnetic and alluring. And a multitude of other types. From many, oh so many, I gradually drew the secrets of personality.

Why Women Fail

Then, too, I was able to watch others. At first I wondered why Mme. Gerard, brilliant, learned and beautiful could not hold the love of her husband. It was a mystery to me why Miss Walker, the English girl, lovely of face and form, bewitchingly gowned, was usually an abject, forlorn wall flower at every dance she attended. And then the truth came to me, the inevitable, enduring truth that these women should have known.

And, dear reader, that truth is wonderful as a whole and yet it is but a galaxy of peculiarly valuable private knowledge.

Fascinating French Girls

Juliette Fara

Thousands of our brave American boys have taken unto themselves French wives and settled in France. Voila! I exclaim in the language of dear France. There you are! Indeed, I am not surprised—for what women these French girls are! No wonder they have been able to attract the finest men on earth, knowing as they do the secrets of a winsome personality. They have, as you should have and can have, the powers of fascination for which they are known, loved and respected the wide world over.

As I have told you, I delved deeply to fathom these priceless secrets of personal attraction and back to my beloved America I came, resolved that I would do everything I could to impart to you the things I myself was privileged to learn, resolved that I would bend every effort to make American girls with their natural grace and beauty even more charming than their sisters of La Belle France.

I Have Something to Tell You!

And so I address you who know that there is a something you lack, something that you do not know. To the shy, retiring and easily embarrassed girl, I say: "Let me whisper in your ear, let me tell you how you can be discreetly and charmingly audacious, fairly radiating the influence of an adorably winsome manner." And to you who are perhaps over vivacious, you whose temperament lends itself to a volubility and conspicuousness which is misunderstood. Let me show you how to tone your manners with grace and charm, transforming yourself into one who combines your natural ways with the sweetness, grace and charm everybody so admires.

Overcome Your Imperfections

To you who are timid, and to you who are uncouth—and to the woman who has personal and domestic troubles, to the girl who doesn't seem to get along in either social or business life, to the woman whose every minute of life seems a continuous struggle against the coldness of the world, and to all women, I offer the secrets I have gathered and compiled in a comprehensive course of study that should prove of untold value.

Oh, girls, when will you wake up? When will you decide to come from behind your screen of misunderstanding and lack of knowledge? When will you decide to use the key to the success you crave, the secrets I am ready to tell you?

Your Age Makes No Difference

And you of more advanced age. Have you, too, hung the black crepe on your ambitions? Are you content to live with but a memory of past happiness? No! A thousand times, no! You are rich in experience, wealthy in the understanding that will bring love and success at your feet if you but know how to use it.

Do you know that there is a wondrous joy in being able to make others happy? The rewards of those who dedicate themselves to charming others are vast indeed. I would not give up this work of helping womankind for all the riches in the world. Even as I, Juliette Fara, have achieved my success, so shall you achieve yours! I know and I will tell.

A Book of Secrets

"How" is the name of a little book that I have written and which the Gentlewoman Institute has published. In it are some real secrets that I want you to have. The little book will be sent to you absolutely free postpaid and enclosed in a plain wrapper. You have only to ask for it.

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Carol Macklin

(Continued from page 15)

put it mildly, quaint. There was absolutely nothing she could do, unless it were to address circulars.

She took it calmly. "Yes. I see that you wont take me. You know too much about me. I should have remembered that. Still, I thought—"

"It's for your own sake—nothing more," I protested sincerely. "I might take you on to write addresses at so much apiece, but—good heavens, you couldn't live on what you'd make!"

"I may have to," she said mournfully.

I hadn't supposed it quite so bad as that. "Now, let me honestly advise you," I said at length. "Why don't you go to a business school? Take a good year's course somewhere. Fit yourself so that you'll really have a chance to earn what you need."

"That costs money too. And I haven't any."

"I will lend it to you."

"No"

"Purely business—at so many per cent."

"Thank you, no—not even that way."

"Why not?"

"I've already borrowed to pay my debts. I can't go any farther. I should never be able to pay."

I didn't—and don't now—think that she cared about the paying. That was but a passing phase. She was frightened, of course—unnerved. She had seen what debts had done to her father and her mother.

"And you don't want me? You wont take me?"

"My dear girl, I'm dreadfully sorry. But no, there's nothing you could do."

SHE was back in three months, and when I had heard her story (she had gone over the town pretty thoroughly, too) she said: "You were right. They don't want me—anywhere that I'd be willing to work."

"Of course not. You'll try my plan, then?"

"If you're still willing."

That was better. I gave her the address of a school and wrote her a check. Half-heartedly she murmured something about repaying me.

"Any time at all," I said. "Or suppose, instead, we make a real business-transaction of it. That's a very nice emerald you have on your finger. I'm fond of stones. Would you—"

She gave it to me. If my debt were ever to add itself to the burdens she had already upon her, I knew I should never forgive myself. This would be release for her.

Six months later, knowing she would be defeated at first in her struggle with her improvidence, I sent her a second check, and told her to see me when she had finished her course.

She came. It was no very glowing testimonial the school gave her. Privately the principal informed me that she was sullen, vain and impudent. On the credit side, she had tremendous undeveloped ability, he thought. I had no place for her at the time—in any case I shouldn't have felt justified in breaking down our system merely to hire her; so I sent her, with a note, to Freeman. I sealed the note. It said:

> Try her out, please, old man! But don't hesitate to fire her if she doesn't make good. If she costs your company anything, send me the bill.

Freeman replied heatedly by messenger within two hours: "What do you take me for—your private kindergarten?" But he took her on.

She lasted three months, and Freeman fired her for insubordination. I shan't burden you with details. In a year I found her three other places. Each time, for some fault of her own, she had to go.

IT was no more than I had expected. How could she hope to succeed in the business world? She was frankly selfish, not too honest (she refused to admit her business sins), and she was thoroughly disillusioned with life. It was the last, I suppose, that made her sullen and resentful.

Nor could you blame her greatly. Her former world had dropped her as if she were some utterly impossible creature, now that she was penniless. Of all of us who had known her, two alone had helped her, Carnay and I. And she had to live about in cheap boarding-houses, with coarse food and intolerable, prying landladies. She that once had lived at life's topmost pitch of luxury! She grew to hate people—even me, at last, because I would not take her in at the Works.

"You've more than three thousand people working for you!" she said. "Here in the office there must be thirty girls doing the same things that I can do. They're all better, I suppose, than me!"

I thought for once she ought to hear the truth. "All of them, yes."

"It's not so!" she said fiercely. "You know it's not. I'm quick, and I'm accurate. They all admit that!"

"And you're undependable," I said. "You'd run business as you ran society. And you can't do it. It's as if you were trying to play a game without regard for the rules. You can't. The rules are there, and they're too big for any mere individual to hope to beat or disregard them. Your impertinent suggestions, your temper, your sulking, your incompetence—we couldn't have them in the office. You'd have everyone at his wit's end in a week. And you don't know anything about this business. You're quick enough when you really try, but for days at a time you soldier. And you're not always—"

"You've been spying on me!" she cried angrily.

"Certainly. There isn't a girl in this office who hasn't been spied upon in the same way. We're paying them a bonus just because they're girls we've picked from other offices."

"I'm as good as any of them!"

"I think you could be, but you've never shown it."

"You don't *want* to help me!" she flared out at last. "I sha'n't ask you again. I'll hunt a place on my own!"

"Good!"

"And I'll come back here some day—and show you!" she added defiantly.

I said that I hoped so, and I let her go. She disappeared. For a year or more I saw nothing of her. Then certain momentous developments kept me away from the Works for three years.

WITH our declaration of war I came back to the Works. I didn't know at first how long I might be there, and there was no use in hiring a new secretary (mine had enlisted); so I told Grayson to send me in a good girl from the main office for a while.

"There's a new one, here only a few months," he said, "but she knows her business, and she's quick. I'll send her to you."

And when she came in, it was Carol Macklin. Yet it was not Carol.

"Well!" I said.

"Well!" she returned with a sudden flash of defiance. "I got here, you see—just as I said I would."

I smiled cordially. Questions must wait; there was more important stuff on hand just then. And I worked her hard that day. She stood up to it wonderfully; she came out of it as cool and unruffled as a still pool.

"You'll come out to dinner with me?" I suggested when we had finished.

"I would have once, but I don't lunch with my employers now."

"Why not?" I was curious.

"Several reasons. It's bad for office discipline, for one."

"Hm! Then when am I going to hear what's happened to you?"

"That? If you want to know, I can tell you now. You remember that you told me the truth about myself finally? Well, I went to my boarding-place, and really, that night I thought I couldn't stand it any longer. Maybe you haven't—you can't have—any idea what I'd been through."

I had, though.

"Father's death—and Mother—and the way everyone cut me—then the change in my condition—and having to work when I hated it so—and not getting on—well, all of it, together with your final refusal—"

"That's hardly fair."

"No. It was I that refused your advice, wasn't it? Well, your telling me the truth for once, then. I'd been told it before, too. They told me at the school, and at two of the offices from which I'd been fired. But I could see it all only as a conspiracy. I thought every man's hand was against me. And then yours!"

"It never was."

"No. But I thought so, just the same. That night—oh, I can't bear to remember it! I began by thinking of the river, but I ended by being angry. Money—I hadn't any. I sold what jewelry I had, and went away. But I went, realizing finally that you had told me the truth, that I was trying to make new rules, my own rules, for an old, old game. Oh, I went down to bedrock! I saw that I'd been an ignorant, presumptuous little fool. I saw that through it all you'd been my

HINDS
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friend. And I wondered that you'd bothered with me at all. I was ashamed.

"And then I determined to come back. I went to Lane and Macartney, your competitors. I didn't get in with them for a long while, but in the end, mainly by persistence, I did. I worked there nearly three years, trying to learn something about your business. I don't say I didn't make mistakes; but I stuck to it, and I learned! And now—"

"Any unhappier for it?"

"No—a thousand times, no! It's so much better not breaking yourself against the hard rules of the game!"

"What are we paying you?" I inquired with faint irony.

"Enough," she replied, smiling. "All my work's worth, I dare say. Only I could do work that was worth a good deal more, Mr. Hewlett. I'm sure I could."

"Very well. We'll see," I said.

Then she handed me a slip of paper. I glanced at it, and then at her.

"I've deducted what I thought the ring was worth," she said. "The check is for the balance that I owe you."

When people stop trying to get something for nothing, you may know they're all right. I had no earthly need of her check, but I took it gladly. Then I wondered if she had repaid Carnay, and knew at once that it was impossible with what she had made. My own check must have taken nearly the last cent of her savings. I know now that she had tried to send him something on account, but that he had apparently disappeared from the face of the earth, and her letters of inquiry had come back to her.

TWO days later I went to Washington. I've not said what we were making at the Works, and I'd rather not say. It doesn't matter here, but it was a product of supreme importance, militarily speaking, and in the last few years I'd worked out certain new formulas and designs.

For four months the bureaucrats of Washington dangled me from one committee to another. I knew all the time that I was under surveillance. It's the sort of thing one feels in the very air, even if he has no tangible evidence. But I had. Twice I was held up on the streets, and I know my rooms were searched.

But in the end, thank God, I saw the right men, and convinced them. I went back to the Works, ready to do something worth while for my country.

I tried Carol Macklin two weeks in my office, and then made her my secretary.

We had taken all the usual precautions against spies. We had Secret Service men, as well as our own detectives; we had guards; we had the Works fenced in with nine-foot boards and three strands of vicious barbed wire at the top; and we had an elaborate system of card-identification for our employees. The protection wasn't perfect, of course. It never can be quite that.

I think Grayson, my very able second, never ceased harping on that.

"You've got to remember, Hewlett," he said again and again, "that a chain's no stronger than its weakest link. You've got to remember the girl will have the run of the office and the Works, that she'll have the combination of your safe, that she'll no doubt be sent frequently to the laboratory. She'll *learn* things—she's bound to. You want to be *sure*."

I was, of course, perfectly sure—for about three months. And then something happened.

One of the Secret Service men, rounding up seditious talk, telephoned me from a North Side Italian restaurant one evening while I was at my dinner.

He had noticed Miss Macklin in my office, he said, and now she was in this cheap restaurant of ill repute, lunching with a man whose looks he didn't like.

THIS didn't sound like Carol Macklin, as I knew her now. I thought the man was mistaken. They were having their salad now, he said. I told him I would be there in fifteen minutes. And I was.

From a stairway next door we watched them emerge. It *was* Carol, and the man was Louis Philippe Carnay!

So far as I knew, Carnay hadn't been seen in town for five years. Now he was, no doubt, demanding his pay. Carol's face, drawn and pale, and indeed the mere fact that she had consented to meet him here—these were enough.

I told the detective enough to convince him that Miss Macklin was well within her prerogatives in meeting the man, whom I knew.

"Oh," he said, half in disgust and half in relief, "if you *know* him, Mr. Hewlett!"

But I didn't know him, as it turned out. From the restaurant, Carnay and Carol Macklin (as I know now) went to Carnay's rooms near by. There Carnay, who was of my build, though lighter, dressed himself in a perfect replica of the suit I had worn that day (padded to approximate my measurements to the inch), even to the stick and hat and shoes, and accompanied by another man similarly disguised to resemble Grayson closely, the three of them set out for the Works.

It was about ten o'clock when they reached the gateway. The man on guard there recognized Miss Macklin at once (though she also showed her identification-card) and then with a glance at her companions said: "Good evening, Mr. Hewlett. Good evening, Mr. Grayson." And the three of them went in. Carol had the key to the office. They entered, pulled down the blinds and flashed on an electric torch. Then they ordered Carol to open the safe.

What had happened was simplicity itself. Carnay had asked the girl to meet him. Remember that he had never shown himself to be anything but a true friend, that she had owed him for years twenty-three hundred dollars which he had never even suggested her repaying. She went unsuspectingly enough.

And then, in the back room at Riccioli's, he had suggested that she cancel her debt by taking him to my office. But he was too abrupt; this was not the Carol of the Bonner episode. He offered her money. And that too she refused. Then he put it to her differently. He was quite frank and sketched her his pleasant Machiavellian scheme. He had mapped, to the last detail, a scandalous story, a story that would blacken her name utterly beyond redemption. It would be published, he said gently but firmly, *just after her death*. And then he went on to show her convincingly just how this consummation of her demise could and would be accomplished, quite without risk to him.

It was mere chance that sent me back to the Works that night. The gateman stared at me goggle-eyed, open-mouthed.

Then suddenly: "My God!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "Who've I let in?"

I shook him madly. "Quick! Who?"

"Miss Macklin!" he gasped. "And two men—one dressed like you!"

I flung him aside. And as I ran, it swept through me at last. Carnay! Alsatian! Good heavens, how blind I'd been! Carnay, the ideal and perfect German agent!

WE got into the building quietly, I and the guards, by a back entrance. We crept up the hall. The electric torch through the frosted office door was a splotch of pale gold. We heard low voices, threatening, and we paused.

And suddenly a great gong above our heads began to boom!

This was another of our precautions. It was my own private fixture. The button working it had been carefully concealed; I had not believed that any human being but myself and the man that made it knew where it was. Carol had found it! Grayson was right, saying she would learn things!

She had found it, and she had given the alarm, knowing well what her life was worth if she did!

I know now that she had never yielded for a moment to Carnay, but she had realized that only by appearing to yield could she trap him certainly. She had counted the cost to herself when she planned to go into the thing. If they killed her, and she was convinced that they would—well, at any rate, they would not escape!

The gong fairly electrified us. My first thought was for Carol. I leaped forward.

Inside there was a sudden commotion. A muffled voice cried out:

"*Gott! Der doppel-grosse!* Gill her!"

We burst the door at a bound. A flood of light showed us Carol, crouching pale and terrified in one corner. In the other the man representing Grayson stood with leveled automatic, upon the point of taking deliberate aim.

And in that instant Carnay, without a sound, made a spectacular dive for his companion's feet. The man lurched backward at the impact, his gun flashed twice into the ceiling, and he dropped heavily.

"Is there any reason you should die, my friend?" inquired Carnay as he rose to his feet, the automatic in his hand, held by the muzzle. "They would hang you for that, quite certainly. Much better wait."

Bowing ceremoniously, he offered the automatic to a guard.

From the safe, which was open, I took the papers that Carnay had so nearly secured.

I unrolled the blueprints and held them up. They were blank. There were no drawings upon them.

Carnay stood blinking at them.

"Oh!" cried Carol. "They're not there! I—I was frightened, after meeting him yesterday. I suspected him.

And to-night, before I went to dinner, I hid them!"

She went outside the office into the main building and returned with a second roll of papers.

To me this was all rather amusing farce after the strain. Naturally I hadn't *concealed* the fact that we kept our plans—well guarded, of course—in the office safe. Nevertheless, it had been bombs, not theft, that I was afraid of.

I unrolled the sheets she had handed me, and held them up before her.

And she in turn stood blinking at them. They too were perfectly blank.

"If Carnay will agree to let it go no further," I said agreeably, "I'll say that they aren't here. Really, they aren't. You might almost say, *of course they aren't.* And I think that he rather underestimates our native American wit."

And that's nearly all of it—except that Carol is wearing her emerald again. But then, she has every right to be wearing it. She is no longer my secretary, and it is her engagement ring. I had bought it, on faith, for that very thing.

Bolshevism? Never!

(Continued from page 46)

future use. As to the mechanical merits of the matter, the husband has the chief say; but on the social side—the looks of the car, its upholstery, its style—look out for Mrs. Doe. Many a salesman remembers to his grief the sale that was made until some Mrs. Doe vetoed the hard cushions, the clumsy hood, "—and besides, John, everybody we know seems to think the Such-and-such car is better!"

SO much for the power of woman over consumption of goods—as manager and purchasing-agent of the home.

How far will increased employment of women in industry really affect the home as we have pictured it? The anarchists and Bolshevists do not believe in home. Some of the proclamations issued by soviets in Russia are shocking in the ideas they set up. They propose a mating of women and men by direction of the chief anarchist for a temporary period, and the support and education of the children of such temporary union in government institutions. Such a program would never be countenanced for a minute by women in America, whether in industry or in the home. To us the home, bringing children under its loving and helpful influence, is the foundation of our society, the pillar of Christian civilization and progress. "The American home," as ex-President Taft has said, "makes successful American self-government and democracy possible." If the change in the industrial use of the labor of women in this country were to threaten the American home, it should be deplored and prevented if possible.

But Mr. Taft holds there is no danger, for three reasons: First, there are in many States more women than men. The war has increased the number of these most ungallantly called "superfluous wom-

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en." Second: there may well be at least ten years of industrial life for a woman before she marries. Thus she may for a decade be a part of the industrial army and thereafter may have children and make a home. Third: many married women are so situated that without destroying their homes they may, by earning from useful labor, add to the attractiveness and comfort of such homes.

A most frequent source of unhappiness in marriage, say economists, is dependence of a woman on marriage for her material future. Under old-time conditions she had to take some one for a husband, and so she took the one she could get. This is ill-mating. If she were supporting herself and could look to a reasonable and comfortable life independent of marriage, she would be much more likely to choose wisely, and there would be more sensible and happy marriages.

IN America, as I have shown, our everyday life—in business and at home—is being more and more influenced economically by women. They are the guardian angels of our cherished institutions, opposed as were their primitive foremothers of thousands of years ago to the ravages of war and such mad schemes as Bolshevism; of that we can rest assured. As Olive Schreiner has said: "Women take all labor for their province. In the war they have done so, and are not likely to give it up now. It is not new for women to work and to work hard. They will give their labor with their love to the building of the institutions of true democracy."

So they will preserve first of all the home.

On a monument in Westminster Abbey are inscribed these words: "God buries His workmen, but carries on His work." That is the interesting thing about a democracy. If women in America take that view of the community, of the whole life of the nation, steep themselves in its life and realize that their duty is to be liberal and ready to receive what is true that is old but also to accept what is new that is also true, and pass it on so that their sons and daughters may be better than they are, then our country will prosper. And it will stand, without foundering, all the storms that can come upon the ocean of the future.

On Suspicion

(Continued from page 69)

delicious thrill passed through Susan. Elope!

"Do—do you think so, Orlando?" she asked.

"Know so," he said. "And to-morrow's the time. We'll take the noon train to New York, get married in Jersey and sort of disappear until Desdemona quiets down a mite or two. Twelve-fourteen!"

"Don't you want to kiss me, Orlando?" asked Susan.

"Well, I don't mind," he answered, and he did.

When Susan was released from his arms, she went into the house to get together the few things she would be able to take on the hurried wedding trip, for it was also necessary for her to go to the bank to draw some money. Orlando had advised this.

"If you've got it to spare," he told her, "you'd better get a thousand—or maybe two thousand dollars, if you've got it, Susan. Not but what I've got plenty myself, being what you might call well-off. My farm out of Billtown aint worth a cent less than forty thousand. And I've got cash right here."

He slapped his pocket. He did more than that. He drew from his pocket a great roll of greenbacks and yellowbacks. There seemed to be hundreds, if not thousands, of dollars in the roll.

"I got plenty, you see," he drawled, "but I got to throw Desdemona off the scent, as you may say. I got to get her entirely unsuspicious for to-morrow. I'm going to give her all this money to keep for me. Going to give it to her to-night and say: 'Desdemona, you keep this cash awhile; I aint going to need it soon.' Then she wont think suspicious."

"Will she give it back?" asked Susan.

Orlando laughed.

"When she gets over being huffed, she's got to give it back," he said, and that seemed reasonable.

AT five o'clock that afternoon, when Susan Perk was in her kitchen preparing a dinner for herself and her guests, she heard—far and faint—the rattle of Jane Sprood's approaching automobile. Orlando and Desdemona were on the front porch.

"Jane Sprood wont have much more chance to talk to me like a bear," Susan thought with satisfaction.

She heard Jane Sprood's Jazz Band come to a noisy stop, and instantly, it seemed, there was a scream, a shout, loud voices and a chaos of rough stamping on the Perk porch. Miss Susan ran toward the porch. Midway, she met Jane Sprood coming toward the kitchen.

"It's all over, Susan," said Jane Sprood. "They've got the handcuffs on Orlando."

"On Orlando!" cried Susan Perk.

"And about two hundred and eighty years in the penitentiary is what he'll get," said Jane Sprood grimly, "—that being twenty years per wife for fourteen wives."

"Fourteen wives!"

"Thirteen, is what I should say," said Jane Sprood, always exact; "for the first, I dare say, was legitimate and not a crime in the eyes of the law."

"Thirteen? Thirteen wives? Orlando has—"

"Fourteen he has," said Jane Sprood, "and you can thank me and your stars, Susan Perk, that you are not the fifteenth."

It was not until several days later that Susan Perk was able to hear the whole story of Orlando's perfidy or to learn that Desdemona was in fact his fourteenth

and, probably last victim, although he had intended, for purely financial reasons, to make of Susan a fifteenth.

"Land sakes!" said Susan weakly. "And that's the case you were working on all the time, Jane Sprood! However did you find out about him?"

"I went to New York and asked if there was any kind of bigamist or other sort of marrying crook loose in the land," said Jane Sprood. "If so, I had sense enough to know Orlando Biddlebury was the man."

Susan Perk sat straight.

"And him such a nice, innocent-appearing gentleman!" she said. "What in the land ever set you to thinking he was a marrying crook, I'd like to know, Jane Sprood."

"Well, Susan," said Jane Sprood, "I'm not quite a fool. He was making love to you, wasn't he?"

Mother and the Movies

(Continued from page 60)

conducts a regularly organized play-producing branch, or not. All the family is interested in knowing is whether this means better pictures or worse, more pictures or fewer, and who will play them. And the family may again be reassured that it means better pictures.

RECENTLY I picked up a list of cinema-releases. It was during the first hectic weeks of the actors' strike, and we who write of the theater were contemplating the possibility of soon being forced to take up a study of the screen-drama seriously—of bounding, as it were, from the screen to the stage with the enthusiasm of an adventurer in fresh fields.

And I discovered there were no fresh fields. There was hardly a change of air. Little Madge Kennedy, whom we long knew as a favorite ingénue, had just been screened as the heroine of Jerome K. Jerome's one-time comedy "The New Lady Bantock," which later was known as "The Rainbow Girl," a musical comedy, and now as "Strictly Confidential," a movie. Changing titles in motion pictures is always more or less puzzling to the outsider. Why "Strictly Confidential" rather than "The New Lady Bantock," for instance?

And why, oh, why, "Male and Female" in place of Sir James Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton"? In the company Thomas Meighan, a better actor on the screen than he was on the stage, incidentally, was playing the rôle of the butler, once so beautifully done by William Gillette. In the cast with him were Theodore Roberts, who has deserted the spoken stage these many seasons, and Lila Lee, she who was known to vaudeville as "Cuddles" Edwards. The leading woman, however, was of the screen, she being Gloria Swanson, who first was a bathing beauty before the camera.

"The Miracle Man," which, screened by George Loane Tucker, betters the version of the play that George M. Cohan

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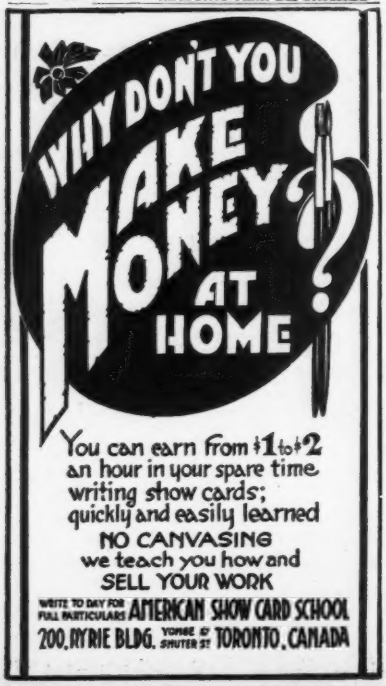

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fashioned from the original story of Frank Packard, was in the first flush of its success as "the best picture of the year." Certainly it at least shares that honor with David Griffith's "Broken Blossoms," though they tell me the Griffith triumph of pictorial technique was not a financial success, for all the praise it received. The leading woman in this picture, too, pretty Betty Compson, had begun as a sea-nymph in a Christie comedy and advanced by degrees to prominence as a leading woman.

Violet Heming was playing the heroine in the picture version of "Everywoman," and Robert Warwick, having just finished "Secret Service," was being filmed as the Nat Goodwin sheriff in a new version of "In Mizzoura." Viola Dana, who never has been permitted to return to the regular stage since she deserted it for the screen, was playing the heroine of the farce comedy "Please Get Married," in which Edith Taliaferro was the stage innocent, and May Allison, a fair young blonde person, had just finished the former Madge Kennedy success, "Fair and Warmer."

Nazimova, the exotic, fond of intense drama as she is, had paused long enough to make a comedy drama, playing the heroine in Maude Fulton's story of the curious author and his street-girl model, "The Brat." Will Rogers, lariat, chewing-gum and smile, was about to appear on the screen in Opie Read's story, "Almost a Husband," with Peggy Wood, late of "Maytime" and now of "Buddies," making her screen début as his heroine.

Bert Lytell, who was a stage juvenile, had been selected by the Metro company for the titular rôle in "Lombardi, Ltd.," and Irene Castle, who could not act more than a little bit on the stage, was making her eleventh or fifteenth appearance as a cinema-star in a picturized version of Sophie Kerr's novel "The Seesaw," changed to "The Invisible Bond."

Geraldine Farrar, who succeeded in doing what Enrico Caruso could not do, which was to transfer her gifts as an actress to the screen and in so doing build up a definite following as a screen-actress, was playing "The World and Its Woman," written by Thompson Buchanan, a playwright of consequence who recently has gone over to the cinema. That old, old-time Drury Lane melodrama "The Romany Rye" was being screened for the second time as "The Life-line," and even Longfellow's "Evangeline" had been attractively pictured, with Miriam Cooper, a graduate of the first Griffith school of screen-drama, playing the heroine.

In the same bill with "Evangeline" is introduced a picture of Miss Theda Bara as the heroine of "Kathleen Mavourneen." and—but need I say more to point my argument that the movies are improving?

From Stamps to Silos

(Continued from page 16)

"That was about four years ago, when women were not engaged in the various occupations which to-day are found congenial. I found many difficulties in the management of a business so distinctively a man's. It was a great satisfaction, therefore, to know at the end of the year that I had a balance to the good.

"Originally the business was centered upon the manufacture of steel molds for the construction of monolithic cement, but I realized at once that enough construction must be done to demonstrate the molds before we could hope to place any number of these machines upon the market; so I became a contractor, specializing on silos. I chose silos because they are less complicated than houses.

"To make my business a success there was need of much publicity-work. Farmers had to be educated to the advantages of the monolithic cement silo with its airtight chute through which the freshly chopped corn is blown up into the cylinder, which stands forty feet in the air. They were accustomed to the old-fashioned wooden barrel-hoop variety of silo, where rats gnawed in and stole the corn, and the juices drained through the ratholes, leaving the silage to burn dry."

Certainly all this was a big task for a woman. But the conquering spirit of the little girl who had sung her way to the heart of audiences, the aggressive nature of the young woman who had demanded her rights in politics, had developed into a personality powerful enough to carry her forth upon her new venture. There were calls from Georgia, Kansas, Virginia, Michigan, and soon these tall gray silos were springing up all over the country. And then, as the advantages of monolithic cement became better known, came the demand for the machinery to be used in its construction. Contractors far and wide began to understand the advantage of building the monolithic way, and it soon was called into use for the construction of residences, barns, milk-houses and many other things.

WHEN asked to what she attributed her success, this big little woman replied modestly: "Really, I do not know as you would call it success. I have made a great deal of money and lost a great deal. Probably if I had taken any one of the salaried positions that have been offered me and saved my money, I would be wealthy. I never could work for anyone else, though—I like too much to be my own boss. And as for saving my money, I suppose I have the gambler's instinct, for I like to take a chance on people and everything.

"I have absolutely no respect for a quitter; I hate untruthfulness and dishonesty in any form. I believe women are going to create new standards in business, because a woman cannot blow and bluff as a man does. The only way she can succeed in any business is to be honest and aboveboard in all things. I would like to say to every woman starting out on a new venture: Stick to it, and you'll win, for a woman can do anything if she has enough perseverance."

Take Me Back

(Continued from page 23)

always been a bit of an orator, and now he seemed out to surpass the best he had ever done. Up on the rough platform at the end of the room, with skating shadows from the palm-trees falling through the many windows about his feet, and a glare of sea-light upon his brown, carved face, Paradyne told the history of his wonderful contribution to the science of the mind.

"I promise you," he was saying, "the thing that you have all longed for—to live again. Here in this far-away place at the end of the world, with no telepathic messages from other minds sending their disturbing radios to yours, it is possible to attain the state of receptive quiet necessary for the performance of my miracle. In my own strange case, of which I have already told you, this state was brought about by unconsciousness due to shell-shock, together with the extraordinary stimulus that so often attaches to the moment of death—or apparent death. I found out how to reproduce that stimulus by other means, which are my secret. I don't mind telling you that electricity has to do with these means, but it is not the main power; it is the impulse that sets the power in motion. We've made discoveries in psychology since the war. . . . . Well, given the stimulus, and the proper conditions, I can repeat the miracle. I know it. If you ask me how I know it, I'll tell you it is because I have tried."

INTO my mind came the memory of a day or two, some while after our arrival on the island, when Paradyne had shut himself up, refusing to see me, or even to answer messages. And with the recollection came another cold wave of distrust, caused, I think, by a look that leaped into his eyes just at that moment. What was the look? I couldn't define it very well—except as the expression of one who was keeping something back from somebody.

But he was going on.

"To-day," he said, his voice ringing out triumphantly, "to-day begins a new era in the history of the human race. No longer is the past past. No longer are you tied to the sad, lonely, unhappy present, filled with memories of those who are no more, of beauty that is lost, of strength that is gone, of good days that were once upon the earth, and that the earth knows not to-day. Women, you can return to the days of your loveliness and power." (I saw the faded beauty lean forward, her eyes wide open, her lips falling apart.) "Man who was strong" (the big fellow lifted his head and stared), "you can relive the days of your strength. Mother, wife, love, you can see again."

But there was weeping here, and he had to pause.

He began again on a brighter note. "You'll want to know the details," he said. "They're very simple. One by one you will take turn; you will enter the quiet little room I have prepared and lie down upon a pleasant couch. You will close your eyes and sleep, but it will not be the sleep you know at nights, and though it will last but a day or two, it will, by the magic of thought, appear to last forty, fifty, seventy years. . . . . You know how you can dream a whole long dream, a story like a novel, in the space as narrow as the tick of a clock, between the sound that has caused the dream and the impulse that bids you wake. This is an analogous case, but immensely extended. The wonderful record of the human brain will be unrolled.

"Think of it! It wont be a dream to you; it will be real. You'll be back in the year of the second great Exhibition! You'll go with your girl to the Crystal Palace, and she'll wear a crinoline that swings against the turnstiles as you go in, and you'll walk out after and look at Prince Albert riding with the Queen. You'll see the high bicycles go spinning and shining down the country roads where motorcars go now; you'll play the old sort of croquet on the old sort of quiet lawns that don't exist any more. You'll go to the seaside with your mother and your nurse, and dangle your striped tin bucket and your wooden spade as you run down to the shore. You'll stand beside him—or her—at the altar again, and the orange blossoms will smell, and the wedding march will be played for you, just as it was that day of days. . . . . There'll be the old life, and the old loves, and the old home. And everyone will be there."

I do not know how long the lecture was intended to be. But it ended at that point. For the whole lot of hearers rose to their feet and rushed the platform.

"Take me back!" "Take me back!" "Show me!" "Let me—" "Let me first!" "Let me first!" They cried out to him; they rushed on the platform. They seized him by the hands.

It was, I think, the greatest hour of his life. In his eyes, as the people clamored about him, I saw for one moment the noble pride of the leader, the discoverer. All these weeks he had been talking to me about the money to be made from his secret; he had been gloating over the "silly sheep, to be shorn," and dodging, looking askance, playing hide and seek, as only Paradyne could do, when I tried to ascertain exact details. The charlatan side of his character had been uppermost, and I had pretty well lost sight of the fact that there was another.

But now—

Do you know the feeling of being left behind and below, when you thought you were standing on a level above that of your company? Do you know how it feels to be taken down some dozens of pegs by some one you were near despising? If you do not, I do. I learned it then.

LIKE the others, I bowed before him. And like them, I rushed the platform and begged for my turn. I don't know what visions were seething in the empty air before all those eager eyes. I know what the vision was before mine—oh, nothing romantic, as you think, dear lady

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who reads this; something, perhaps, more easily understood by your husband than by you: Just a long gray beach with gray rocks, and a boat, and brown bladderweed and earweed heaving and gleaming. And a dog, and two boys, and Saturday afternoon—in 'fifty-five, the year of the Crimean War. Sir, you will understand.

I caught fragments of excited talk among the other folk, a little sobbing, here and there, as some waited for their turn to speak to Paradyne, and told each other what they meant to experience again.

"To stand on the Rectory lawn, among the roses, and be eighteen, and watching down the drive—"

"Oh, Mother, Mother, to see your face again!"

"I'll open the gate, and slip up the walk, and look in at the window, and there they'll all be, just—"

"That day when we won by two boat-lengths from Oxford, and the crowd—"

"Well, best of all, one of these mornings in the spring of 'eighty-nine, when we boys first got the station, and used to ride out before sunup, feeling like the gods returned to earth."

"Back from your grave in Gallipoli to me!"

I don't think there ever was such a scene on earth. Paradyne stood it wonderfully, quieting down the clamor, assuring them that everyone would have his turn, but they must be patient. And then I noticed that a small, ratlike man with a hard mouth was trying furiously to fight his way to the front, and calling out at Paradyne—who did not seem to hear him. I heard him plainly enough. He was demanding to have his "questions" answered. "Answer my questions!" he roared. "Answer my questions!" If Paradyne did not hear him, the other people did; he had a voice like a bull, in spite of his mean appearance. They began to look aside at him, and ask each other what the man wanted to know? Why would not Mr. Paradyne—

Distrust spreads like flame. In another minute the temper of the crowd had changed. They were all listening to the bull-voiced man. A murmur spread among them: "What are his questions?" Then it took definite form and swelled: "Answer him! Answer him." They were shouting now. Paradyne could ignore them no longer.

He turned from the gray-haired lady who was holding his hand and entreating him hysterically.

"What are your damned questions?" he said. I saw that he was losing his temper—always an easy matter with Paradyne.

The little man—a shady solicitor who battened on theosophy in his leisure, as I afterwards heard—jumped on a bench and began to interrogate.

"There's something that, to my mind, has not been made clear enough," he said. "How are we to select what we want?"

"I don't understand you," said Paradyne. There was just a moment of silence, the two men glaring antagonistically at each other. Pleasantly, outside, the sea drew down the beach, ringing little bells among the tinkling coral as it went. The leaves of the palms made a papery rattling above the iron roof.

"I should have thought I spoke intelligibly. How are we to make sure that we find ourselves in just that portion of our lives that we want?"

"I don't know how you are."

"But we understood—you promised—"

"You understood, and I promised, that you should live your lives over again. That's what you paid for, and what you will pay for. We've had enough nonsense about it. Who's first? I will draw lots if you like; that seems the fairest way."

FOR a moment it seemed as if the simmering distrust were about to die down: two or three rose from the seats they had resumed, and started toward the platform again; the gray-haired woman made a couple of steps toward Paradyne, and stood with her lips apart, ready to speak. But she stopped, and looked first of all at the little lawyer. Watching her, the others stopped too. It had been Paradyne's hour; in this moment it was the solicitor's.

"We want to know—" cried some one else.

"One at a time, please," the little man gestured. "I think I know just what you are all anxious to ascertain, and I insist on an answer. Mr. Paradyne, we have the greatest respect for you and for your wonderful discovery, but we want to know just one thing about it that you haven't told us. Have we to live our lives again—all?"

"I have told you!" roared Paradyne. He had completely mislaid his temper by this time, and was too angry even to fence.

"Pardon me! Some mistake, no doubt. Would you mind repeating just what it was that you did tell us?"

Paradyne glowered at him and made no answer.

"Would it have been just this," asked the little man, now fully in his element: "that we can live our lives over again, return to the past completely, but that there is no power of selection, and that every moment must be lived again?"

Paradyne continued to glare in silence.

"I take it that I am right. You do not deny my statement?"

"No!" yelled Paradyne, slamming himself off the platform. "Those who want what they came for can be at the studio door in ten minutes. The rest may go to hell."

He was gone.

MAY I never again go through such a scene as followed!

It was a very barnyard of talk at first. They all spoke together, and everyone was wildly excited. Some talked of the money, and said they had been swindled. Others said they had not understood, that it wasn't Paradyne's fault. One or two declared it made no difference to them; they would go through the thing anyhow. They hadn't come all the way from Sydney and Melbourne—some of them even farther—to meet with a disappointment away here at the ends of the earth.

But at last they fell silent, and everyone looked at the others. They had realized the situation exactly as it stood. Paradyne's promise was good. They could go back if they liked. But—they must go back all the way. No missing out, no passing over! Everything, everything, *everything*—must be lived through again.

The little lawyer had done a good deal of talking; he was silent now. The women had chattered their heads off; they seemed to have satisfied their lust of cackle. No one, for a moment or two, spoke at all. And in the silence, the sea, unheard for long, drew down the coral beach with it fairy bells.

Then the big old man turned to the faded beauty.

"I had a good time," he said. "I imagine so had you. Are you going back to see it all again?"

The beauty's big, tired eyes grew bigger; she passed her lace handkerchief over her trembling lips.

"Oh, yes, I'd a good time," she said. "But I married the devil himself in the end. . . . . All that again? Oh, no, the devil forbid! I don't say God forbid; he didn't forbid it before. And you?"

The big old man shook his head.

"If I could leave out one week of my life," he said, "I'd be willing to live over the rest, for the sake of the best of it. But not that week."

"Well," said the beauty, addressing the gray-haired woman in mourning and the young widow, "you two will do it, I suppose."

But they looked at her with frightened eyes. Only the widow spoke.

"When I heard of his death—" she said, and buried her face in her hands. "Oh, good God, not again, not even for all that went before!"

The old mother patted her hand.

"That's it," she said. "That's it." And I saw she too would not venture.

A man spoke.

"I've had the happiest sort of life, take it all in all," he said. "But I had a miserable childhood. I couldn't go over all those years again, to be starved and beaten, and driven crazy with injustice. And childhood—it lasts so long."

Then they all began talking again.

"If only I hadn't once made such an awful fool of myself! I thought I couldn't live through it after—"

"If I hadn't to go through rheumatic fever again—"

"The war—to work right up to that

Woman's Year in Politics

AN article of exceptional interest to every woman—"Woman's Year in Politics," by Donald Wilhelm—will be one of the many noteworthy features in the next, the December, issue of—

THE GREEN BOOK MAGAZINE

again, and go through the retreat from the Marne—"

"But no one ever thought I'd get back my right mind when my husband ran away with the barmaid; I was ill for weeks; it was the most awful—I can't bear even to think of it. And he hadn't run off with her, after all; it was— But to make that mistake all over—"

"Ladies and gentlemen!" It was the bull-voiced little lawyer again. "I move that we put it to the vote. Those in favor of going through with the experiment, hold up their hands."

Some looked at their neighbors expectantly; but all kept their hands down.

"Will those who do not intend to try hold up their hands?"

Every hand was flung up. And mine was not absent. There was something that happened in 'ninety-four— But no man is bound to tell the worst of himself. Anyhow, I have been in the islands since 'ninety-nine, five years later; you may add that up as you like. And when I thought, I would no more have gone back than I would have taken the carving-knife out of its box in the big dining-room and drawn it across my throat.

"The noes have it," said the little lawyer. "I move that we pass a vote of censure on Mr. Paradyne, and demand the return of our money."

"I," said the big old man, "move that we do nothing of the kind."

"Why, if I may ask?" perked the little solicitor.

"Because," said the big old man, "I think we one and all owe Mr. Paradyne a debt of gratitude."

"Again why?"

"We came up here," said the big old man, "thoroughly dissatisfied with our present lives, and longing, every one of us, for the things that were past. We find, when we have the chance of going back, that we don't want to take it, and that the present is—to use a colloquialism—not so dusty after all. I hope we'll, all of us, learn the lesson. Mr. Paradyne's discovery falls dead at its birth. But nevertheless I move that we pass him a vote of thanks, and let him keep the money that we have paid. Those in favor of the motion hold up their hands and say aye."

From seven and thirty throats a cry of "Aye!" went up to the iron roof, and a forest of hands shook in the air.

Shantung

(Continued from page 31)

end of a magnificent avenue of cypress trees, beneath a simple tablet.

But there would be no use in a proud history if the men of the present could not live up to it. The preëminence of Shantung has always rested ultimately upon the natural preëminence of its people. There are few spots on earth which produce men more physically fit and able—tall, quick and muscular—as we discovered in the war.

This physical stamina is matched by mental capacity and character. The Shantungese have always been a proud and independent people. The successive invasions that swept over China seldom

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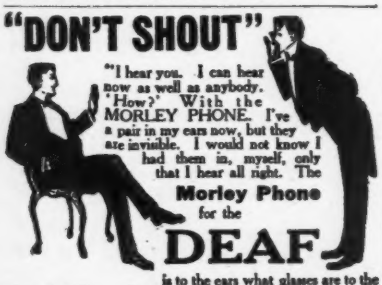

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disturbed the Shantungese in their undisputed right to rule themselves in their own way. Shantung always furnished more than its quota of soldiers for the defense of the realm. The one real effort on the part of China to free herself from the domination of the foreigner originated in Shantung.

It was only when the Chinese, more especially the Shantungese, were whipped and beaten to their knees by the combined forces of eight allied nations of the West, in the Boxer uprising, that liberty began to depart from Shantung.

Yet, when in settlement of the damages of the uprising, Kiaochow was turned over to the Germans, it was only as leased territory. China did not surrender her rights of sovereignty, though she agreed to abstain from exercising them. Kiaochow belonged to Germany somewhat as a rented house belongs to a man who lives in it. So, though the Japanese did take Kiaochow from the Germans, they did not thereby establish their right to it.

Of course, Shantung is not now what it once was. All China is exhausted—drained of its resources, discouraged, supine. The pleasant, slow-going old industries of the province have been interrupted and disorganized by foreign competition.

The spirit of the people, too, is crumbling a little, like the old walls of the canal. They have been getting further and further behind. China has become more and more deeply involved in debt, more and more disorganized. The one blind effort of the Shantungese to set things right, in the Boxer rebellion, only brought more trouble upon their devoted heads—largely because of the rascality of the Empress in Peking. They had some hope of the action of the Peace Conference, especially since they knew that the Americans were their friends. There too they were disappointed, and disappointment is very bad for one, when one is already down.

The Shantungese may scorn the Japanese, because they are such puny little men, and seem but an upstart and imitative race to one of the proudest and most ancient peoples of the earth. But they see that the Japanese have all the advantages in financial resources, in knowledge of foreign machinery, in the backing of foreign powers. When a big man is down, he is more helpless than a little one, because he is more slow and clumsy; but lift him up and set him on his feet, and he moves with far greater force. So it is with the Shantungese. All Shantung needs is to be set on its feet. Adequately supported and developed, not by one race that claims a sovereignty over it, but by a league of friendly nations, providing capital and some protection in a friendly spirit, it may yet assert its old leadership in China.

This is why I think Shantung should be returned to China. China is the only country with which Shantung has the slightest affinity—by race and ancient tradition. It is the center of the life of China, the source of its greatest strength. A threat to tear it away is like *Shylock's* demand for a pound of flesh. It seems a little thing till one realizes that it is the pound of flesh above the heart. Without Shantung, China will cease to be China. With Shantung restored and infused with new life and hope, there may yet arise true and brave leadership, which like the First Emperor, like the sage Confucius, may draw a weary, poverty-stricken and discouraged state back into health and hope. Then, at last, the ancestors may rest in peace beneath the ancient turf, and the toiling father of many little yellow children may work, assured that his wheatfield will pass safely into the hands of his children and his children's children, as it came to him; and, when he sleeps at last, in a green mound in the midst of his own fields, no foreign soldier will walk upon him.

The Moon-door

(Continued from page 42)

eat as many ash-cakes as I can? I've been telling our host that I hope he's cooked plenty."

"I will bet you," considered Nora, sniffing hungrily, "oh—as much as five cents that I can. If you knew how simply ravenous I am, you'd be afraid to bet with me at all."

WITH her hunger appeased, Nora's thoughts returned to their trend of last night. All the latent curiosity about their host's strange behavior surged up stronger than ever, and his huge figure had scarcely disappeared around the door-jamb when her eye sought the dim corner where she had surprised him on guard. "Mr. Hopkins, I'm going to investigate," she whispered just above her breath. "I haven't time to explain everything to you, but please wait for that, and come and help me find the moon-door before Jeremy gets back. I'm almost sure it's over near that corner by the spinning-wheel."

Alan, amused by her evident excitement, rose lazily and followed her, hands in his pockets, as she examined the side walls—fruitlessly.

There was a dirty home-woven rug on the board floor, an old spinning-wheel that made the girl gasp with delight, and the broken chair in which she had seen Jeremy with the rifle across his knees.

She gave a little sigh of childlike disappointment.

"Look under the rug," Alan suggested, becoming interested in his turn. "Wait, I'll move these things first."

"Have you got a match?" Nora asked suddenly in a small, strangled voice. She was down on her knees, her fingers tracing a rough outline on the flooring where the rug had been. "Oh, Alan, before he comes! I'm feeling something—but I can't—"

Neither of them noticed that she had called him by his first name in the excitement. Alan found a match, and struck it,

holding the uncertain flame almost under Nora's nose.

"Why—why—great jumping Jehosaphat!" he whistled. "It's—it's—"

"It" was the vague cracklike line of a trapdoor cut in the boards, a usual enough thing in a farmhouse, where cellars are generally approached by an entrance of this kind; only they are not of necessity decorated with a crude figure of a full moon, drawn with a hot and evidently blunt iron bar. In the center of the moon there was a rusty ring.

Nora's voice hung between laughter and a little trailing sob.

"It's the boy's moon-door!" she gasped. "It is! It is! We've found it!"

And then they both wheeled guiltily at a sound behind them.

Jeremy was standing not two yards away, his face distorted with rage; and braced against his shoulder, so that the two intruders looked squarely down the rusty barrel, was the fowling-piece which Nora, at least, had seen before.

"So ye're spies!" the old man flung at them fiercely. "I suspicioned it first off, only ye fooled me after a while, with yer soft talk. Hands up, now, an' no more palaverin'. Stand up, both on ye—thet's right. Now march over by the fire whar ye sat before."

Alan, with an anxious glance at Nora, stifled the impulse to throw himself on the man. If he had had only himself to consider, he would have taken the chance, for he doubted the accuracy of the old mountaineer's eye and the reliability of the rifle, but with Nora he had no choice.

Holding their hands up, they walked obediently over to the places they had occupied during breakfast, and at a sign from Jeremy, sat down.

"Mr. Jeremy," Nora began a little hesitantly, "wont you let me explain?"

"Shet up," the other growled, still keeping the gun in position. "I've hed enough talk out o' ye both, and to spare. I'll do the rest o' the talkin' fer a time."

"You can't talk like—" Alan began furiously, and was interrupted in his turn.

"Can't I? Who's to tell me so?" jeered the old man. "Keep a civil tongue in yer own head, an' I'll 'tend to mine."

Afraid to enrage him still further and precipitate a fight, Alan, scarlet with anger, closed his lips.

"What are you going to do with us?" he ventured presently after the silence had lasted several long minutes. "I can assure you that we have no connection whatever—"

"Save yer breath," was the sullen response. "An' as to what's goin' to happen to ye, I'm studyin' thet out right now. Ef my boy Tawm were only to home, he'd know whut to do." Oddly, his face softened into wistful lines. Seeing him thus, Nora tried once more.

"I think if your son were here, he would at least listen to us," she said gently; but there was no answer.

A SUDDEN shadow darkening the oblong of sunlight from the doorway made all three look up. On the threshold stood a short, stout woman in a faded alpaca garment of dusty blue. On one arm she carried a basket, and a light worsted shawl was tied about her gray head. Her beadlike black eyes flashed over the astonishing group before her, and as she took in the situation, her jaw dropped.

"Wal, Pete Jeremy," she drawled, "whut's all this hyer, now?"

Jeremy's gun slipped down to the crook of his powerful arm, but he kept a watchful eye on his two prisoners.

"They've been snoopin', Sally, snoopin' into whut's none o' their affairs, an' whut I don't 'low strangers to meddle into," he declared, but less certainly this time.

The stout woman snorted.

"Shucks!" she said with a kindly little laugh, as if she were addressing a fractious child. "S'pose you let me talk to 'em a bit now. Ye git kin' o' excited on this subject."

"Thank ye, Sally, but I aim to wait—till Tawm comes."

"But he may not come for—for quite some time, Pete," she coaxed. "An' these folks—why, aint this the young lady whut teaches school down to Lost Hills?"

"Yes, I am," Nora said eagerly, "and maybe you'd know me from years ago as Preacher Bradford's daughter. It's all a mistake—oh, please try to make him understand. We hadn't any intentions of spying, or—" She bit her lip confusedly.

The woman called Sally came entirely into the room now and touched Jeremy on his shoulder.

"Go on outside with the gun, an' guard the door," she commanded. "An' keep a lookout for Tawm," she added softly.

Jeremy, as if the name were magic to conjure with, turned obediently and went. The three inside the cabin could see him seat himself on the lowest of the unsteady wooden steps.

Sally shrugged her ample shoulders, her lips curving into a pleasant grin.

"Thet thar gun aint loaded," she said placidly. They stared at her, quite speechless for the moment.

"I take good care o' thet," she confided further, still smiling amiably. "I come over an' redd up the place every day or so, an' I'm not goin' to hev any loaded firearms bein' handled promisc'ous while I'm around."

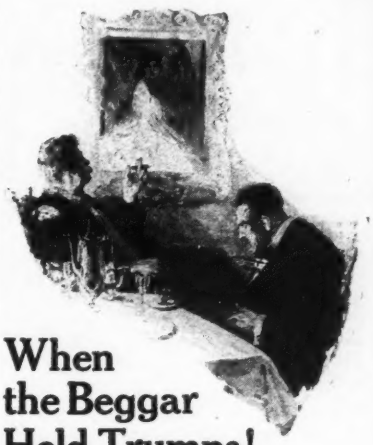
"But why—" stammered Alan.

"I guess you an' the school-teacher thought ye'd struck a nest o' real, desperate moonshiners," observed Sally shrewdly. She threw back her head and laughed with frank amusement, then as suddenly sobered. "It's kin' o' a sad story, take it all in all," she said, nodding at them. She looked at Nora.

"Ye say ye're Preacher Bradford's daughter," she went on. "I remember him. He buried my Annie, an' after, he came to see my man an' me. Yes, I remember him. I guess ye'd call him a good man. He done good hyerabouts, anyhow. Seems to me I remember ye too—kind o'. A little thing, wasn't ye, with short hair an' a laughin' way with ye of sayin' good day? Mebbe when ye went to school down where ye're teachin' now, ye recall a boy a mite older'n ye. Lived up hyer in this cabin—name o' Tawm." She jerked a grimy forefinger toward the door. "His boy," she added. "Grew up pretty wild. Drank a lot, an' was mixed up with the moonshine doin's in this hyer place worse'n his pappy."

A little lovely excited color flew to Nora's cheeks.

"Why, that was my boy—the boy of



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the Moon-door," she cried, amazed. "I remember now that his name was Tom—Tawm," she repeated, giving it the mountain pronunciation. She looked eagerly at the old woman. "Then it's all right," she said in relief. "He'll tell his father to trust me. He did himself, all those years ago, and I've kept the secret. He told me about this house, and the Moon-door, and the secret password, and all the rest of it. Oh, why isn't he here? Do you think he'll come back soon?"

She got to her feet impulsively. "I'll go and tell Jeremy," she said.

Sally put out her fat arm, barring the girl's flight.

"Wait a bit," she cautioned. "First, ye must know—" She lowered her voice and glanced over her shoulder. "Tawm aint a-comin' back no more," she whispered. "Dead six years. The rev'noo officers raided this place, an' broke up the still, an' arrested some o' the band. Tawm got his thet night, an' they took the old man down to jail below." She nodded down the mountain, and her wrinkled face worked for a minute. "When his time was up, he came home hyer, only he's hed these spells sence. Wont believe Tawm's gone, an' thet the old moonshine days are over. Thet's all thar is to the story. Jeremy's harmless as a kitten, really. Go on out an' tell him ye knew Tawm. It'll make him forget the rest."

THE old man was sitting as they had seen him, his head sunk a little farther forward on his breast, his eyes staring out dully across the valley below. Nora's eyes rested on him with a new pitifulness in them. She bent over him, and laid both hands on his drooping shoulders.

"Listen," she said very softly. "When Tawm comes back—" Her breath seemed to catch a little in her throat, and she faltered. He looked up, his faded eyes suddenly intense with a queer, insistent look. Answering its unspoken question, Nora went on, still keeping her hands on his shoulders.

"When he comes, please tell him that Nora Bradford was here. I knew him when I was a little girl, and went to the school down below in Lost Hills. He told me—" Again she stopped, wondering how far she should go.

"He told you—" the man repeated parrotlike.

"About the—Moon-door," Nora said distinctly. "The door in there, where you found me this morning."

For a second Jeremy's hand reached out for the gun on his knees, and the watcher inside the door started forward, his nerves taut, breathing hard. Then the hand dropped back listlessly, and Alan stood still, his face very white.

That instant of fear for Nora had shaken him into a knowledge of himself. Jeremy put his hand—the one hanging at his side—over Nora's. The sullen look was gone, and in its place was a light—humble, adoring, the look you see in the eyes of a big dog.

"I'll tell him," he promised in his deep voice. "When—" The look in his eyes changed, and something like a little flicker of fear passed across them. "When—he—comes," he said wistfully. "He's been away a long while, but he'll come soon now, he'll come right soon." Then he glanced back at Alan in the doorway, and his face grew doubtful.

"Whut o' him?" he asked.

Alan spoke simply. "I love Nora," he said. "What she says goes."

The girl shot him a startled look, and turned back, quickly, to Jeremy.

"You've been very good to us," she said kindly. "Will you let me come back again to see you?"

"Be ye goin' now?" he queried in evident disappointment, getting lumberingly to his feet. At Nora's nod his face fell still further. For a moment he stood on the step, considering; then he mounted to the doorway and beckoned them to follow.

"Thar's another way out, a safer way," he explained in a hoarse whisper.

They followed him obediently to the corner of the Moon-door. Deliberately he lighted a candle from a shelf near at hand, and stooping over, pulled at the iron ring. The square piece of planking rose at his touch, and disclosed blackness below, and a flight of narrow steps leading into it.

Gathering her skirts about her, Nora clambered carefully after him, and Alan brought up the rear. Five or six steps brought them to the floor of the cellar. There in one cobwebby corner they saw all that was left of an old still, broken and hacked. Jeremy halted before it.

"I'm bidin' fer Tawm to help me put it straight," he said.

JEREMY did not speak again until they had traversed the entire length of the cellar. There he fumbled for a moment against the wall, and almost immediately a pale crack of daylight crept through. It widened slowly, and revealed itself as an opening door leading into a narrow tunnel, bright with the open daylight at the farther end.

"This takes ye out below the cabin," Jeremy said in his hoarse whisper. "I keep the passage clear, an' the door unlocked fer—" But Nora could not stand that refrain again. She broke into it with a forced gayety she was far from feeling at the moment.

"I shall come back," she said lightly, "and thank you for your hospitality. You've been so kind, and we're not going to forget it, or you."

Jeremy did not answer, but continued to stand there patiently, dumbly, holding his guttering candle up to light them through the door. That was their last glimpse of him as they turned at the far end of the tunnel and waved.

The track of the landslide had skipped the path itself entirely, and gone over the edge of a cliff about a hundred feet to the left. They walked in silence for several minutes, not looking at each other. Then Nora paused, and her eyes traveled down the valley below them, brilliant now in the sunshine. She drew a deep breath, and looking up, found Alan watching her.

"I was thinking, Nora," he said slowly, and this time both of them vividly conscious that a prefix had been omitted, "what I said to Jeremy about—you—"

"Please—" she checked him gently. "I—I understood why you said that. Please don't think you—you have to explain. That poor old man—oh, I would have

said anything to make him feel safe with his tragic secret, and his Tawm."

"I wasn't intending to explain," Alan said quite roughly. "If you don't want me to repeat it, of course I'll stop. But I told Jeremy the bare truth. I thought back in Virginia last year that I loved you—only, idiot that I was, I couldn't be sure till I saw you again. And now—" He drew a long breath and squared his shoulders. "The time of my life when I need words most to tell you," he said despairingly, "I can't find them. It's—it's too big. But it's there. I knew for keeps when I saw you alone with that—that man, and saw him reach for his gun. If anything had happened to you—oh, Nora, the whole world went black right then."

She turned to him, her eyes bluer than he had ever seen them, and her lips curved into a shy little-girl smile that made him suddenly catch his breath with the sweetness of its promise.

"Something did happen to me, Alan," she said abruptly, and her smile grew to a laugh that was more wonderful than the smile had been. "I fell in love with you."

The Girl Who Went Back

(Continued from page 79)

talk particularly well; but those people were honestly avid for advice on beautifying their homes, and they forgave me my shortcomings as an orator. And orders from all over the State began to flow in to me.

In one year I had increased my bank-balance and owned a small car. In the second year I had become a fixture and added something of an office force to my "studio," as the local papers called it. This year, my third at home, I am training one of the home girls as my assistant. Some day she too will go to New York. But I do not believe that she will stay. For she is as I am, a friendly person, and not very businesslike, and in love with the work itself. And we find the home city full of that which is lacking in the big one.

I do not have to angle society here; I am a part of society. I do not have to compete in throat-cutting fashion because there is little competition. The few of us, the very few of us who are out here in the Middle West have enough to do and to spare. When I return from abroad after war conditions have settled, I shall be still more of an authority than I am now. I shall have more than one invitation to lecture in New York—a thing I never had when I worked there; in fact I am going back next month. And when I arrive, I shall be equally important with the people who have conquered the big city. I am making as much money; I have as much work. And I can see my future spreading out before me with everything I have longed for written there. Would I go back to New York? Never. Fortune for me lies waiting in my own home town.

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Qualms of Conscience

(Continued from page 84)

Frankie raised her eyebrows and pretended to misunderstand. "You're not going yet?" she asked. "It's early."

"No, no. It's a perfectly wonderful party, and I shall never be able to tear myself away. What I mean is, if I might ask you, just once, it would be so greatly appreciated, to look at my hand—"

Mrs. Mundy smiled and shook her head. "I'm afraid not," she answered, "—not to-night. Some other time, perhaps, quietly, when no one is here. But dear me, it's very interesting, very unusual!" She let her eyes fall on the open palm and remain there as though impelled by a strong desire to examine the lines.

"Is it? Is it really? Oh, if only— Just this once! There is something that is troubling me. I feel that you—"

BUT Frankie, imitating the rapt gaze of the professional charlatans whose methods she had watched, seemed to hear nothing. Something in the hand had arrested her and absorbed her whole attention. "This needs a stronger light," she said suddenly, after a long moment of minute examination. She drew the willing and curious girl to the table on which the lamp stood. The shade was tilted, and the full glare fell upon the outstretched palm, whose thumb showed sensuality and fingers the artistic temperament. And for a minute there was an utter silence.

Then Frankie did a thing that she had seen work wonders twice—once at the Allied Bazaar, and once in the "studio" of a woman in New York whose waiting-list was as long as that of a fashionable golf-club. "You must excuse me," she said abruptly. "I don't think I'd better, after all." She went back several steps and put on an expression of enigmatical gravity. It was perfectly done.

And of course it had the desired effect. Lilla Bartle was thrilled. "Oh, please go on!" she cried eagerly. "Oh, please!"

Still with her almost unwilling gaze on the crisscrossed palm, Frankie hesitated, and muttered something to herself about the risk. Then once more she held the fingers under the light—probing, examining, deciphering. "Very extraordinary," she said at last. "Very extraordinary! I've only seen this once since this gift was given to me. . . . . The woman poisoned herself."

Lilla Bartle was frightfully impressed. "What—what do you see?" she asked.

"Evidences of great mental anguish," said Frankie. "The head line and the heart line are connected by one which only comes when the conscience is undergoing exquisite agony."

"Oh!" sighed Lilla, bending lower. "Go on, please—please go on."

"I see that you intend to take a step that will lead you to bitter and lifelong regret and remorse, a cruel and a disloyal step, involving the death of one person and the lifelong misery of another. If you take it—"

She got no further. The hand was snatched away. An odd laugh rang through the room, and when Frankie looked up, she saw, as she expected, a cunning smile on the face of the woman whom she had hoped to terrorize.

"I see. Margaret has been talking to you," scoffed Mrs. Bartle. "Anybody could do palmistry like that!"

If some one had cut her across her bare shoulders with a whip, Frankie could not have been more staggered and nonplused. She had made the mistake of talking too plainly, of working too fast.

"Of course Margaret has been talking to me," she said with only the briefest hesitation, "and I've been looking at you with wonder and amazement. You didn't seem to be the sort of woman who, to plunge into an orgy of self-indulgence, could give her sister away to the man whose belief in her is the most beautiful thing I know. But neither you nor she nor any other living person can tell the outcome of this abominable piece of treachery except me—because it is written in your hand. Give it to me again. I insist—I say that I insist."

This time it was she who held out her hand, and her attitude was so imperious, her voice so filled with ominous strength and the look in her eyes so spiritual, that the superstitious girl wavered only for a few seconds. Nina had hinted that Mrs. Mundy was occult. She well might be, with her white hair and young face and eyes that had cried all her tears away. The hand fluttered up, trembling.

Frankie waved it aside. "I don't need your lines," she said. "*You* are what I need—you and your aura. It is black with streaks of yellow—black for death and yellow for jealousy. Margaret has been the victim of uncorrected youth and selfishness, and you envy her the tragic rôle. You see your way to assume it without payment, and your loyalty is so negligible that you are willing to sacrifice your sister to satisfy your vanity. Very well, do so; but be prepared for the vengeance of the spirits of all dead women, among whom your sister will be numbered. That line on your hand, almost indiscernible, means a gravestone, the eternal heartbreak of a man and the lonely cries of a motherless boy."

"Oh, my God!" cried Lilla Bartle, white and shaking. "What can I do to rub the line out? Tell me!"

"Go down on your knees in this room, now, at once, and register a promise at the feet of God to stand by the woman who is made of the same flesh and blood."

Frankie left the den and slipped away, tired but triumphant.

A FEW MINUTES later the silver dress with its glinting sequins caught Margaret's anxious eyes; an affectionate hand touched her shoulder, and the words that she had prayed to hear were whispered in her ear. "You are safe, my dear."

The load fell—but when the woman whose lie refused to be buried glanced at the man of great and wonderful faith, two other words framed themselves in her mind: "How long?"

(There will be another story of Quaker Hill next month, December.)